WINNOWED SONGS

FOR Sunday schools

BY - IRA D. SANKEY

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
74 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati
19 East 16th Street, New York.

BIGLOW & MAIN,
76 East Ninth Street, New York.
81 Randolph Street, Chicago.

Harriett Putnam

Daniel Sears

WINNOWED SONGS

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Edited and Compiled by

IRA D. SANKEY.

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PREFACE.

IN WINNOWED SONGS for Sunday Schools, may be found a number of *new* Hymns and Tunes never before published, together with a choice selection of the most useful and popular pieces to be found in the whole range of Sunday School Hymnody.

While we might have filled every page of this volume with the most classical music of foreign composers, and secured thereby for the book a very limited use and circulation, yet we have not felt called upon to do so. We have, however, retained a number of the most useful and practical of this class of tunes by such composers as DYKES, HOPKINS, SULLIVAN, BARNBY, HAYNE and others, but a large majority of the hymns and tunes are by our own American authors, whose "Gospel Songs" are now being sung around the world in every land where the gospel has been proclaimed or the name of JESUS is known.

This book has been compiled especially for Sunday Schools, largely from the same sources of Sacred Song which gave to the world the popular collection known as "Gospel Hymns."

We invite a careful examination of every page of WINNOWED SONGS, believing that the pieces will sing their way into the hearts of the children wherever used.

We desire to express our thanks to the large number of authors and composers whose names are found in this collection, for kind permission granted to use copyright pieces. Special thanks are due to HUBERT P. MAIN for valuable assistance in the preparation of this work.

IRA D. SANKEY.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

WINNOWED SONGS

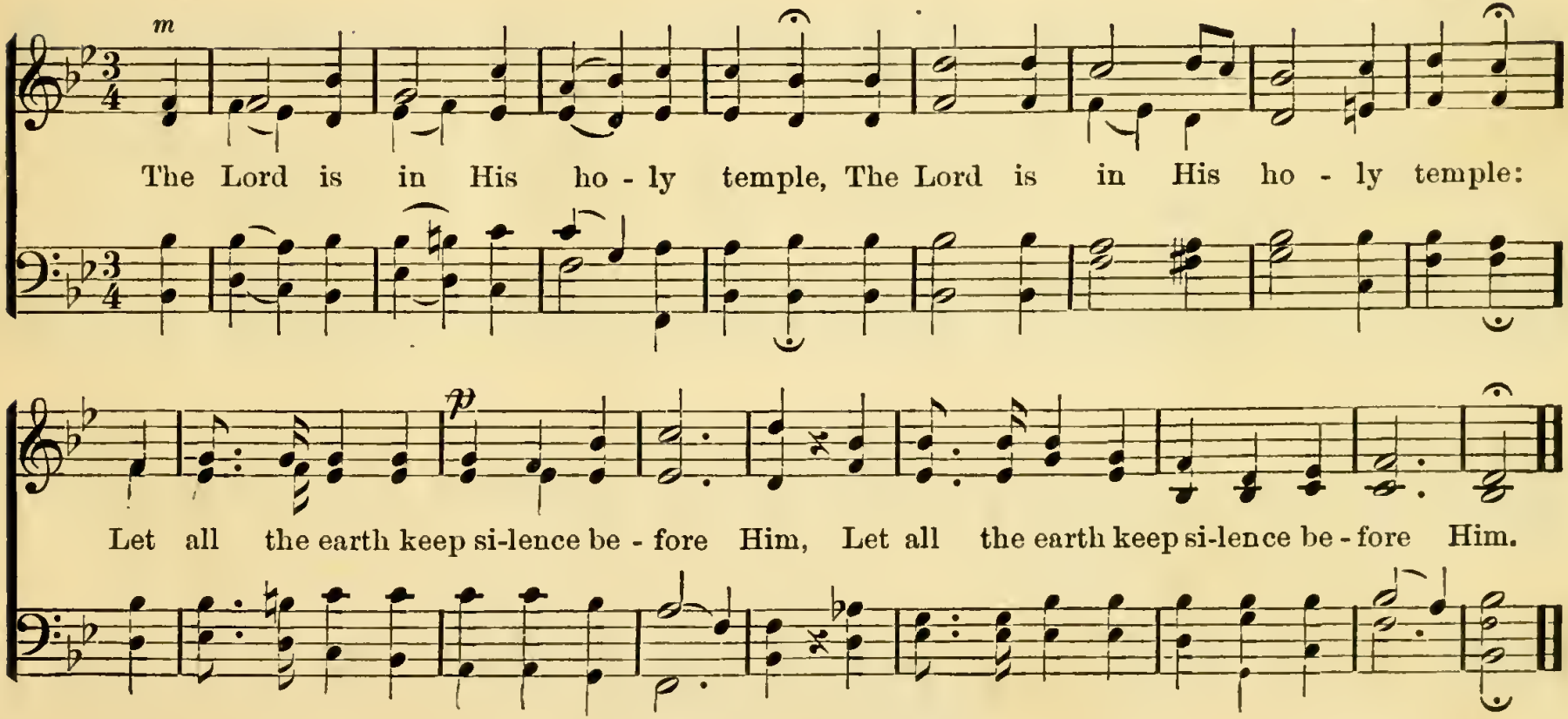
FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

Hab. 2 : 20.

Hubert P. Main.



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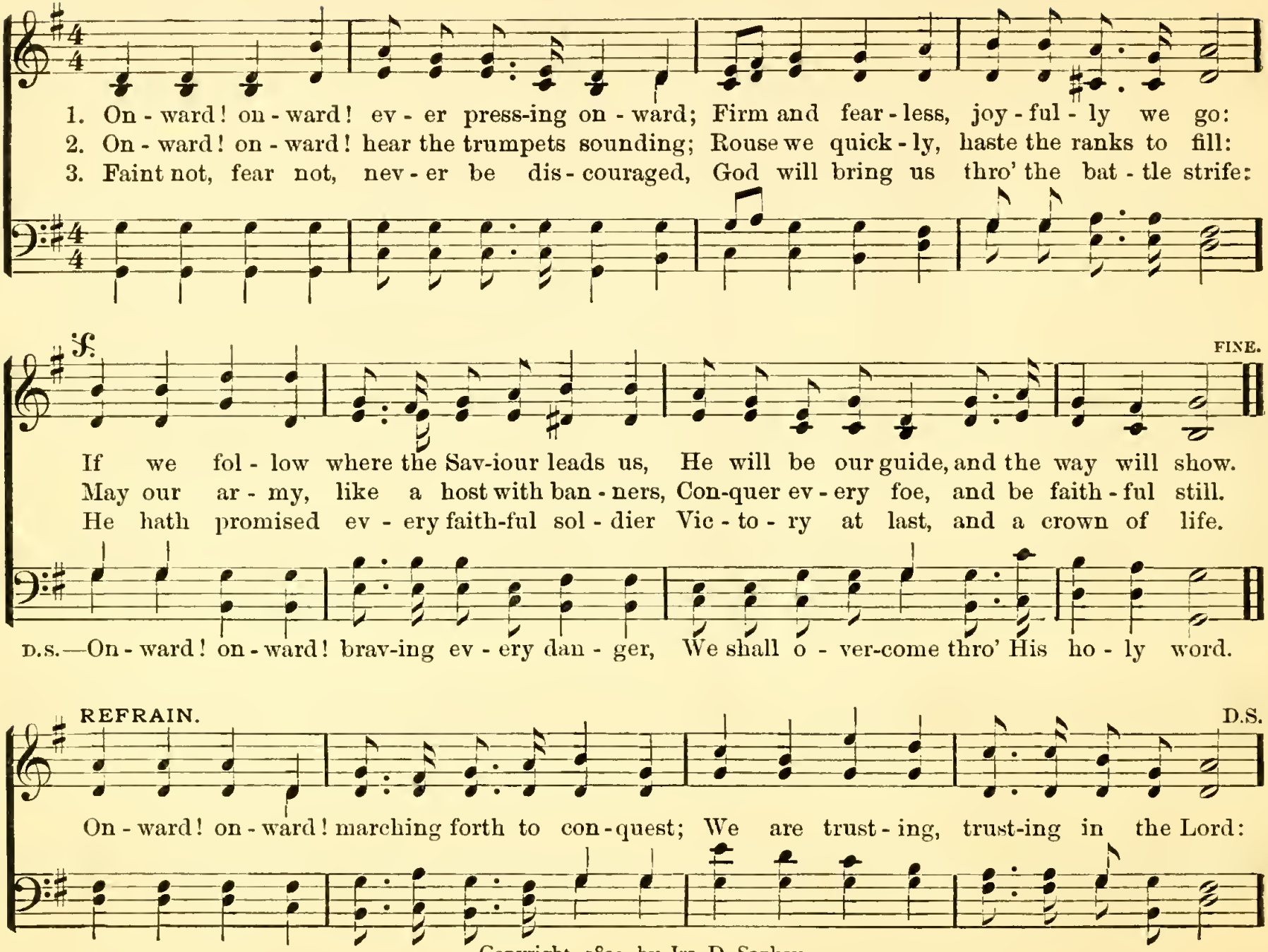
Onward, Pressing Onward.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.



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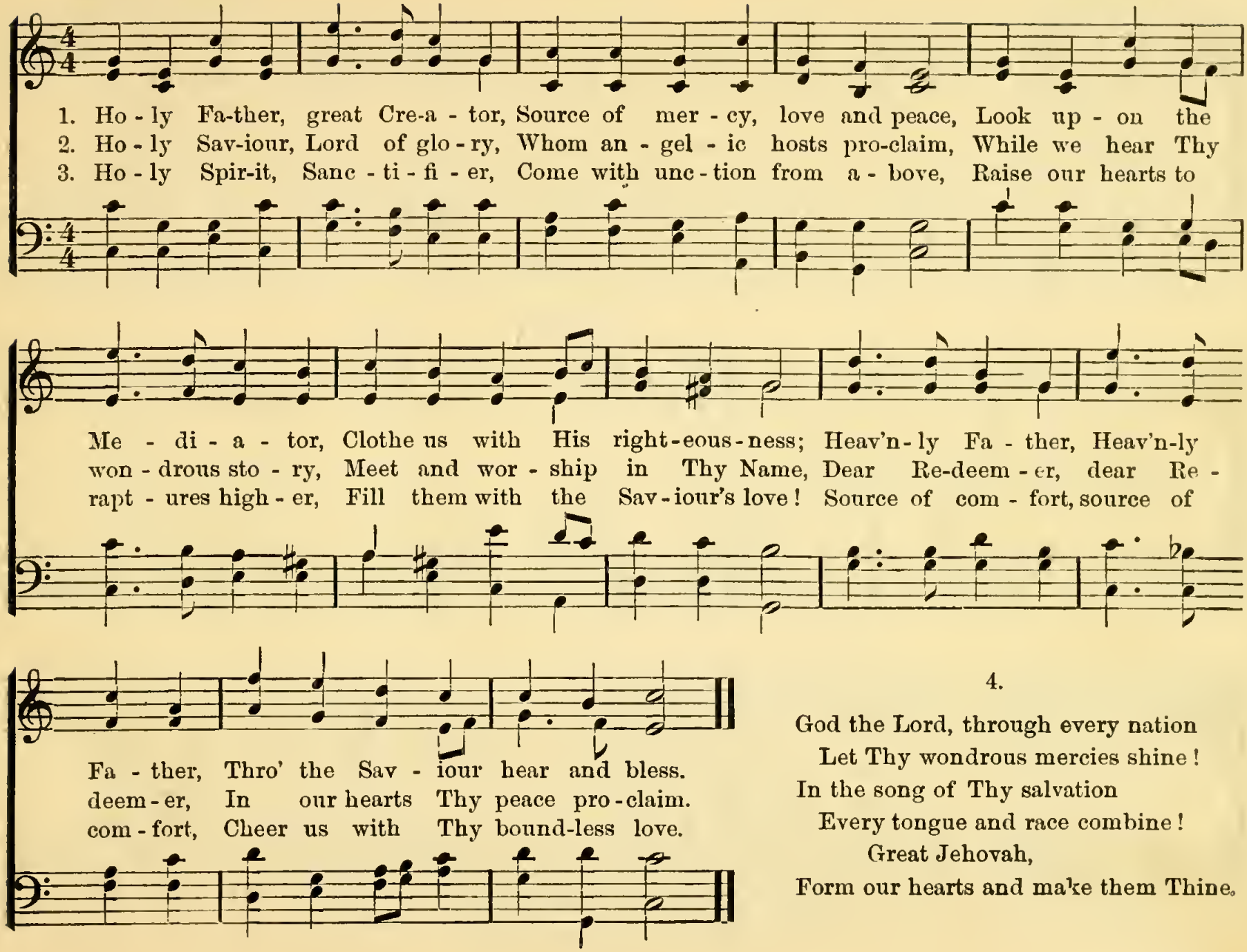
Holy Father, Great Creator.

Rev. A. V. Griswold. Henry Smart.



4.

God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

Hide Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place; Rest - ing there beneath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
2. Hide me when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea; Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
3. Hide me when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe; When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a-lone be - stow.

REFRAIN.

Hide me, hide me, O bless - ed Sa - viour, hide me; O Sav-iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.

Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me; O, my Sav - iour, keep Thou me,

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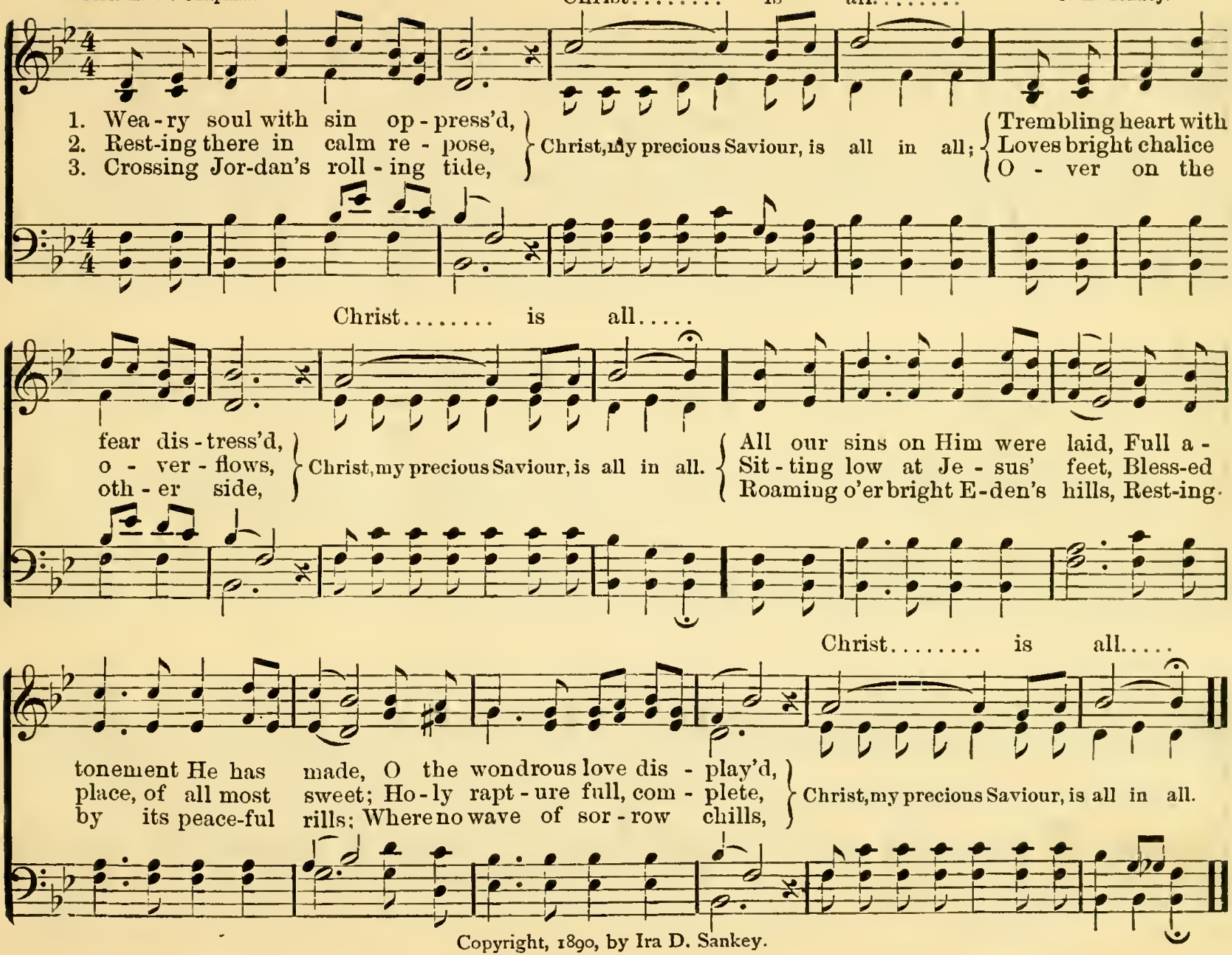
Christ is All.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



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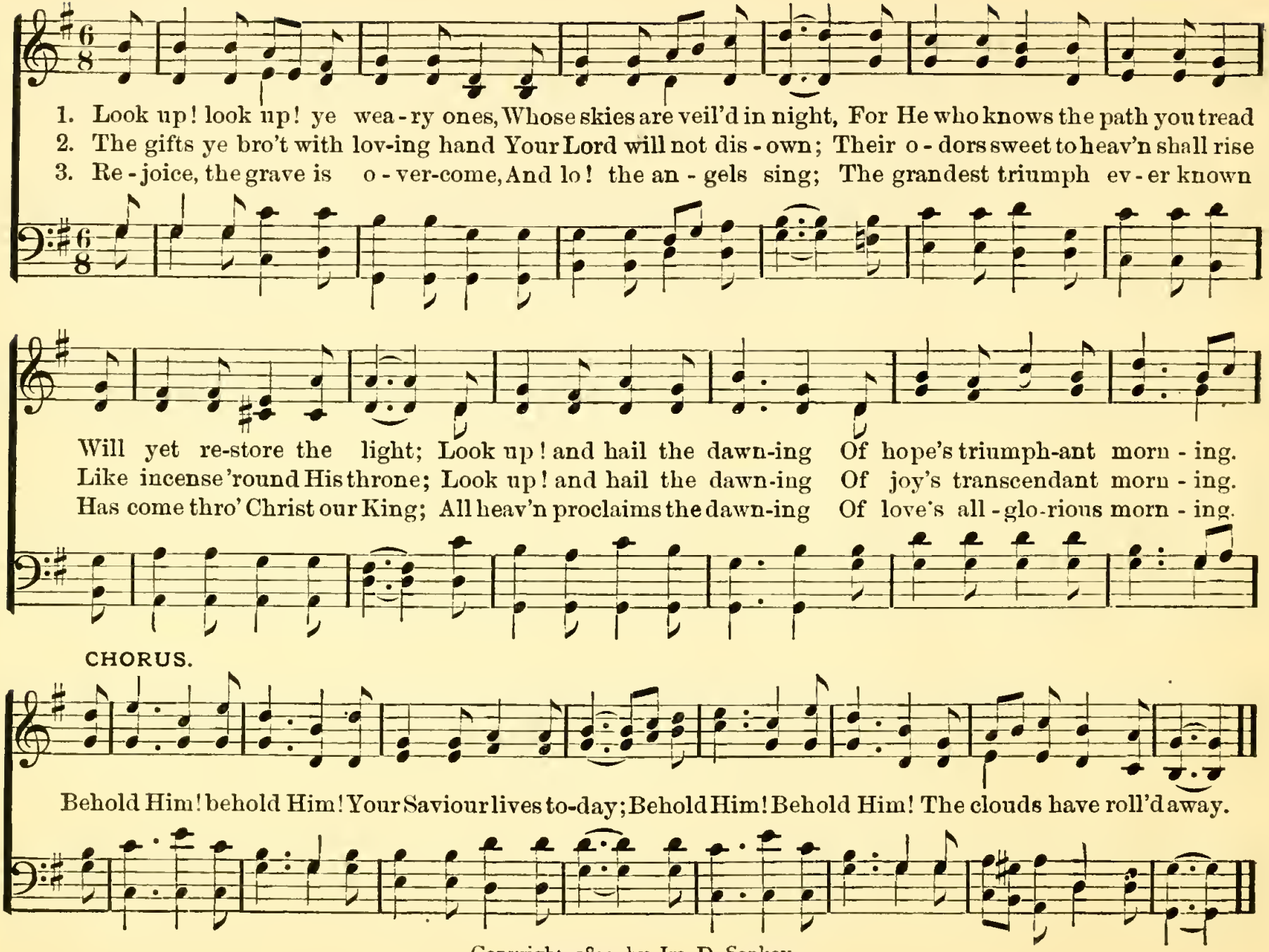
Behold Him! Behold Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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Theodulph. Anon.

1. Glo - ry, and praise, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King! To whom the lips of
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name
3. Thou went-est to Thy pas - sion A - mid their shouts of praise; Thou reign-est now in

CHORUS.

chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.
com - est, The King and bless - ed One.
glo - ry, While we our an - thems raise.

} Glo - ry, and praise, and hon - or To

Thee, Re - deem - er, King! To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

King of Glory.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. O praise ye the Lord with a trumpet sound; Let the an-them of joy thro' the earth resound; The
2. O praise ye the Lord, for the work is done; Now the bat-tle is fought and the vic-t'ry won; The
3. O lift up your heads, all ye por-tals fair, For the King ev-er-last-ing to en-ter there; He

vail of the tem-ple is rent in twain, Thro' Christ our Re-deem-er who liv-eth a-gain.
le-gions of death and the boast-ing grave Are tro-phies of Him who is might-y to save.
comes with a shout to His throne on high, And loud hal-le-lu-jahs now burst from the sky.

CHORUS.

King of Glo-ry, Thou art ex-alt-ed for-ev-er, ev-er-more;
Hail, King of Glo-ry, Hail, might-y King!

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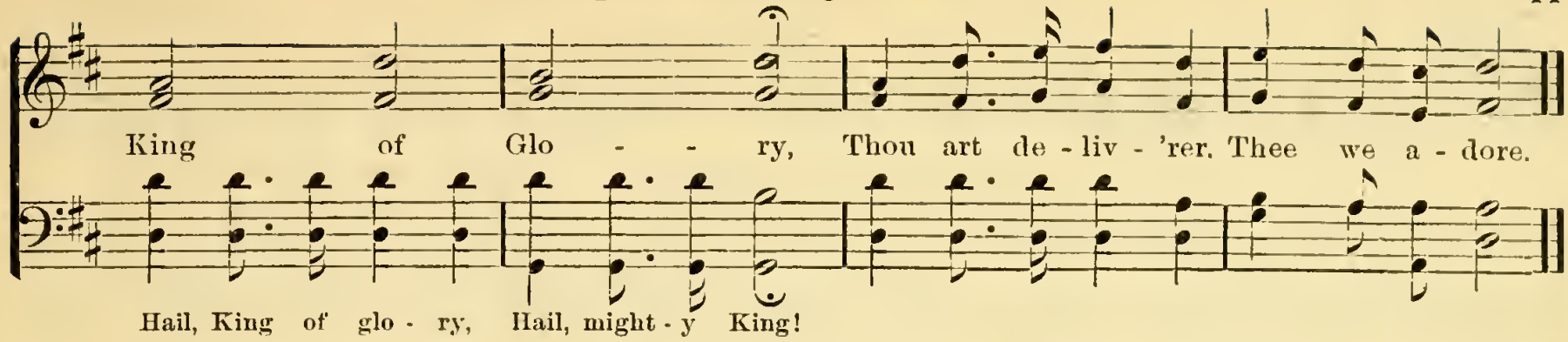
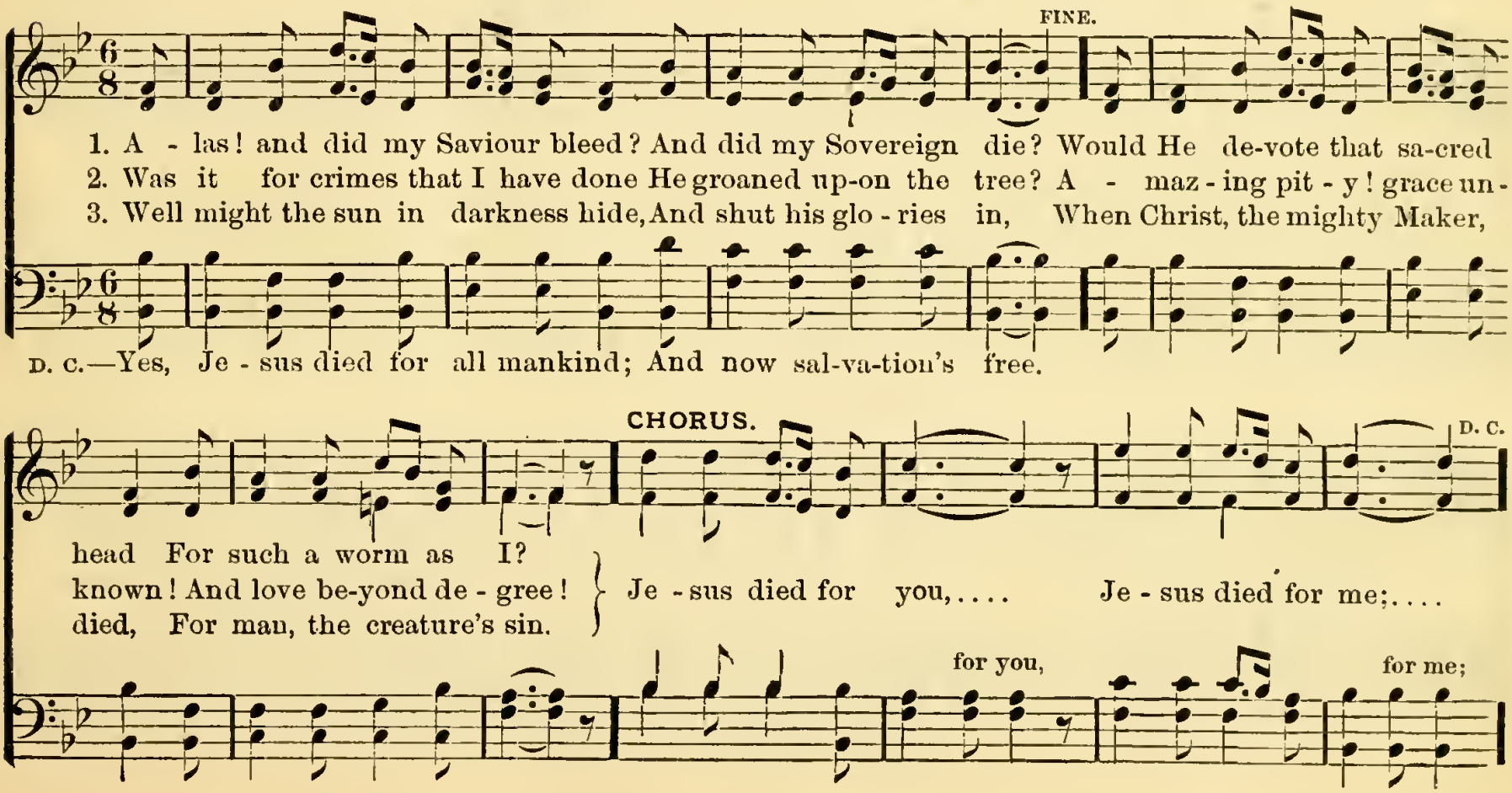
King of Glory.—Concluded.



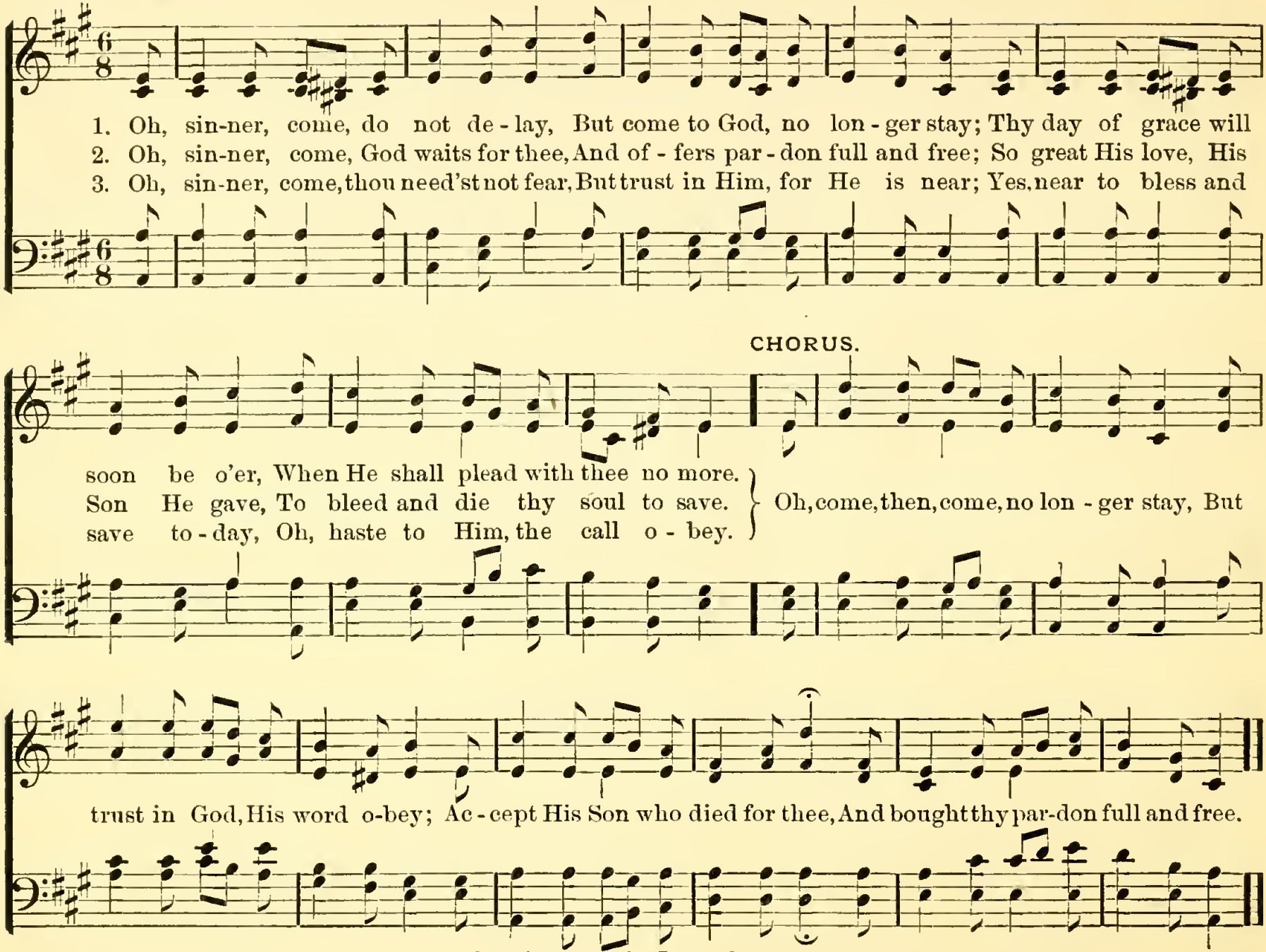
Alas! and did My Saviour Bleed?

I. Watts. S. J. Vail.



Oh, Sinner, Come.

William Mahone. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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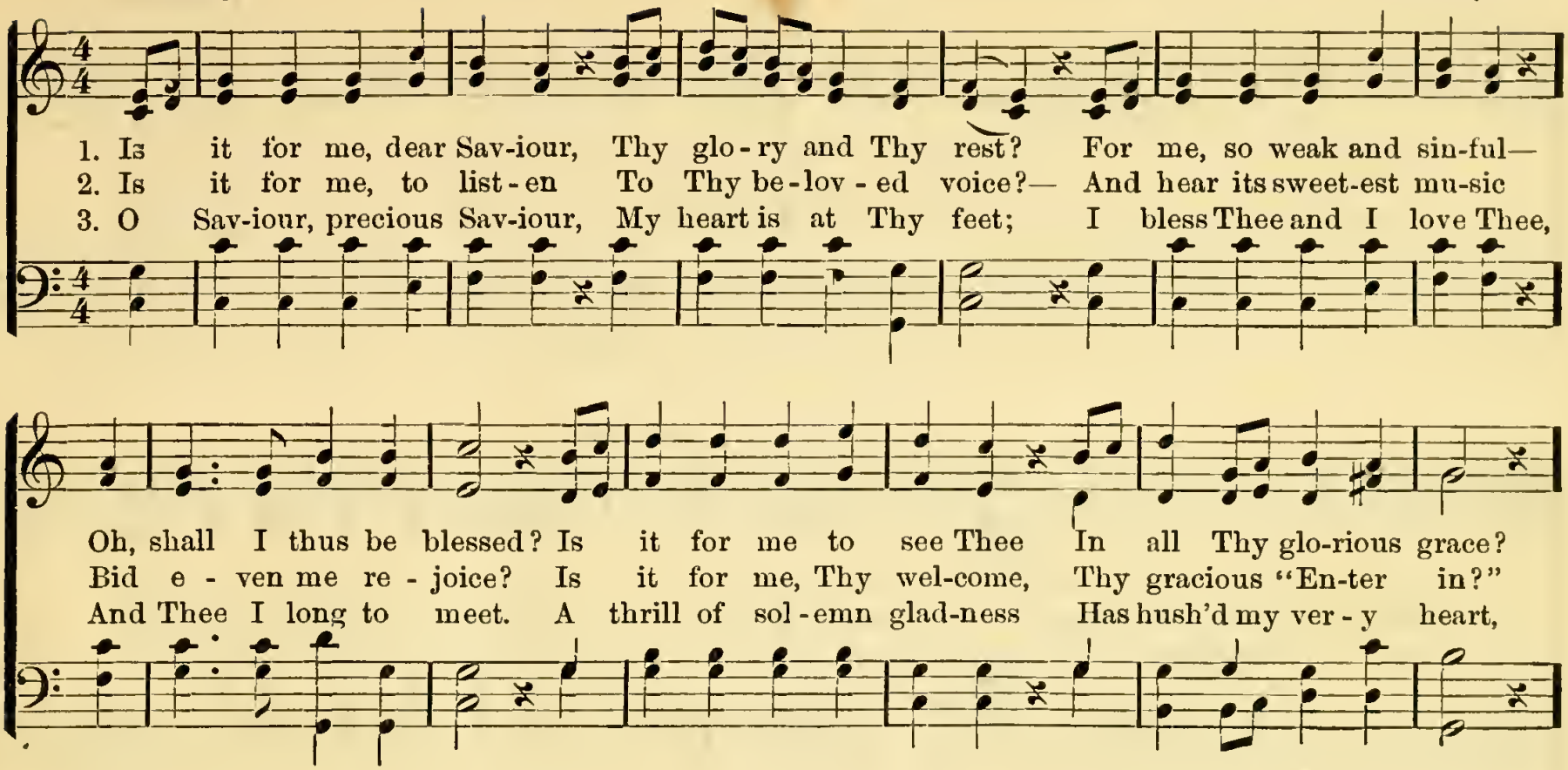
Is it for Me?

F. R. Havergal.

Welsh Air, arr. by Ira D. Sankey.



4 Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace.
And be with Thee forever,
And never grieve Thee more!
Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,
And lovingly adore.

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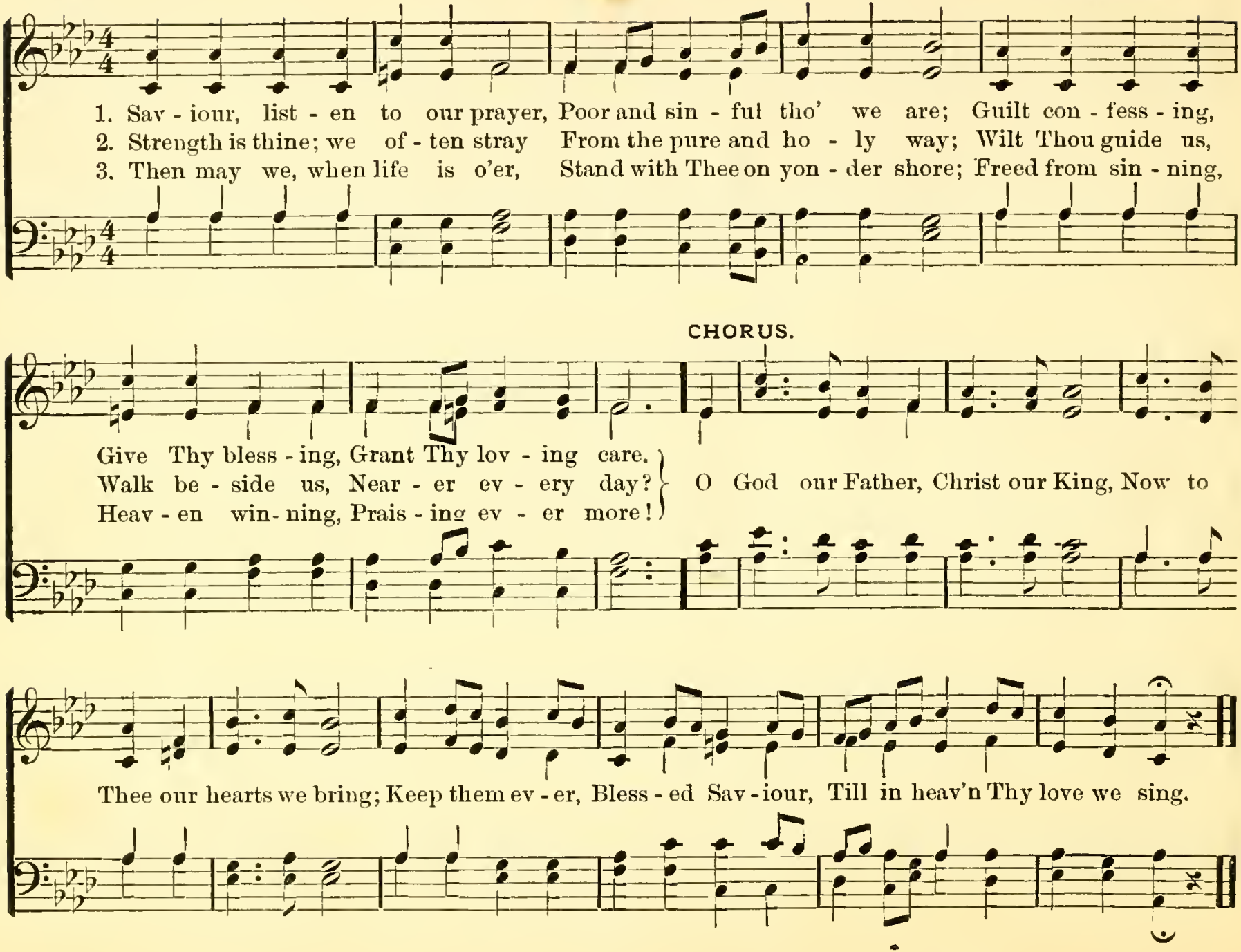
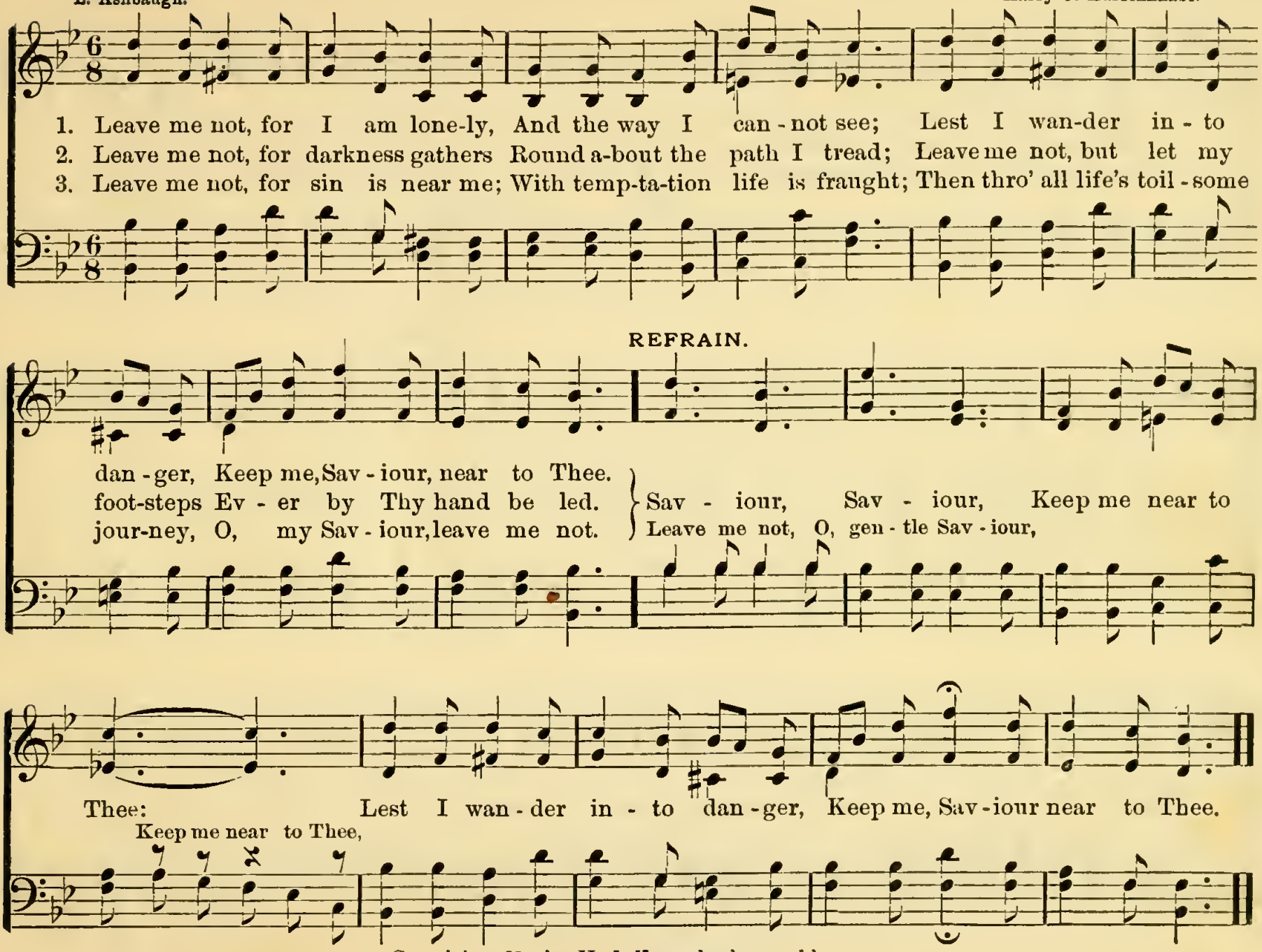
Saviour, Listen to Our Prayer.

Anon. E. W. Kellogg, by per.



Leave Me not, O Gentle Saviour.

L. Ashbaugh. Harry J. Kurzenknabe.



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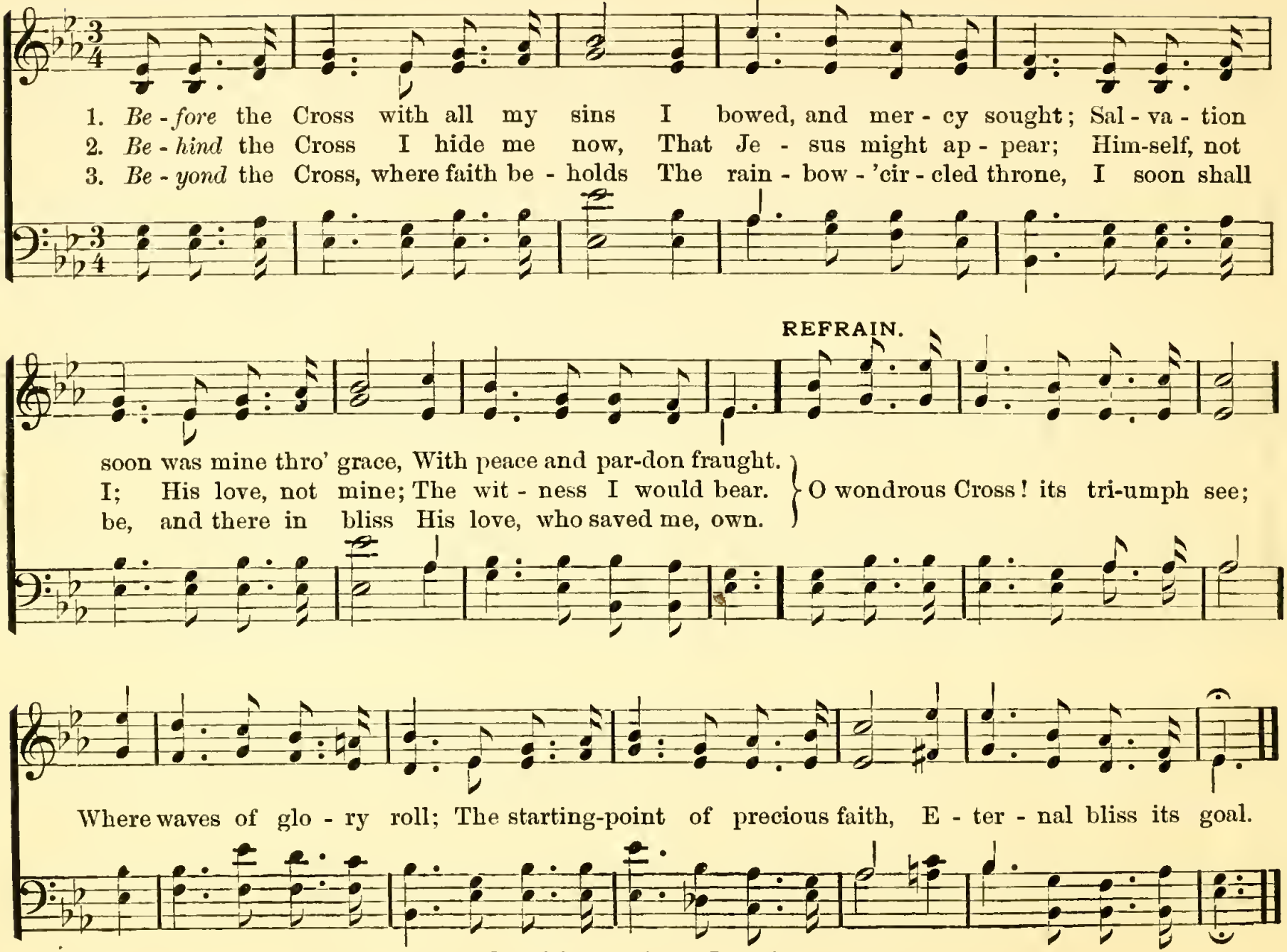
The Cross of Christ.

Albert Midlane. Ira D. Sankey.



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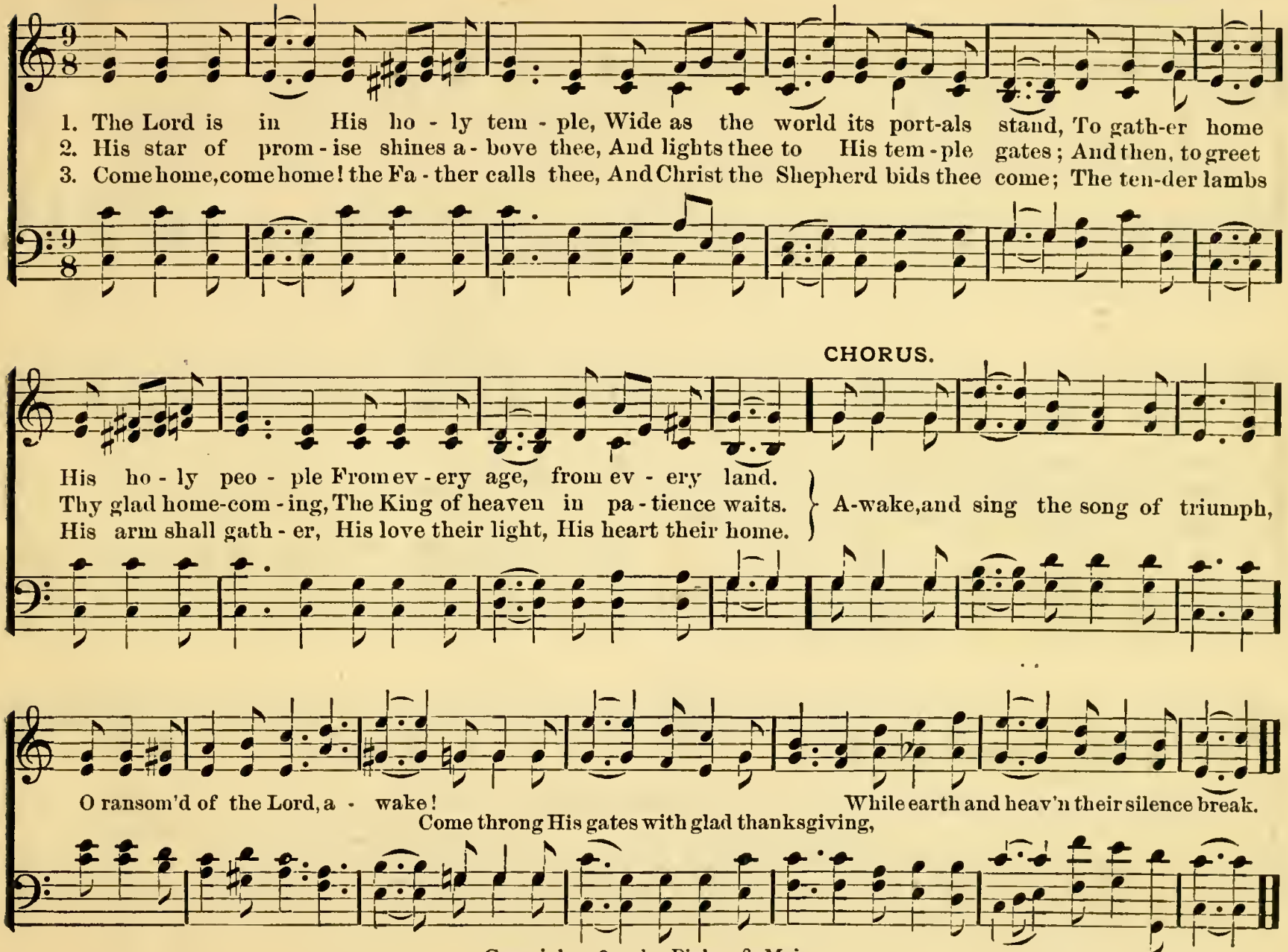
Awake, and Sing.

Mary A. Lathbury. Maro L. Bartlett.



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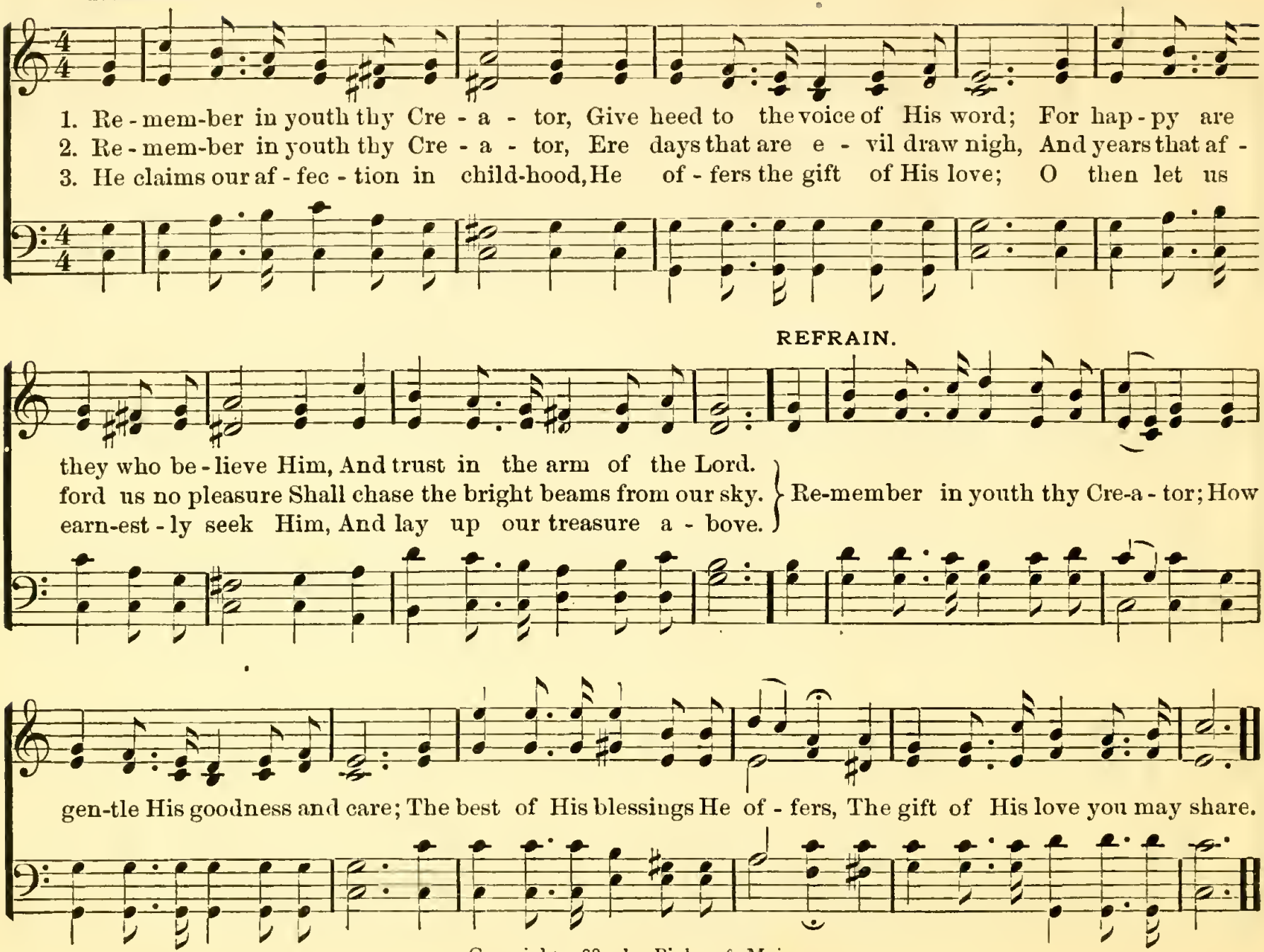
Remember in Youth thy Creator.

B. M. Marion. B. C. Unseld.



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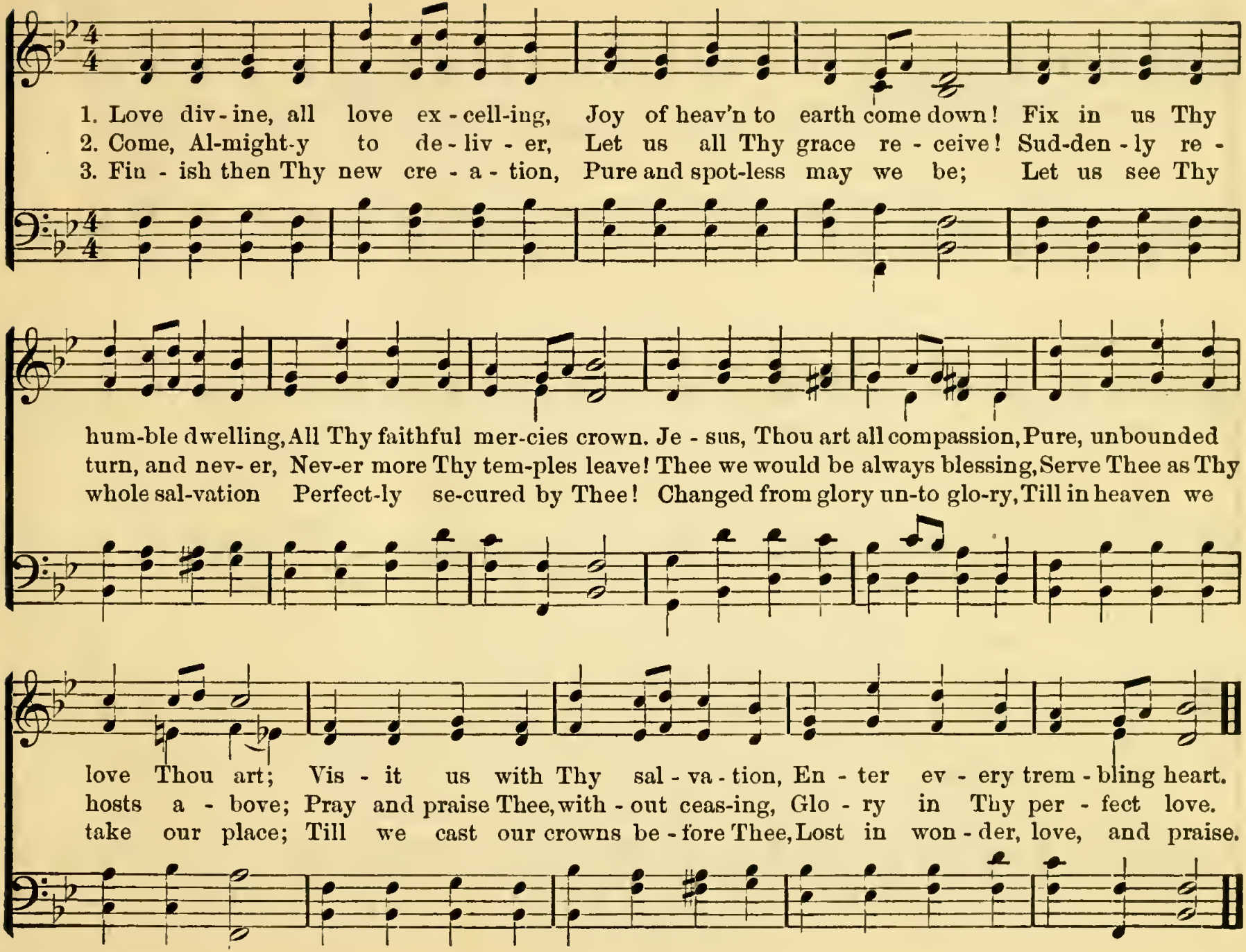
Love Divine.

C. Wesley. John Zundel.



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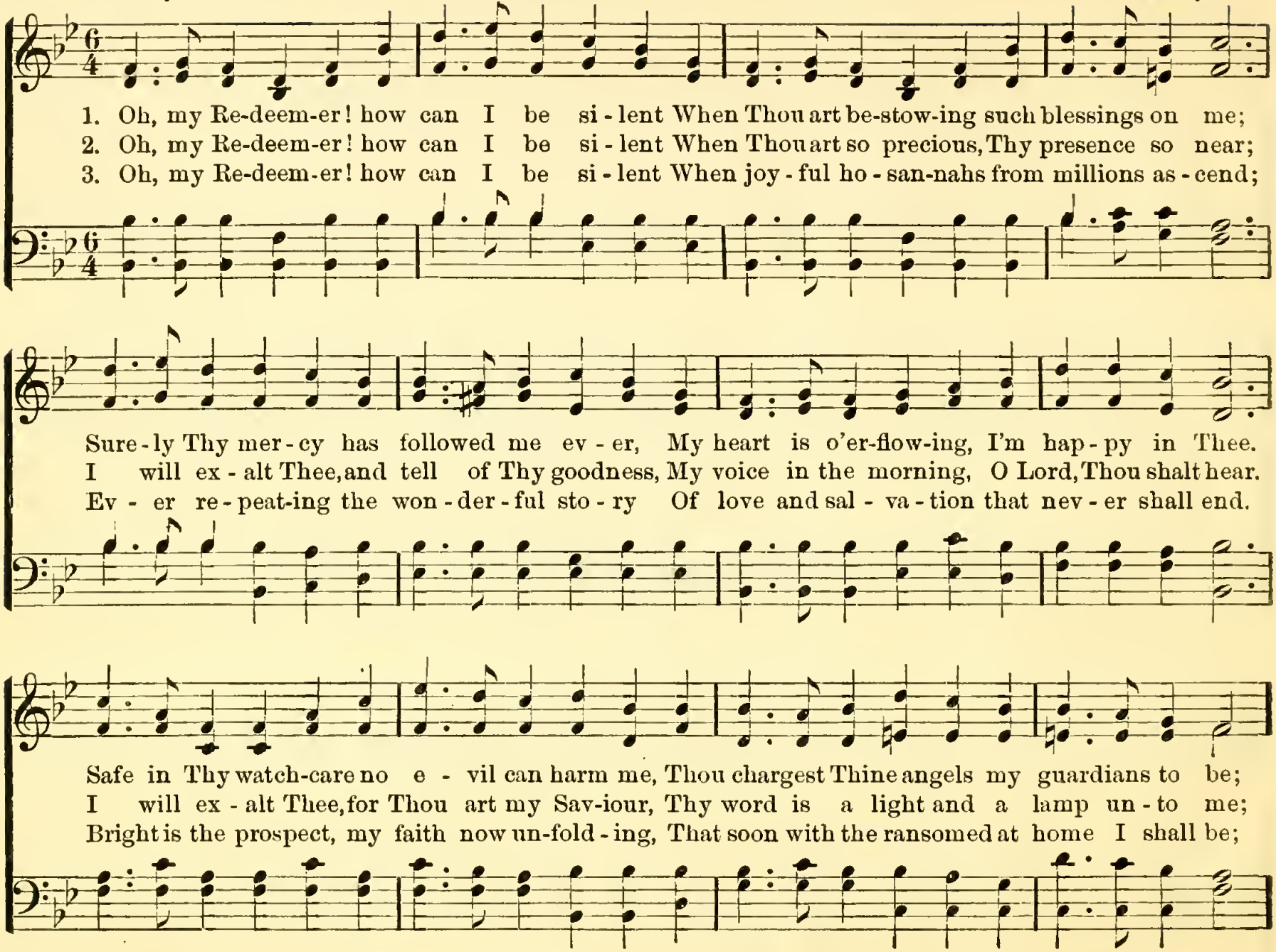
Oh, My Redeemer!

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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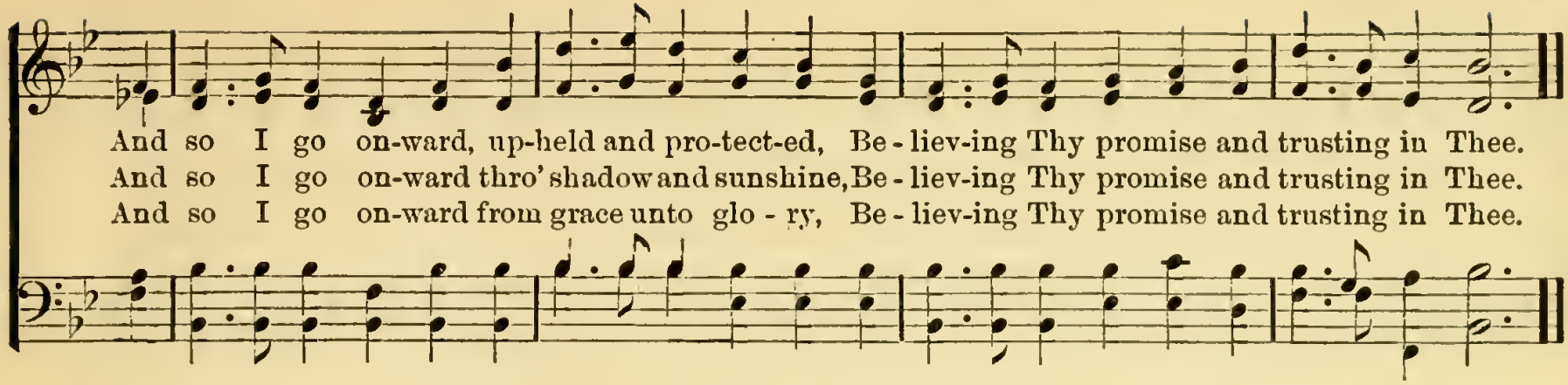
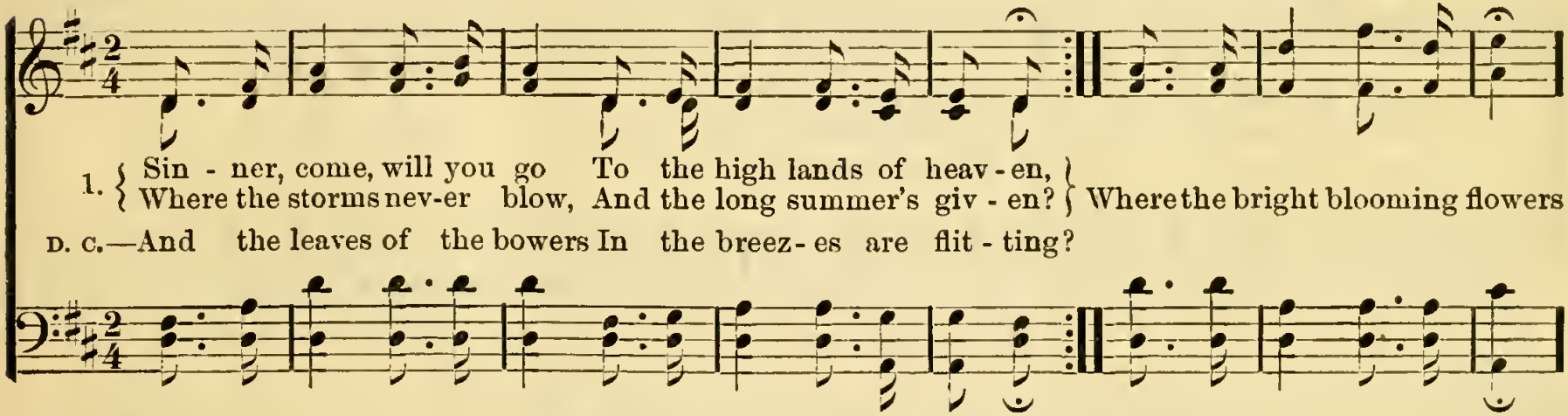
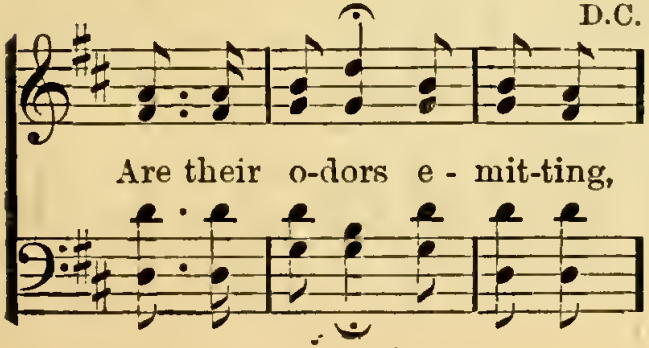
Oh, My Redeemer!—Concluded.



Sinner, Come, Will You Go?

Rev. C. B. Davidson. Arr. by Wm. McDonald.



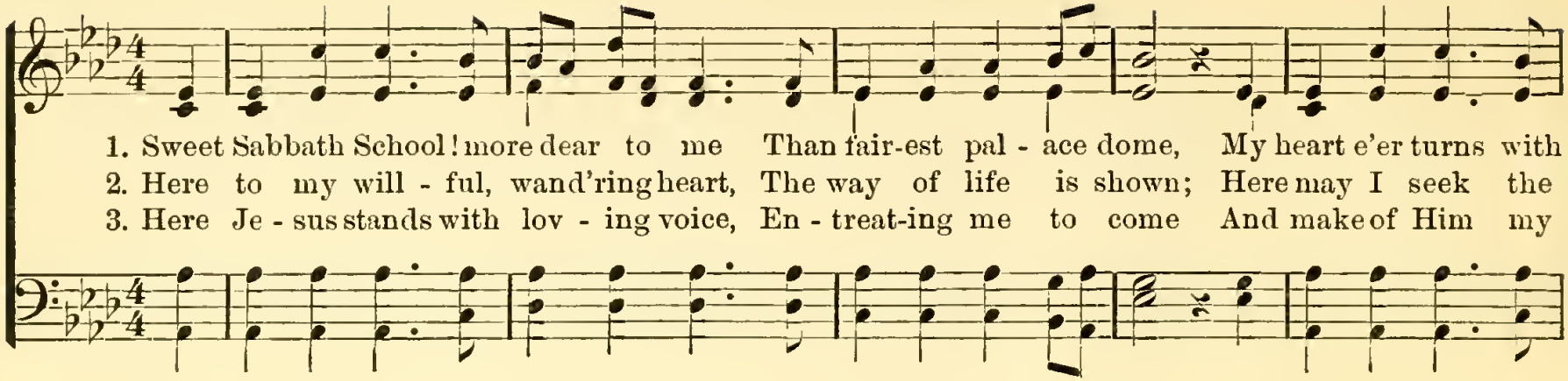


2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright cluster pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

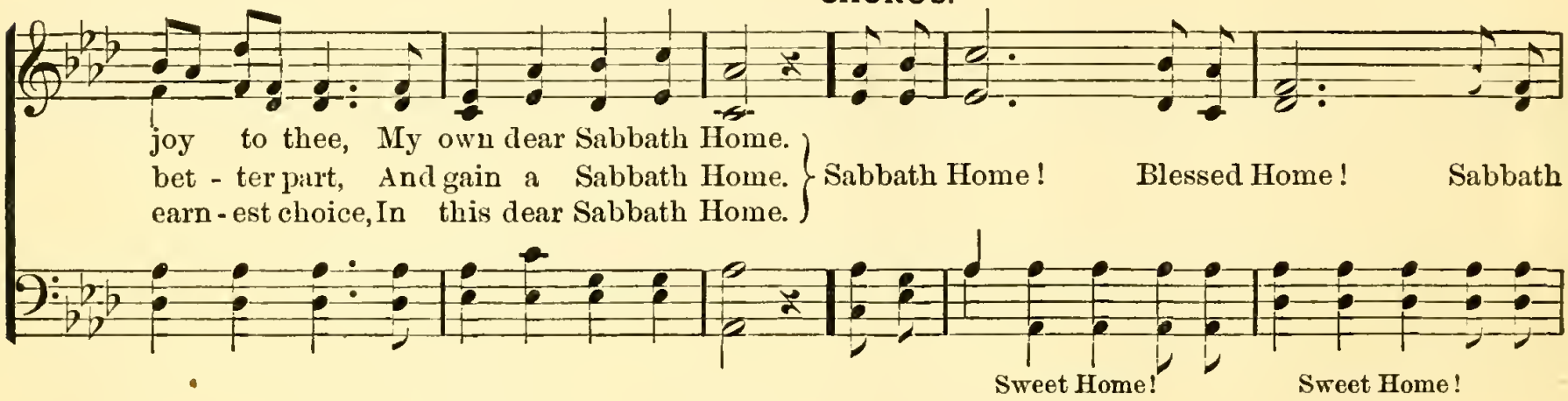
3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

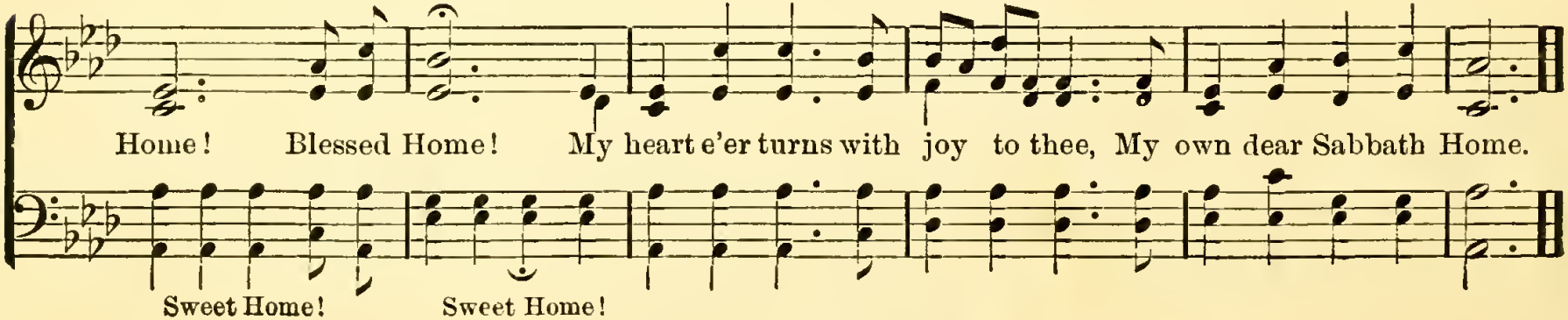
My Sabbath Home.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. W. H. Doane.



CHORUS.





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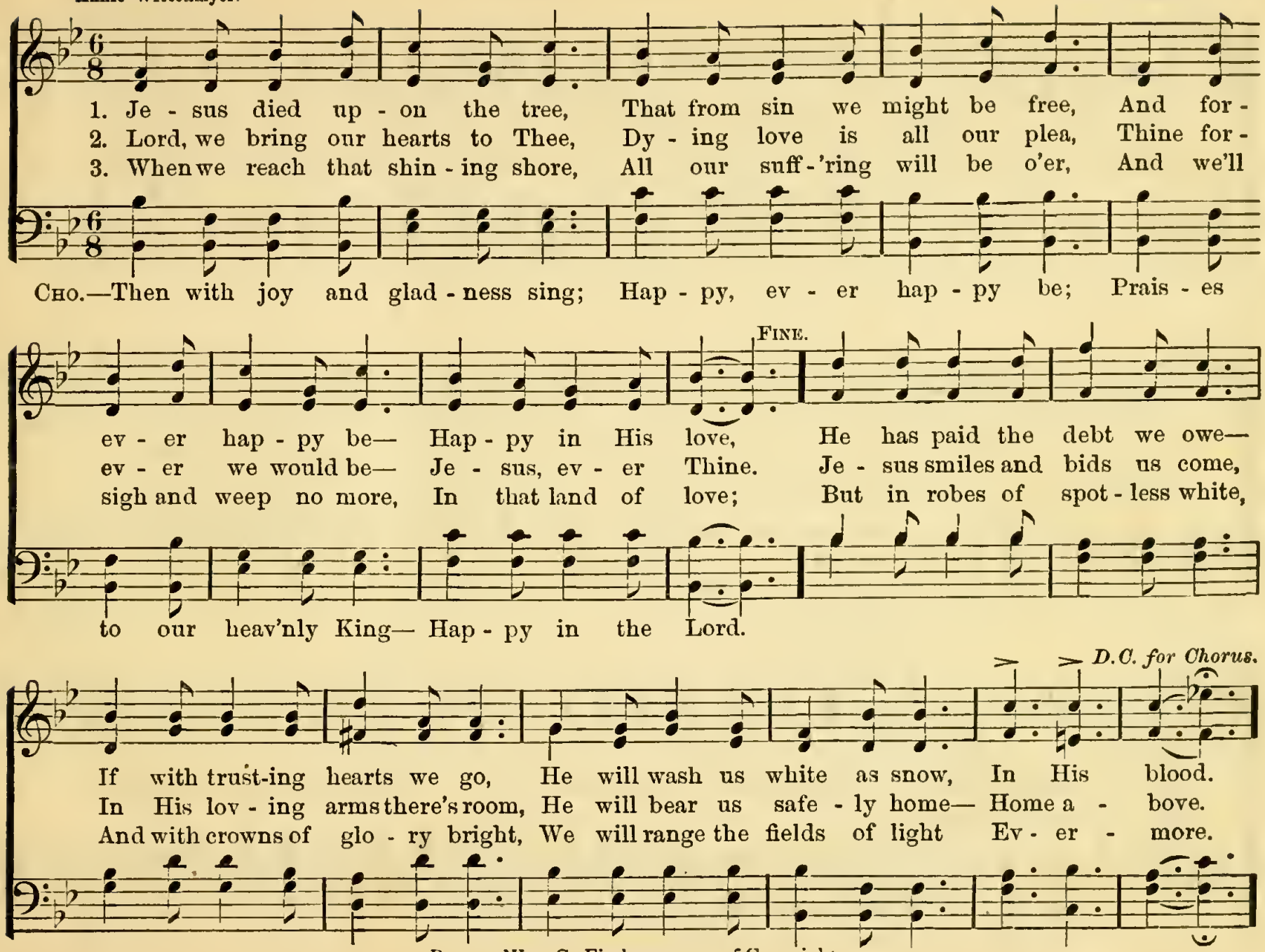
Happy, Ever Happy.

Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer.



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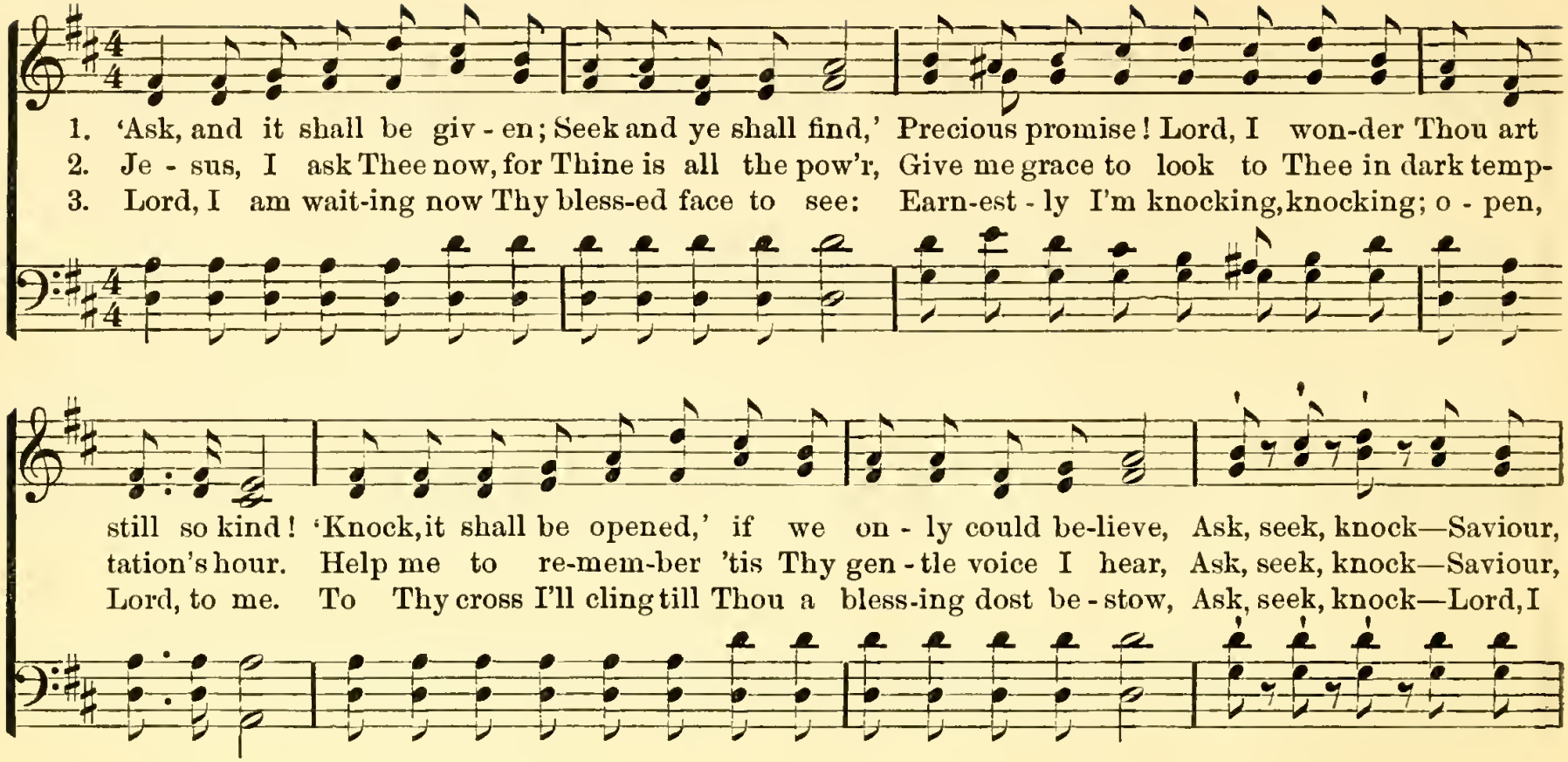
Ask, Seek, Knock.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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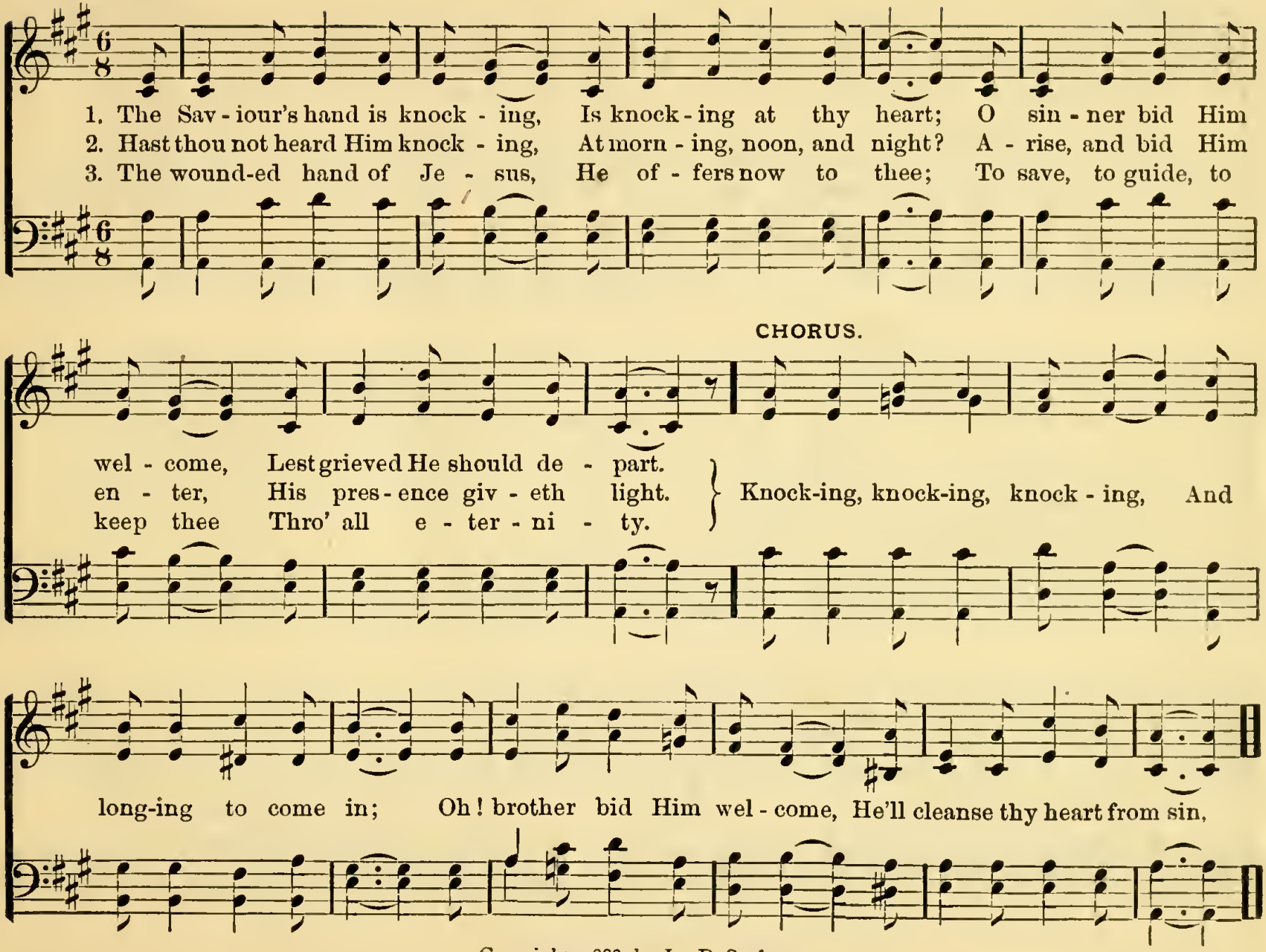
The Saviour's Hand.

Peter Bilhorn. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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The Saviour Calls.

Anne Steele. Geo. F. Root.

1. The Sav - iour calls, let ev - 'ry ear At - tend the heav'nly sound, Ye doubt-ing souls, dis -
2. For ev - 'ry thirst - y, long - ing heart, Here streams of bount-y flow; And life and health and
3. Here springs of sa - cred pleas-ure rise To heal your ev - 'ry pain; Im - mor - tal fount-ain,

CHO.—At - tend,..... at - tend,.....

miss your fear, True life may here be found.
bliss im - part, To ban - ish mor - tal woe.
full sup-plies, Nor shall you thirst in vain.

At - tend, at - tend, At -

At - tend,..... at - tend,.....

tend the heav'n-ly sound, At-tend, at - tend, True life may here be found.

at-tend,

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What Wonderful Love.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.

1. What won-der-ful love did Je-sus show, To come an ex-ile here be-low, The way to be
2. Oh, won-der-ful love, that He should bear My load of sin, my sor-rows share; Should o-ver me
3. Oh, won-der-ful love, sur-pass-ing tho't, From death to life my soul He bro't, To walk in His

CHORUS.

sav'd that all might know, 'Twas wonder-ful, won-der-ful love.
watch with constant care, And bring me in glo-ry to dwell.
way my feet He taught, The way that will lead me to heav'n.

Oh, won-derful, wonderful love, Oh,
Oh, wonderful,

won-der-ful, wonderful love, Oh, wonderful love did Je-sus show, To suf-fer and die for me.
Oh, won-der-ful,

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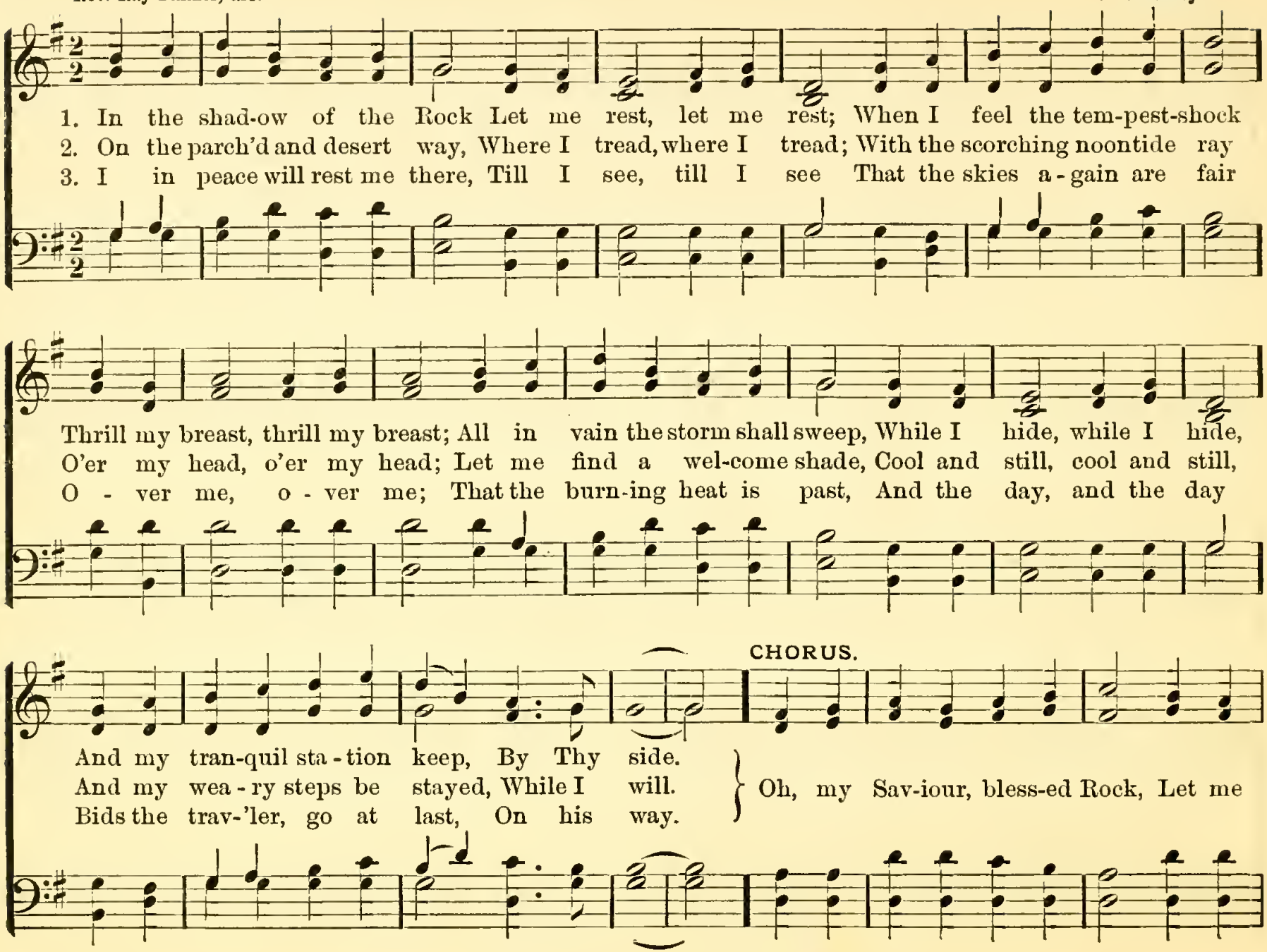
In the Shadow of the Rock.

Rev. Ray Palmer, arr. Ira D. Sankey.



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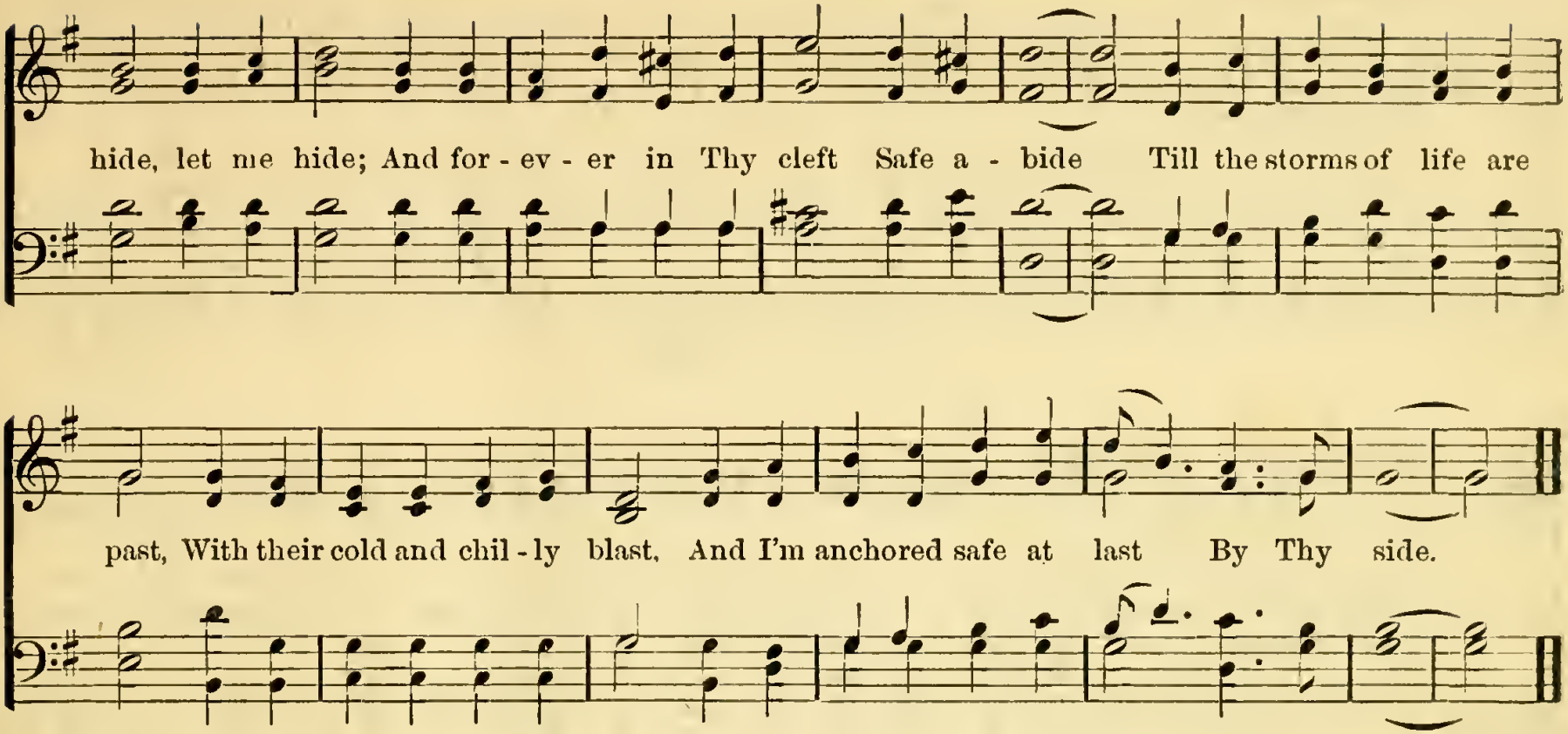
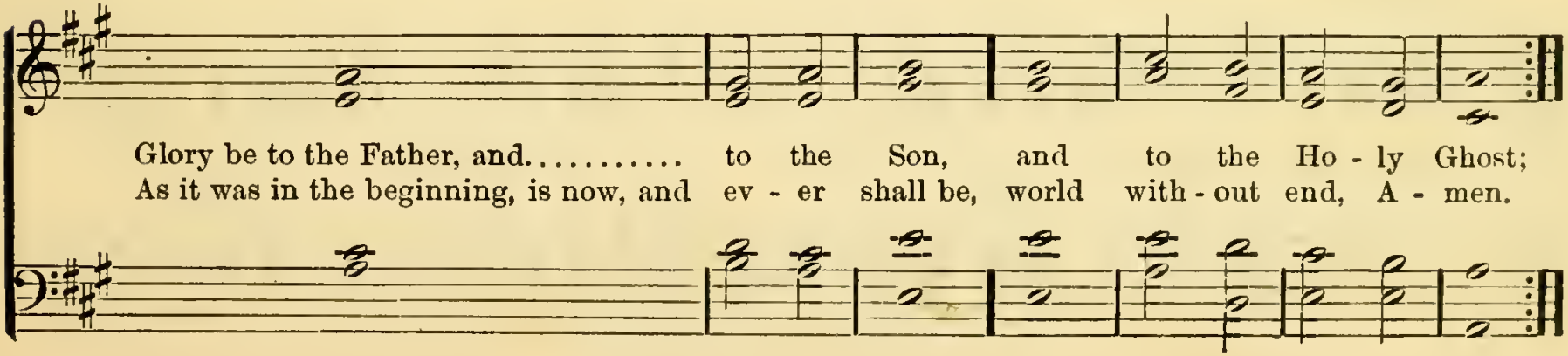
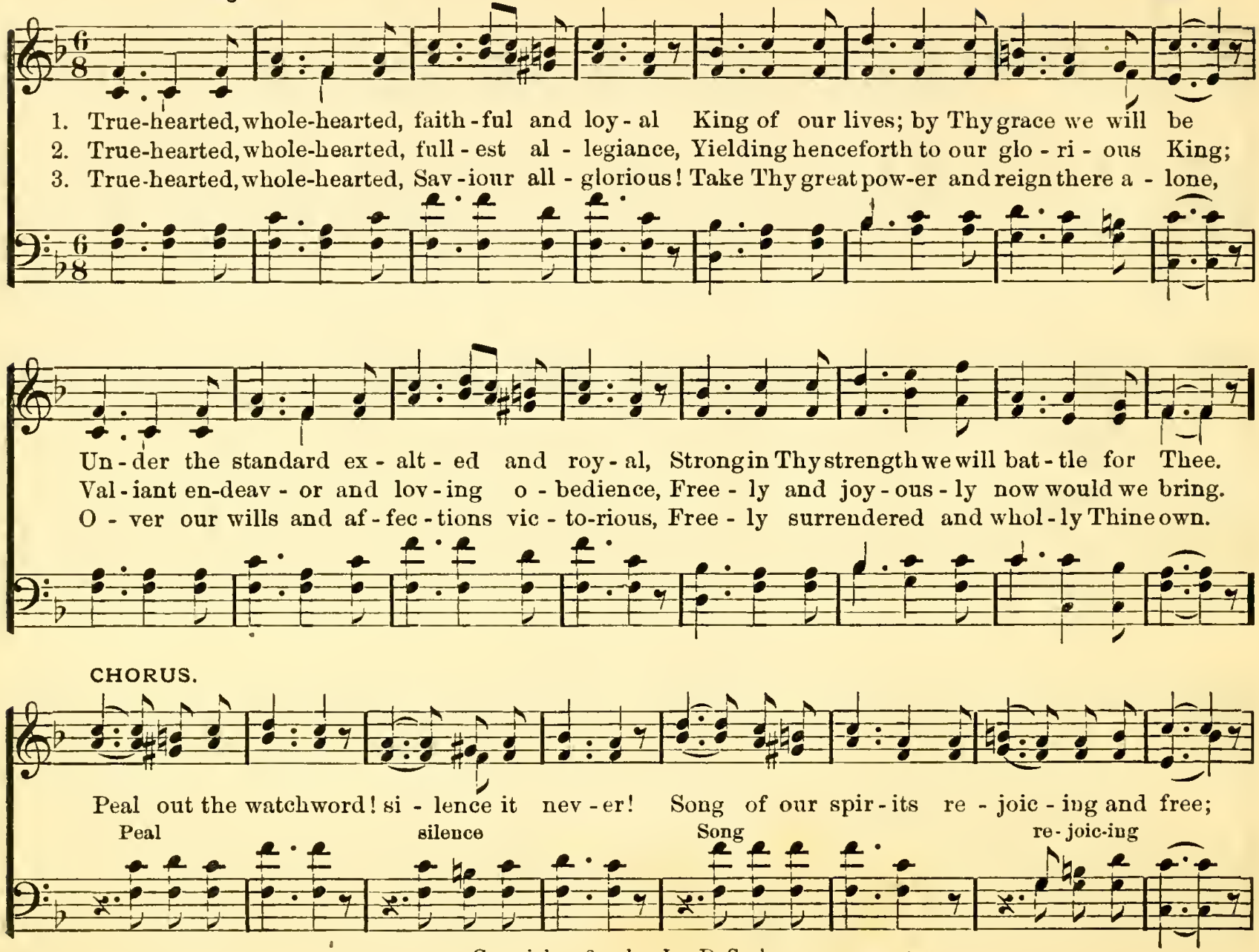


Gloria Patri.



True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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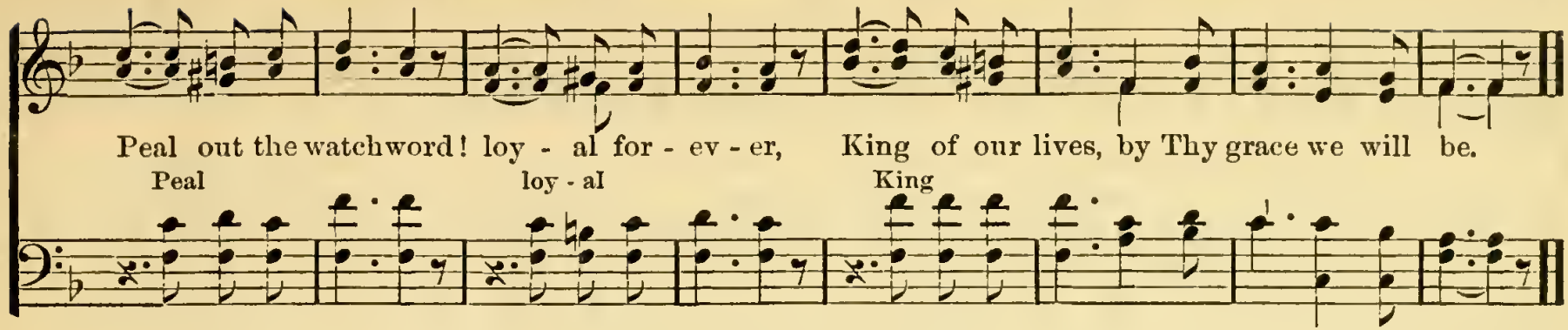
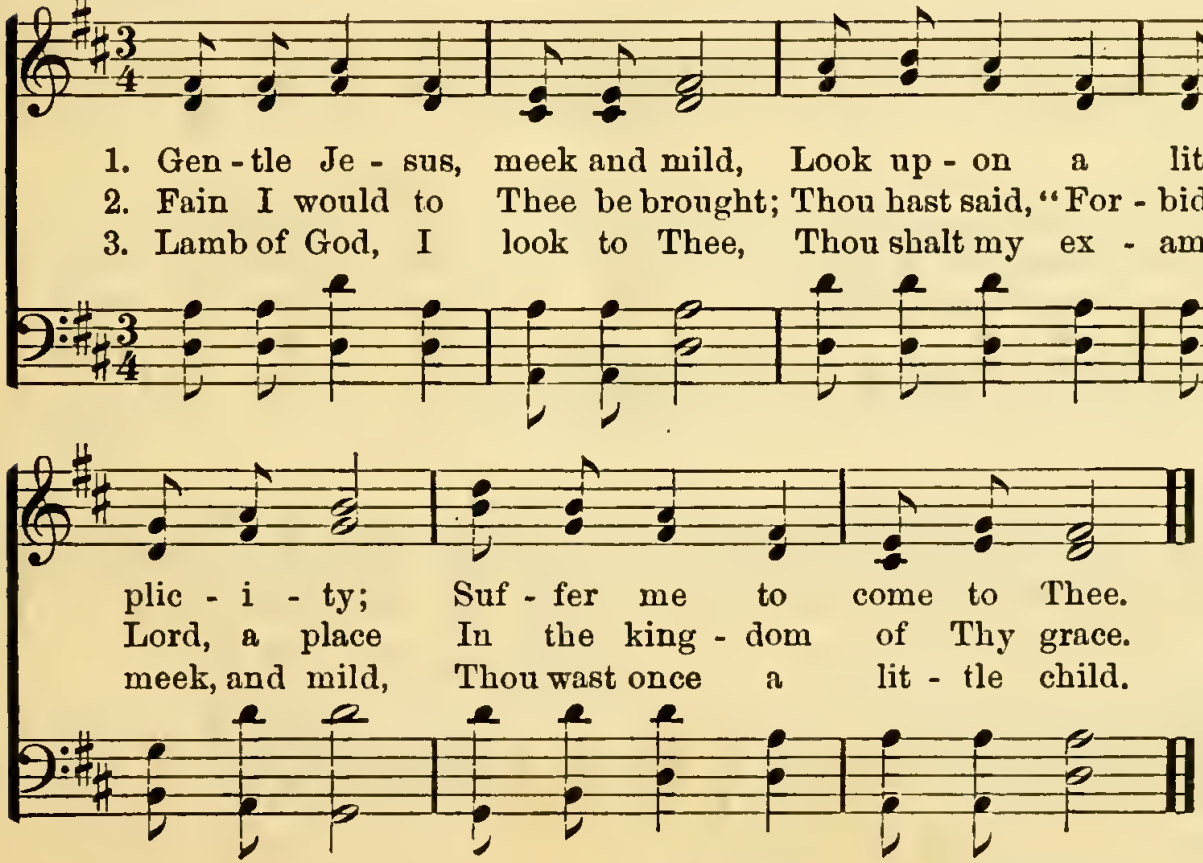


Gentle Jesus.

C. Wesley. Ira D. Sankey.



4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Teach me, Saviour, to fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

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Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. Childs. J. H. Tenney.

1. In robes made white thro' Je - sus' blood! We soon shall meet be - yond the flood, And hold sweet
2. I fear not now what ills may come: By faith I see my heavenly home, And hear the
3. O meet - ing blest, with friends so dear! What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear! What thrills of
4. Dear Sav - iour, guide my will - ing feet, That I may have that joy com-plete; And live to

con - verse, free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
an - gel voic - es say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way," Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
rapt - ure wake the soul As back those golden gates shall roll, Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
praise thro' end - less day The love that dries all tears a - way, Be - yond the swell-ing flood!

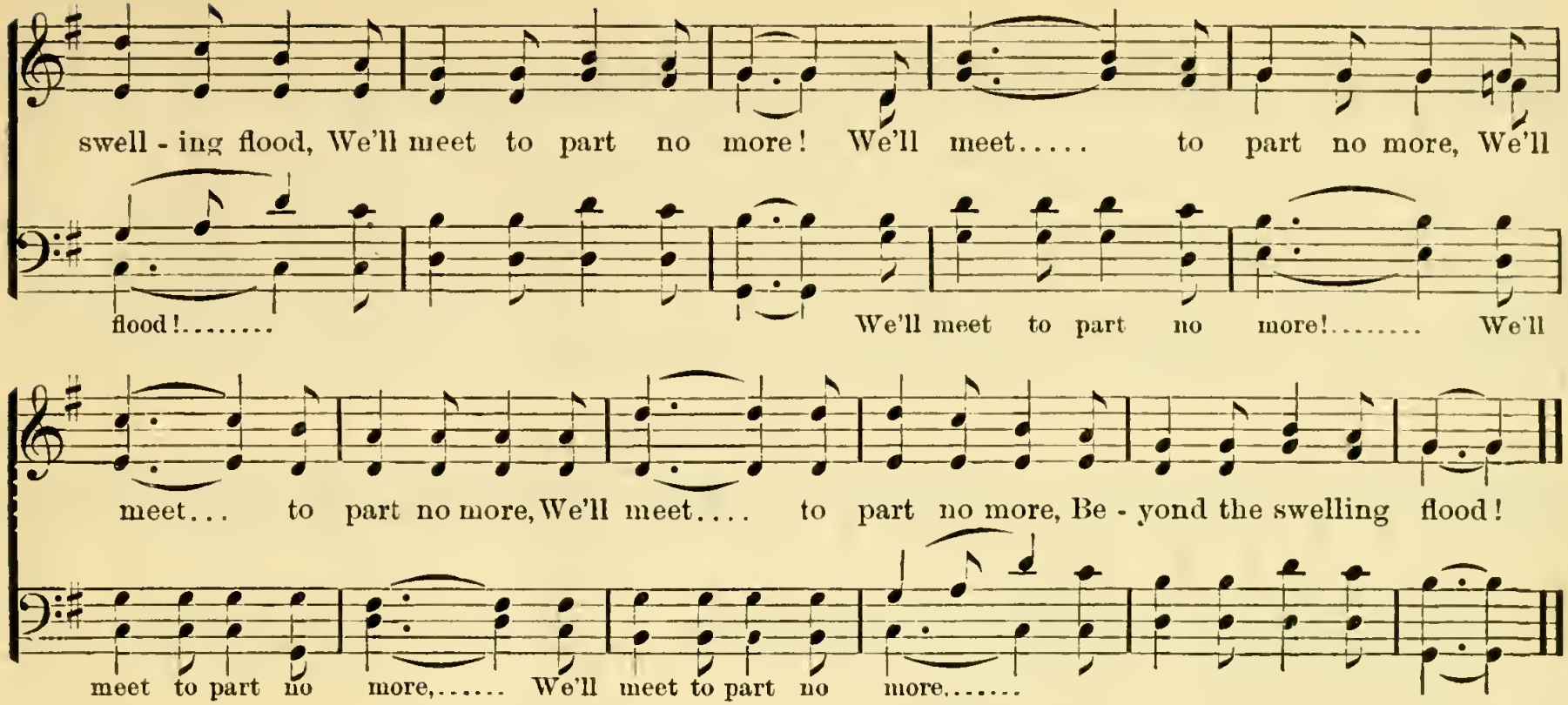
CHORUS.

Be - yond.... the swell-ing flood! Be - yond.... the swell - ing flood! Be - yond.... the

Be - yond the swelling flood!..... Be - yond the swell - ing flood!..... Be - yond the swelling

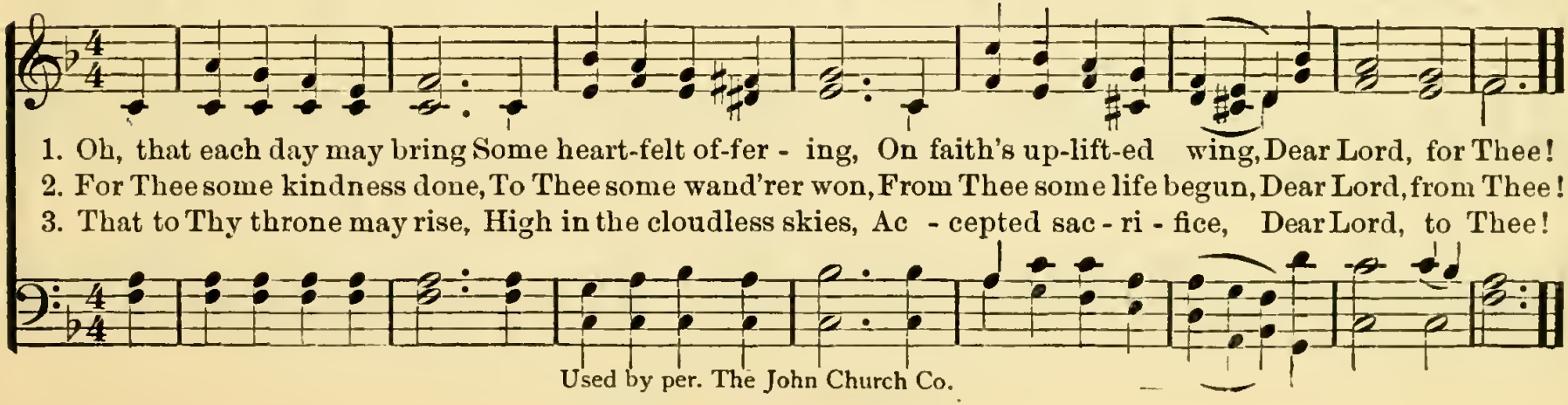
By permission of J. H. Tenney.

Beyond the Swelling Flood.—Concluded.



Something each Day.

Anon. Geo. F. Root.



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O Believe Him.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus pleading, With His Fa - ther in - ter - ced-ing, Can you still His
2. Come to Je - sus, hum - bly kneeling, May His voice, like mu - sic stealing, Touch with-in some
3. Oh, ye wea - ry, faint and dy - ing, Who for rest are vain - ly sighing; Lin - ger not, the
4. Hear the bless - ed proc - la - ma - tion, Precious words of con - so - la - tion; Par - don, life, and

CHORUS.

love un-heed-ing, Turn from Him who died for you?
bu - ried feel - ing, While a - gain it pleads with you.
hours are fly - ing, Look to Him who died for you.
full sal - va - tion, Je - sus of - fers now to you.

O be - lieve Him, O be - lieve Him, In your heart with joy receive Him; Oh, how can you slight and grieve Him, When He gave His life for you.

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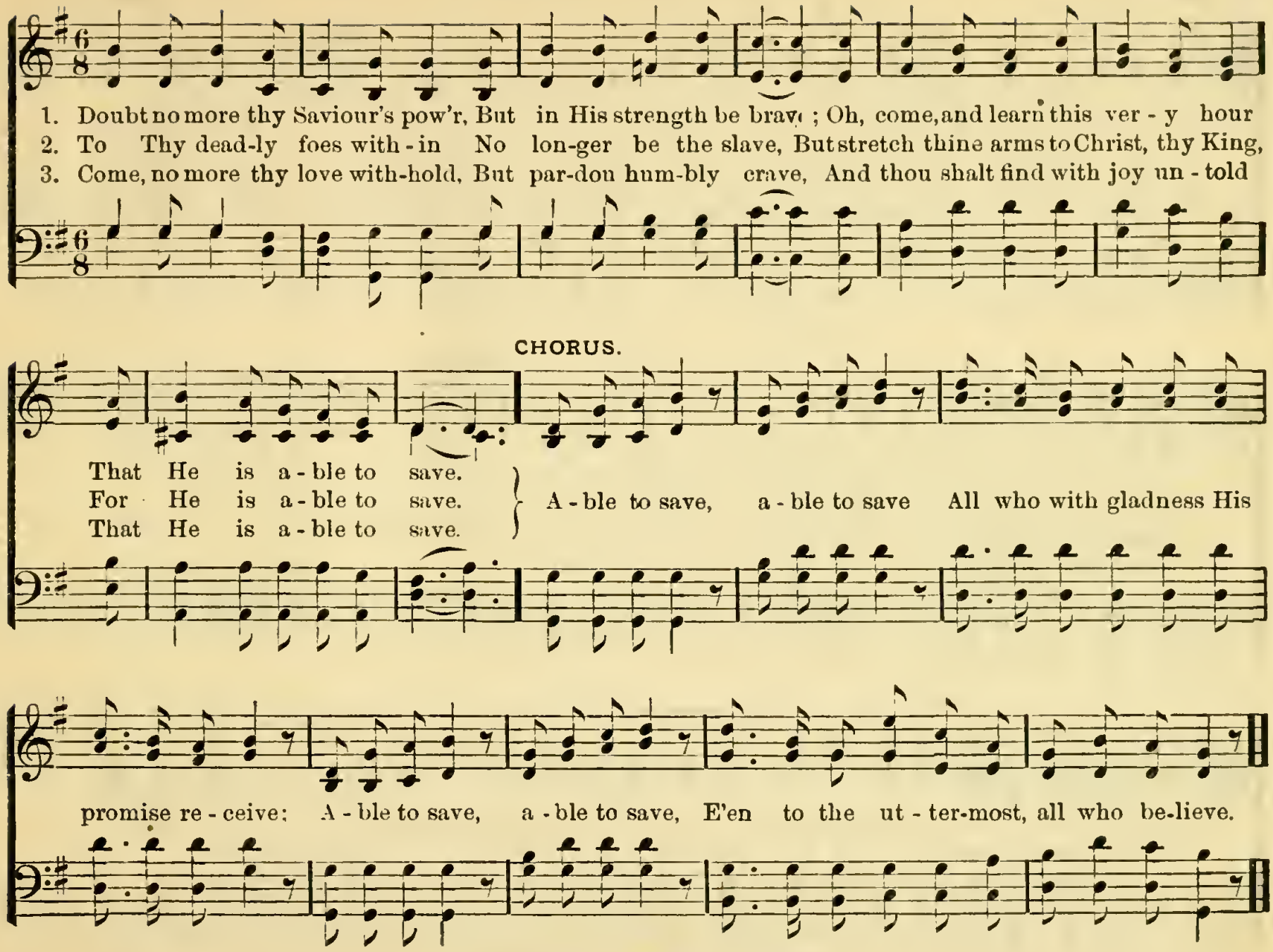
Able to Save.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.



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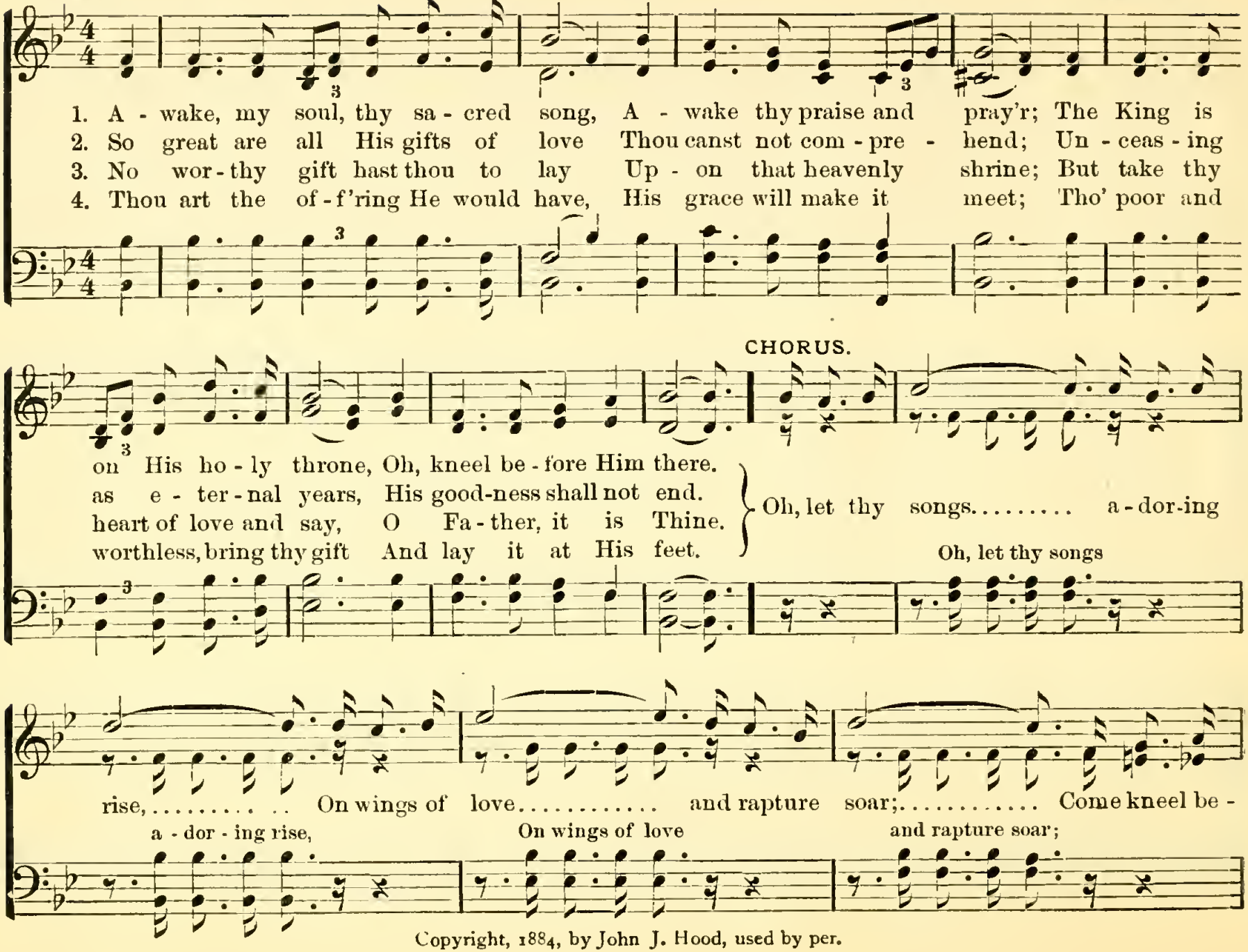
Awake, my Soul.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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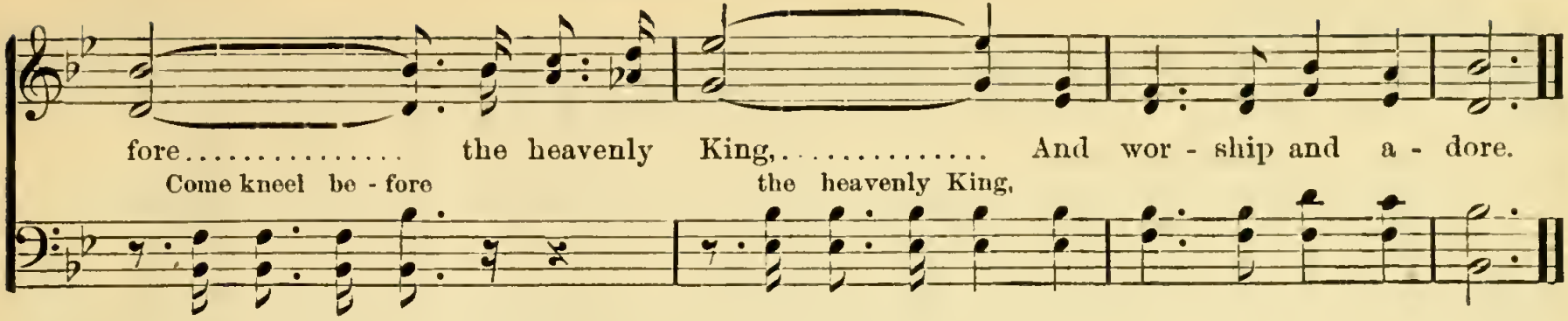
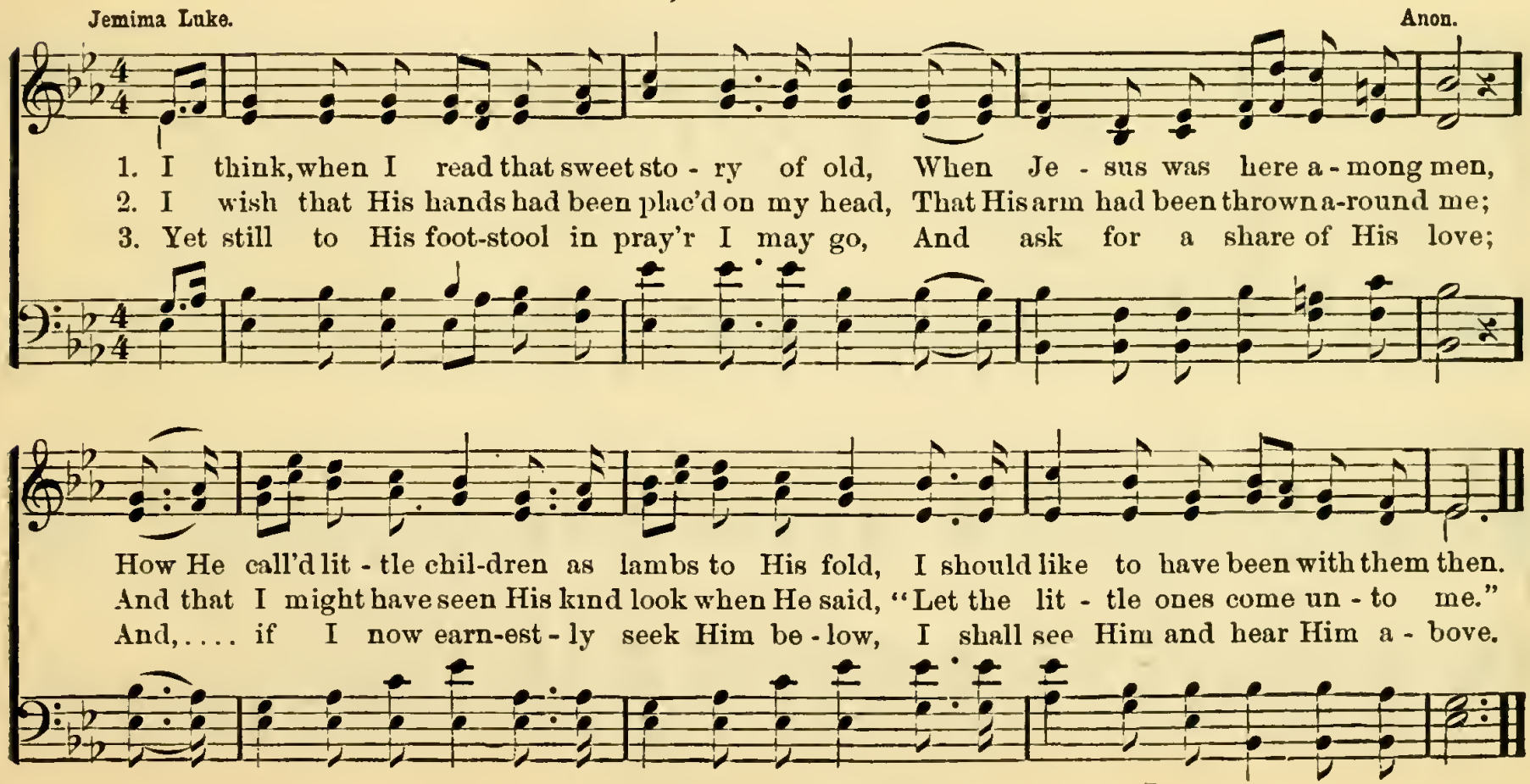


I Think, when I Read.

Jemima Luke. Anon.



Christ is King.

Mrs. Charlotte B. Merritt. H. P. Danks.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, come and learn, Learn the sweet old sto - ry; Christ was once a
2. Stars and an - gels sang a - loud, "Peace on earth," and glo - ry To the God who
3. Stars and an - gels sing a - gain, "Tell the glad - some sto - ry!" An - swer to the

CHORUS.

child like you, Now is King of glo - ry.
from a - bove Sent this wond-'rous sto - ry.
joy - ous bells, Christ is King of glo - ry.

} Ring, bells, ring, Christ is King, Christ is King of glo - ry; Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, Christ, the King of glo - ry.

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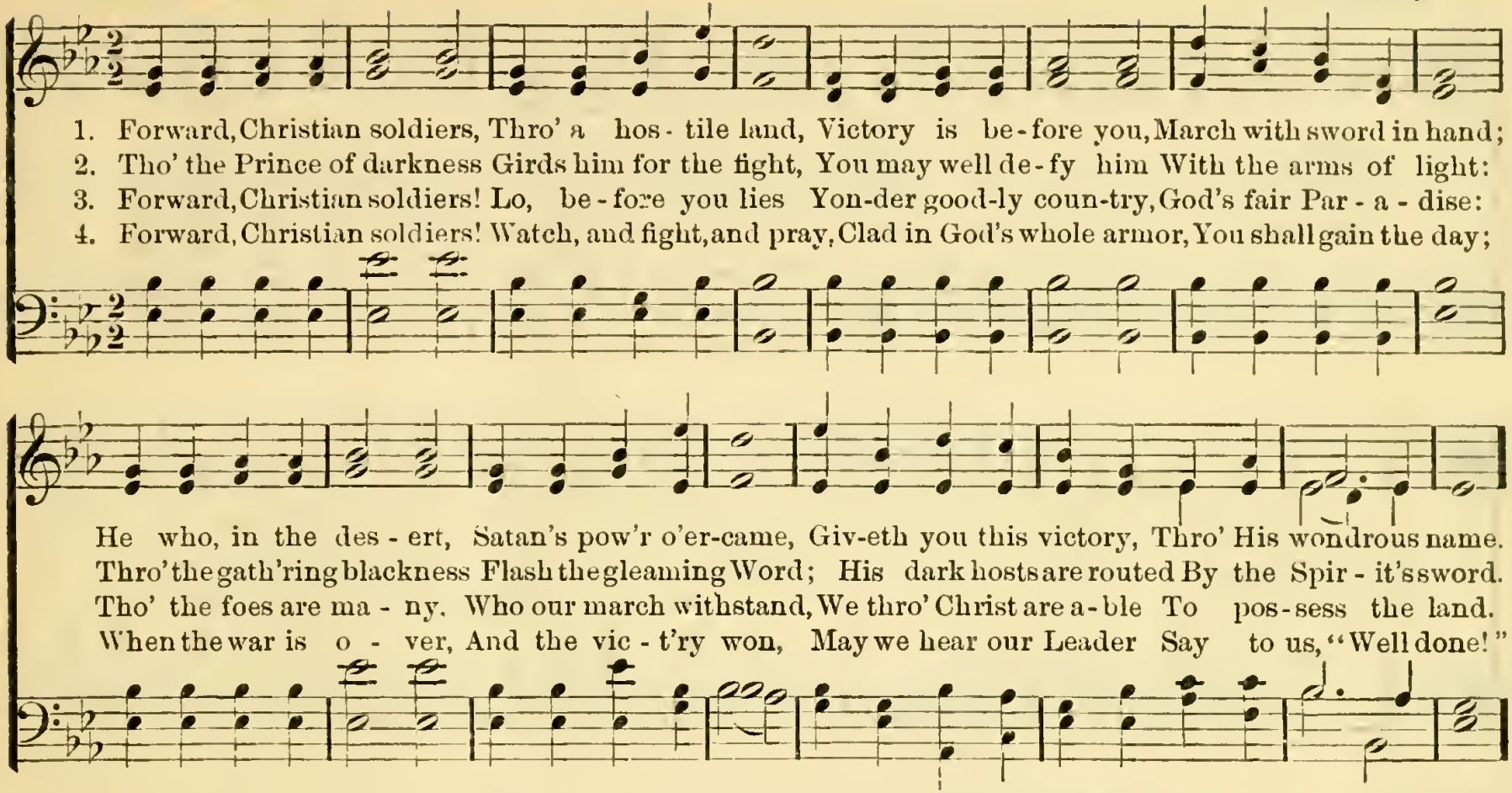
Forward, Christian Soldiers.

Rev. H. L. Hastings. Ira D. Sankey.



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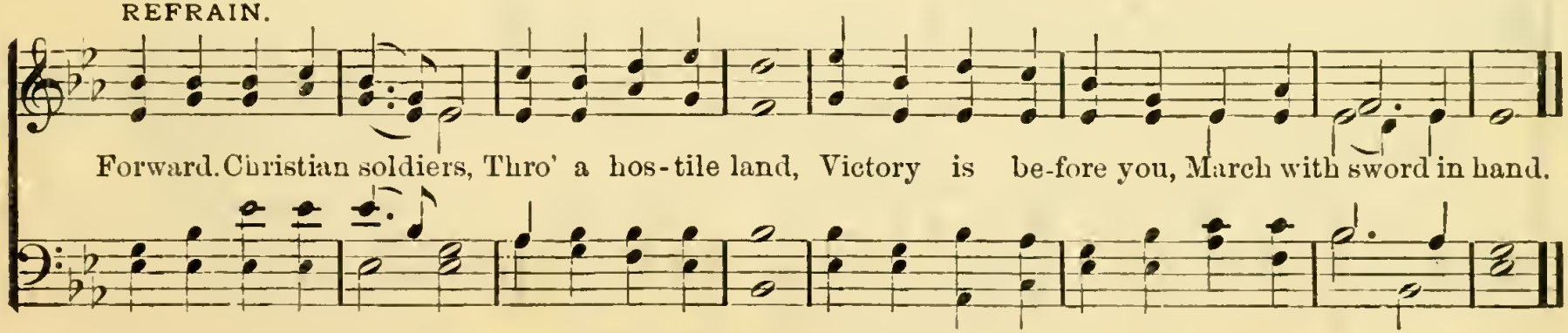

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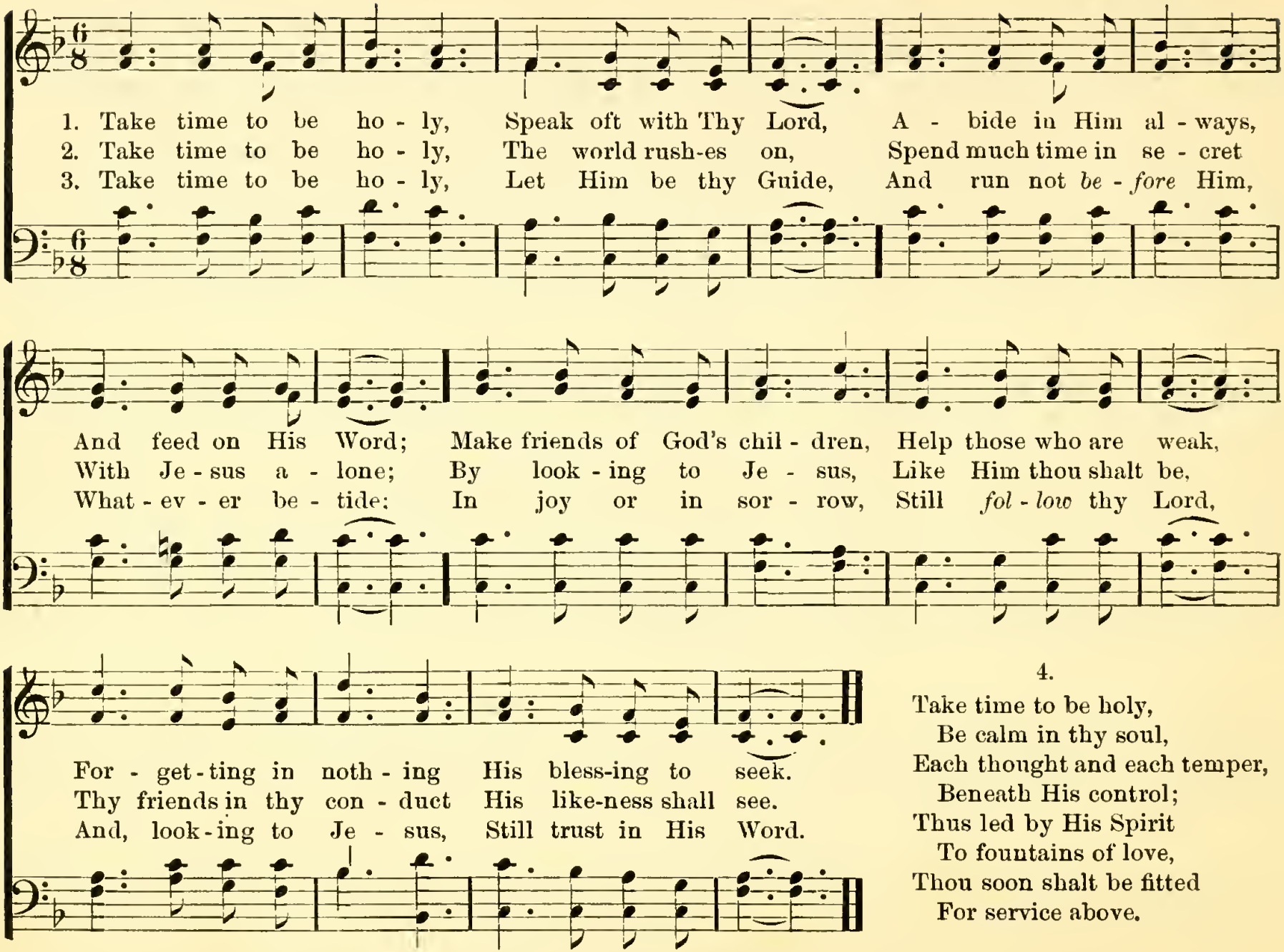
Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.



4.

Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each temper,
Beneath His control;
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

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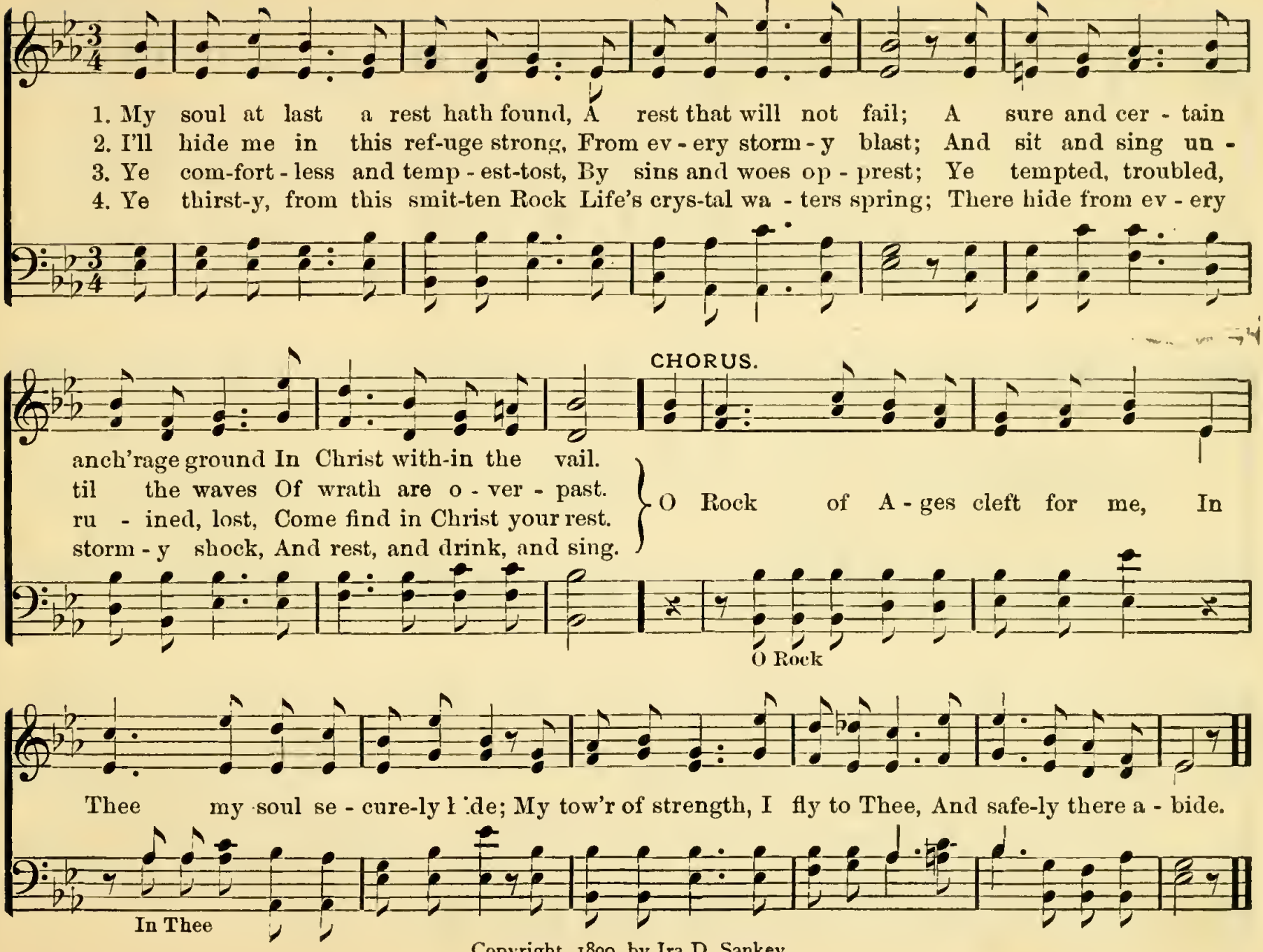
O Rock of Ages.

Rev. H. L. Hastings. Hubert P. Main.



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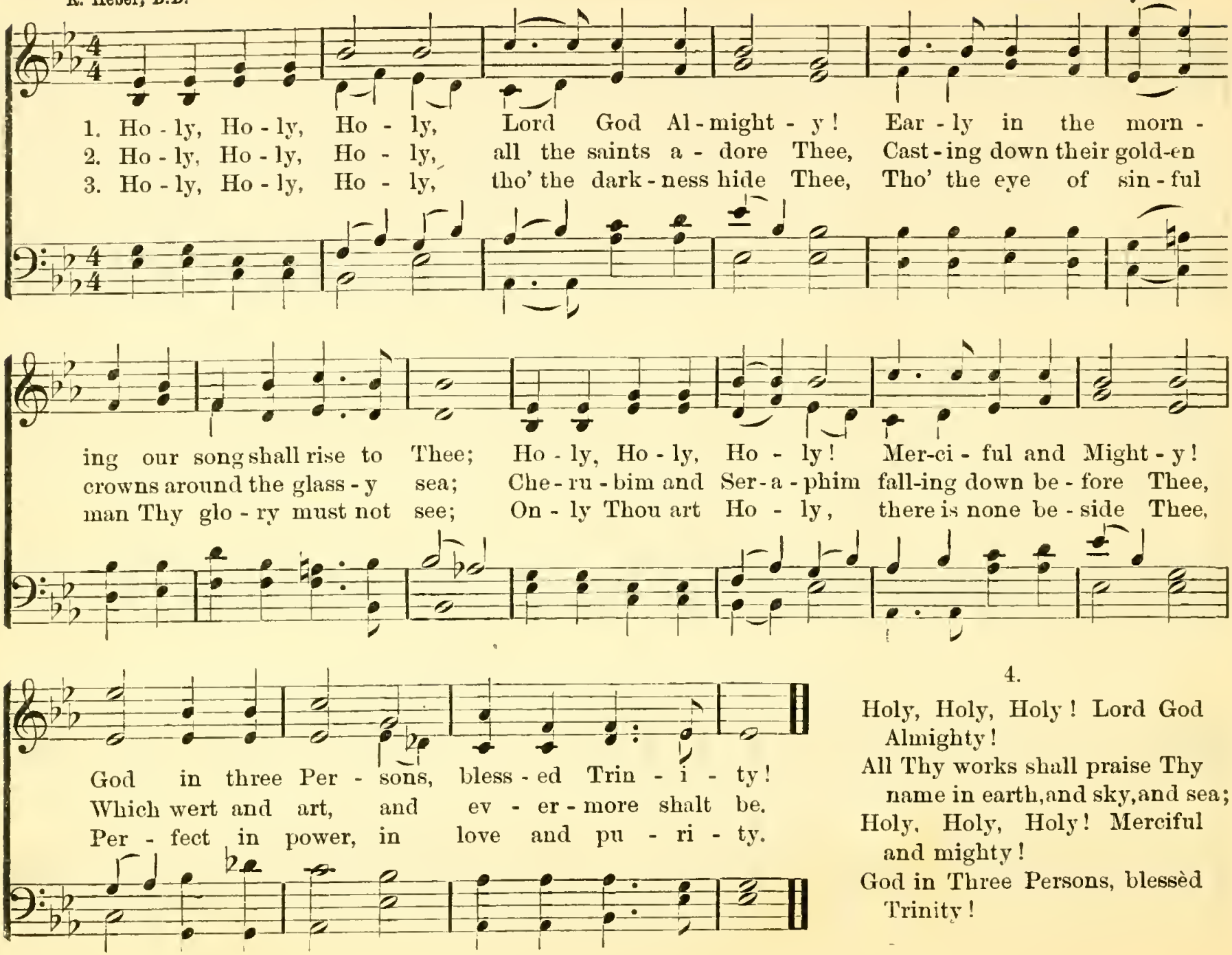
Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

R. Heber, D.D. — Rev. J. B. Dykes.



4.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

A Soldier of the Cross.

Isaac Watts. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour-age, Lord! I'll bear the toil, en -

CHORUS.

own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
friend to grace, To help me on to God?
dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

} In the name.... of Christ our King

In the name, of Christ our King.

Who hath purchas'd life -for me. Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, What-e'er my cross may be.

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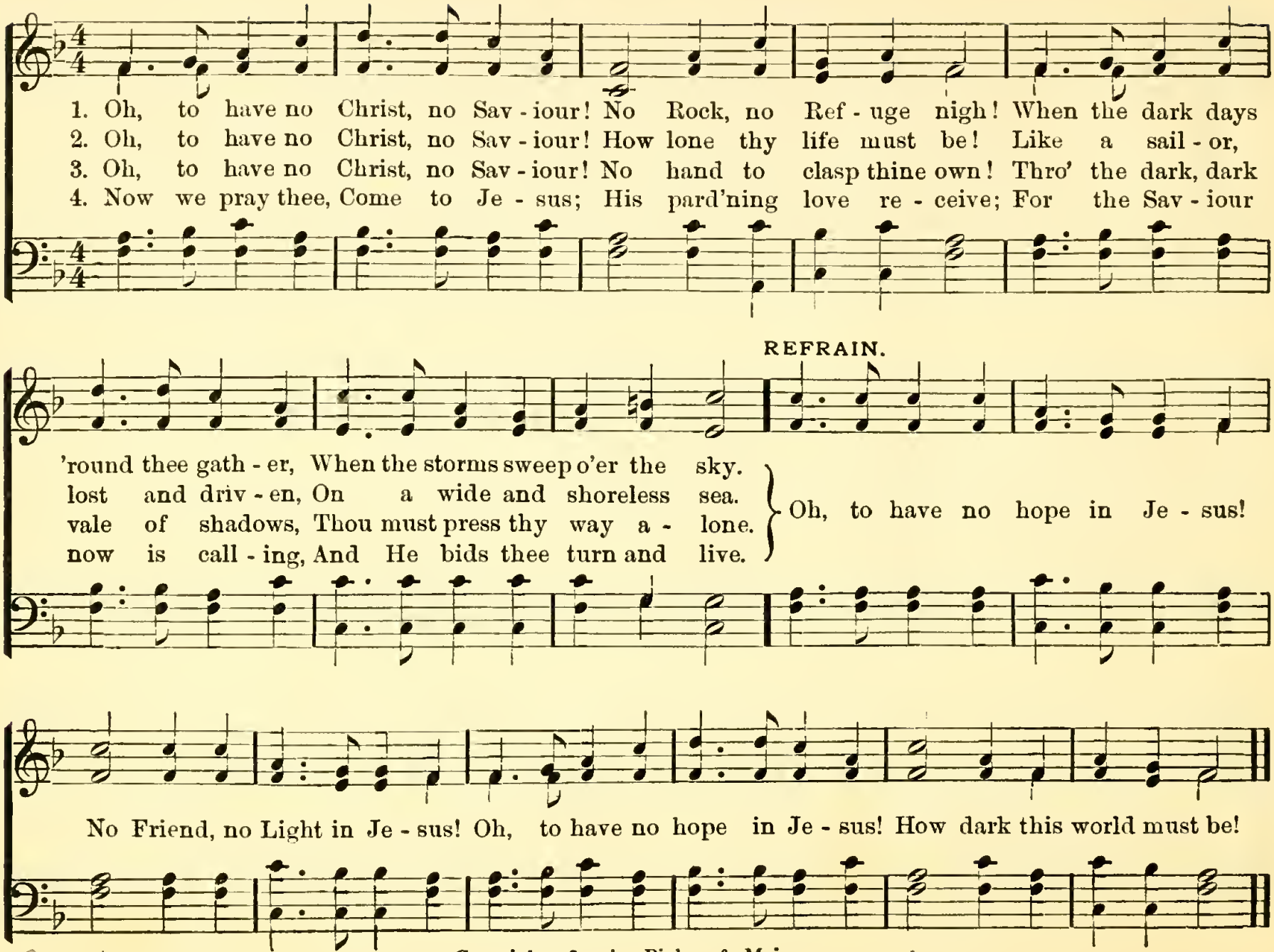
No Hope in Jesus.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Rev. R. Lowry.



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Shall I let Him In?

H. R. P.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?... Pa - tient-ly pleading with my sad
2. Shall I send Him thy lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?... Meekly ac - cept-ing my gracious
3. Yes I'll o-pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in;... Glad-ly I'll wel-come Him ev - er -

heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?... Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is
Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?... He can in - fi - nite love im - part; He can par - don this
more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in.... Bless - ed Saviour, a - bide with me; Cares and tri - als will

all with - in; Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?...
reb - el heart; Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?...
ligh - ter be; I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, Oh! bless - ed Lord, come in....

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W. Robert Lindsay.

There is a Paradise of Rest.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There is a Par - a - dise of rest On yon-der tranquil shore; Be - yond the shadow and the
2. There is a cit - y crown'd with light, Its joy no tongue can tell; For they who en - ter shall be -
3. There is a crown laid up on high That Christ the Lord will give To those who pa-tient-ly His
4. Oh, then be faith-ful un - to death, Press on the heavenly way, That we may en - ter thro' the

gloom of night, Where toil and tears are o'er.
hold the King, And in His pres - ence dwell.
com - ing wait, And for His glo - ry live.
Gates of Life To realms of end - less day.

CHORUS.

Meet me there,..... oh, meet me there, oh, meet me there,

there, At the dawning of that morning bright and fair; Meet me there,..... yes, oh, meet me there, yes, meet me there,

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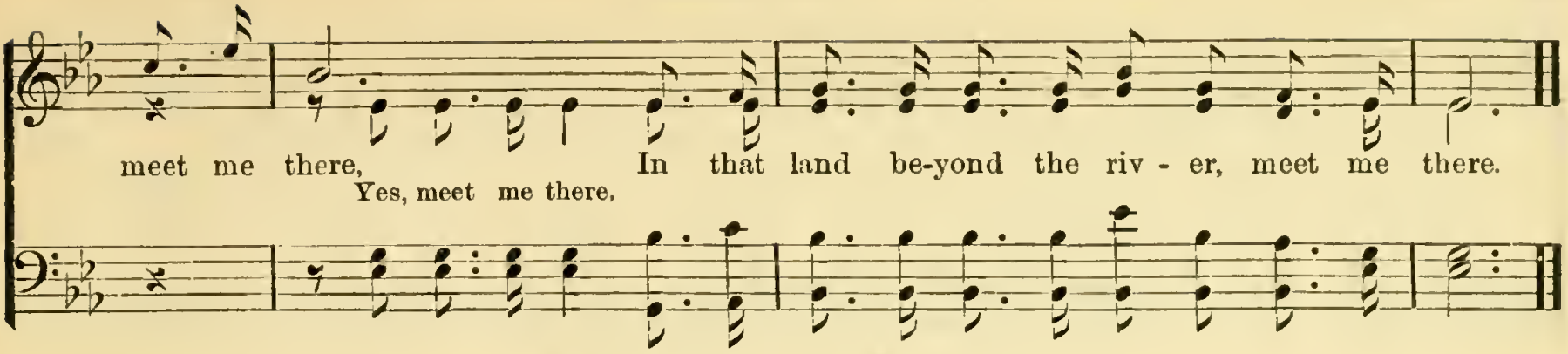
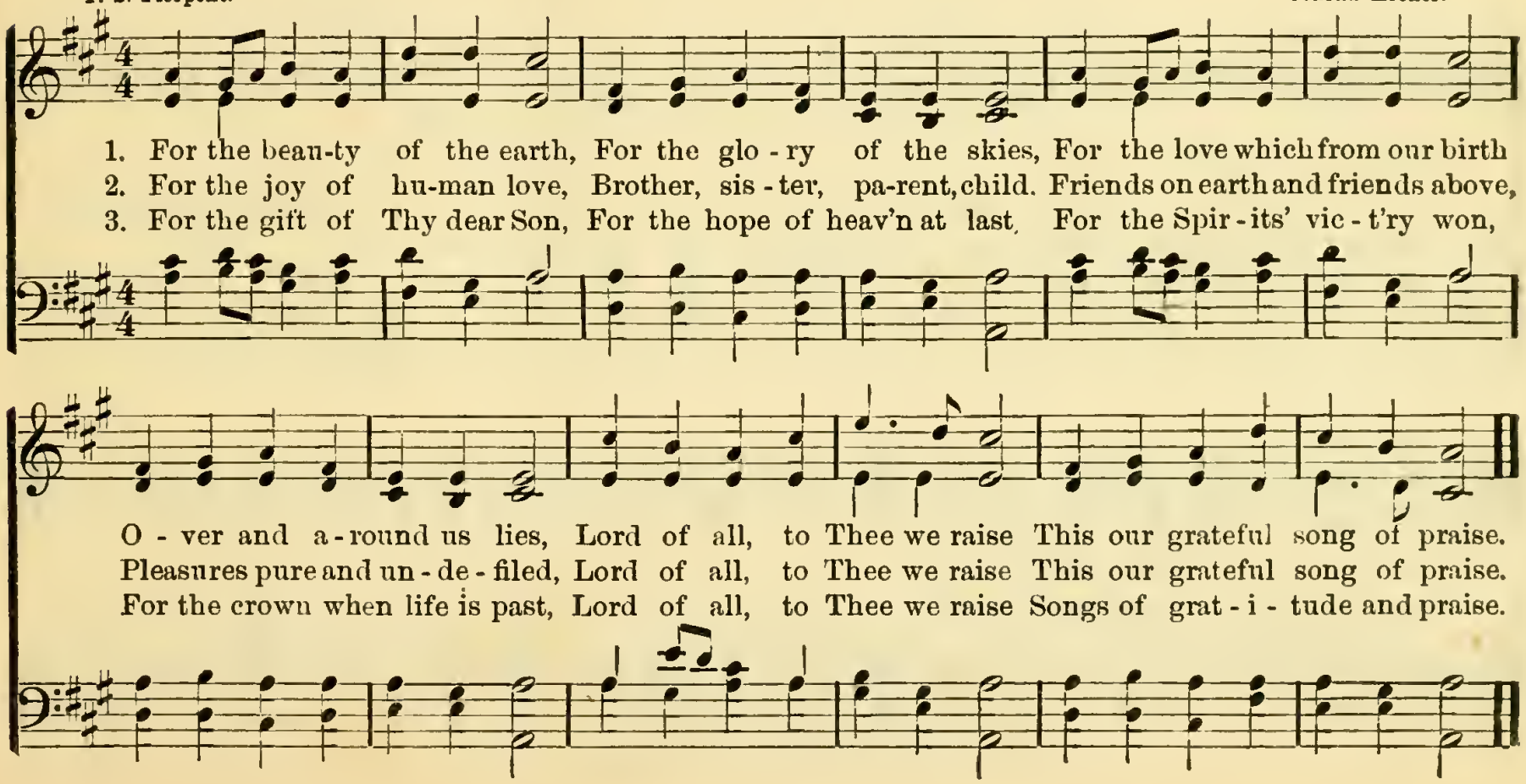


Our Song of Praise.

F. S. Pierpont. Conrad Kocher.



Josephine Pollard.

Joy-Bells.

Henry Tucker.

1. Joy-bells ring-ing, Chil-dren sing-ing, Fill the air with mu-sic sweet; Joy-ful
2. Joy-bells ring-ing, Chil-dren sing-ing, Hark! their voic-es, loud and clear; Breaking
3. Earth seems bright-er, Hearts grow light-er, As the tune-ful mel-o-dy Charms our
4. Joy-bells near-er Sound, and clear-er, When the heart is free from care; Skies are

CHORUS.

meas-ure, Guile-less pleas-ure, Make the chain of song com-plete.
o'er us, Like a cho-rus, From a pur-er, hap-pier sphere.
sad-ness In-to glad-ness, Peal-ing, peal-ing, joy-ful-ly.
clear-ing, While we're hear-ing Joy-bells ring-ing ev-ery-where.

Joy-bells! joy-bells!
Chil-dren! chil-dren!

p *f*

Nev-er, nev-er cease your ring-ing;
Nev-er, nev-er cease your sing-ing;

List, list, the song that swells. Joy-bells! Joy-bells!

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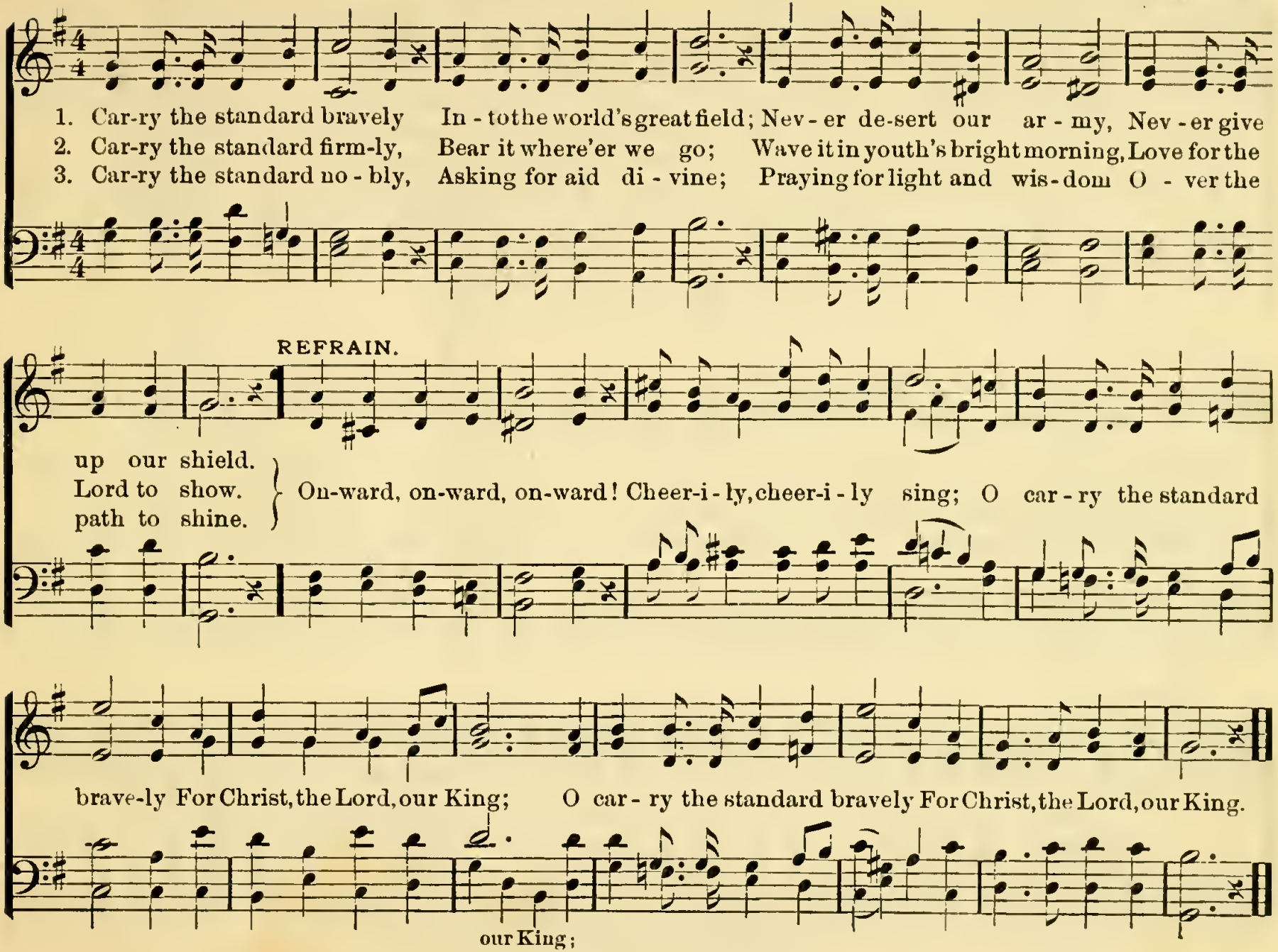
Carry the Standard Bravely.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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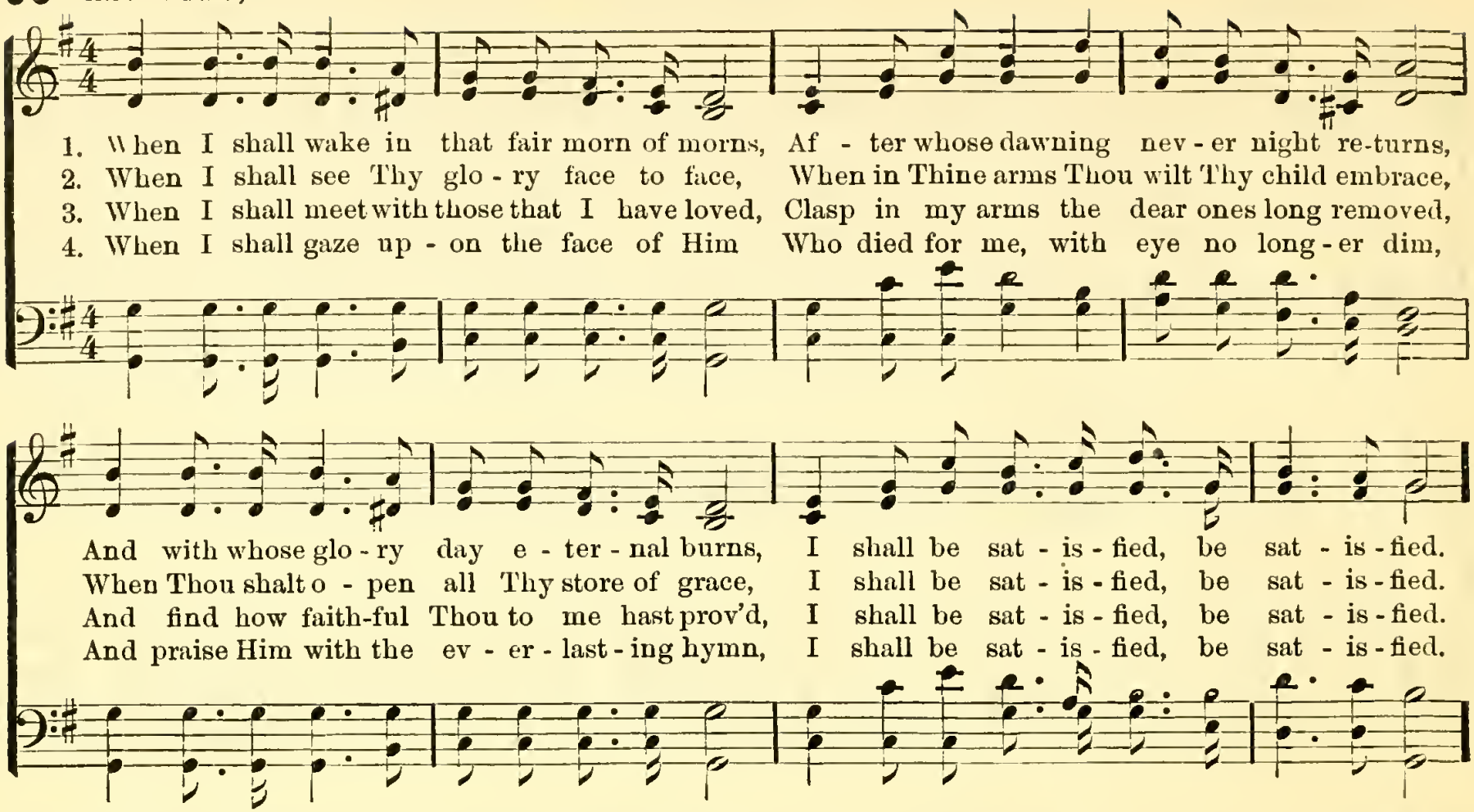
50 Horatius Bonar, D. D.

Satisfied.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



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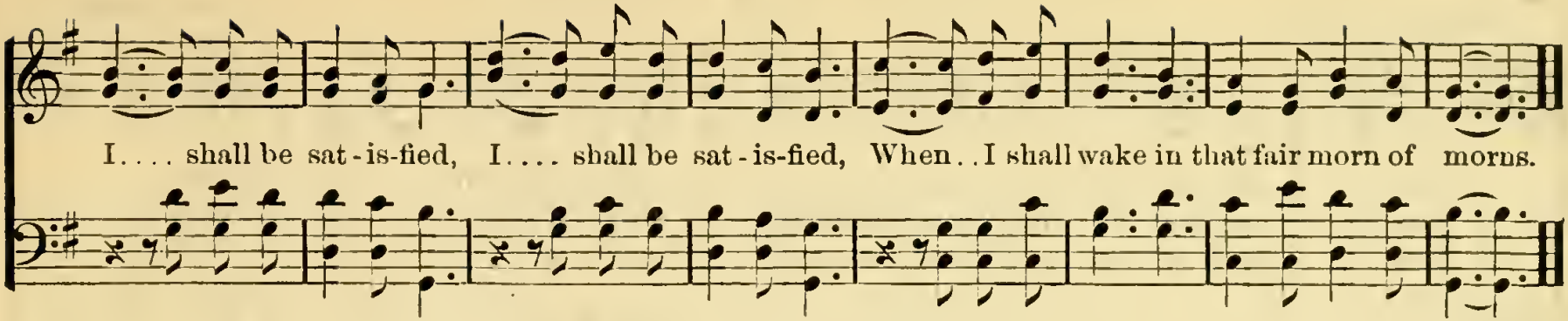
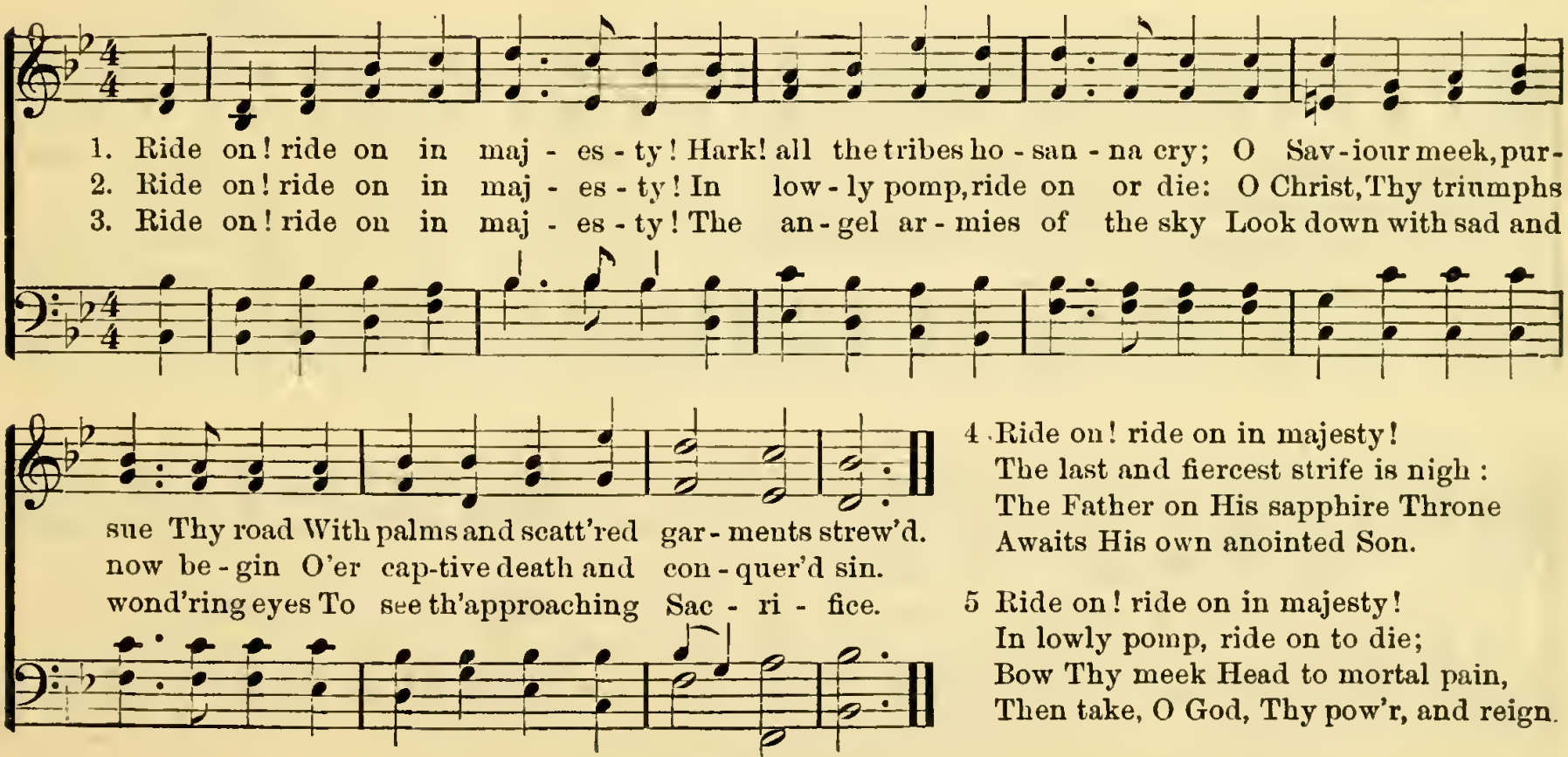


Ride on, in Majesty.

Rev. H. H. Milman. Ira D. Sankey.



4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy pow'r, and reign.

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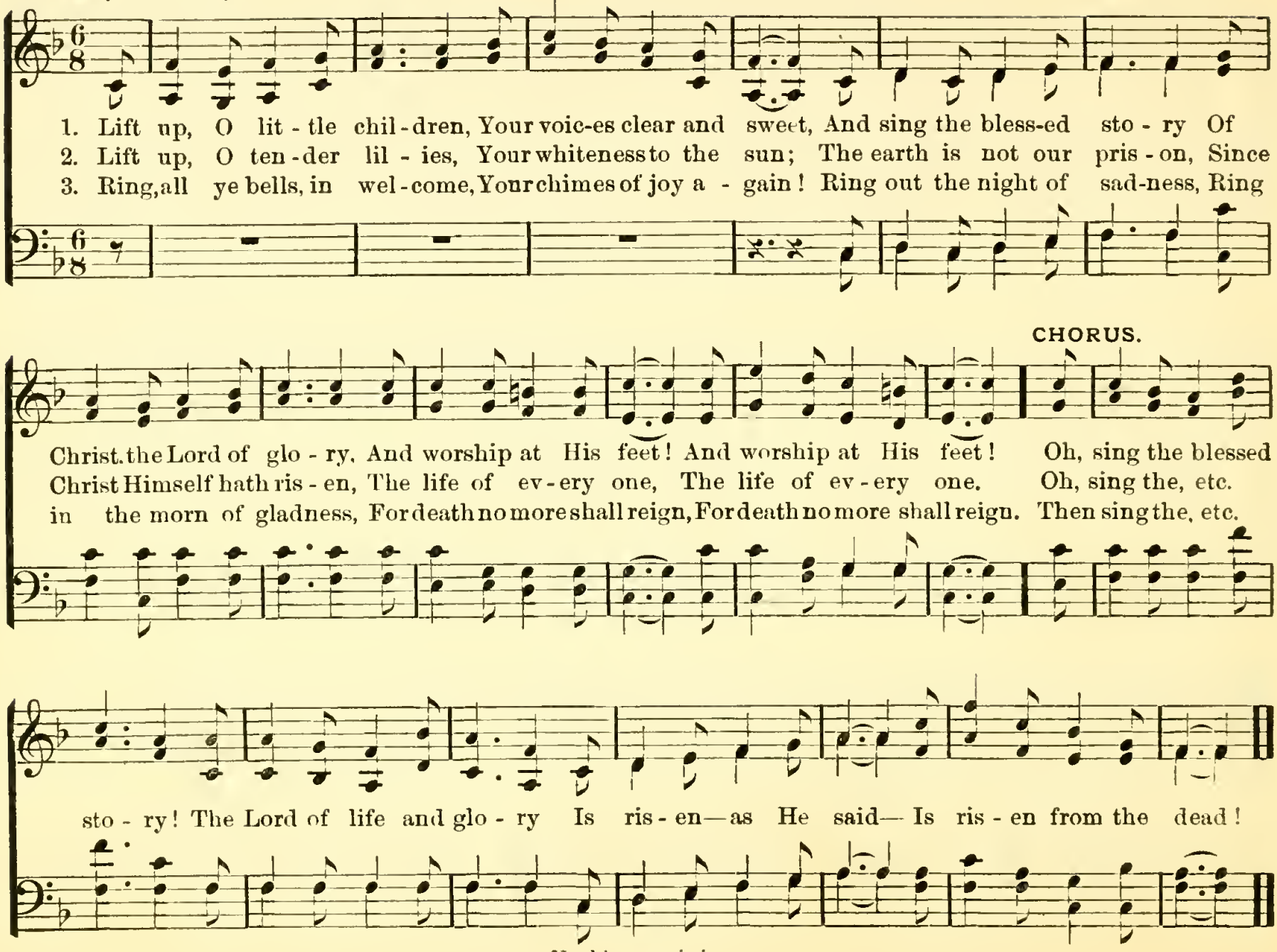
Lift Up, O Little Children.

Mary A. Lathbury. M. C. Seward.



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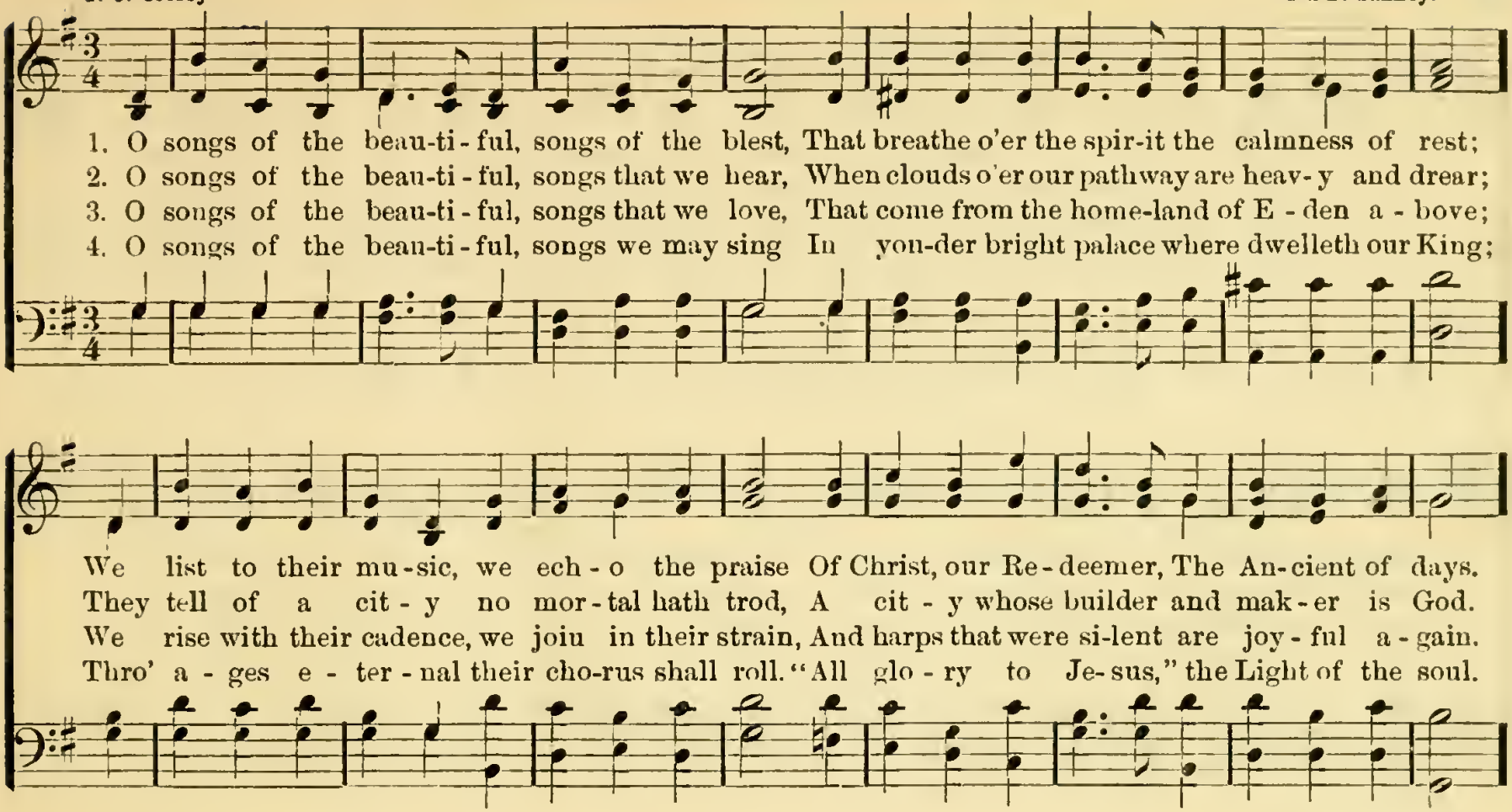
O Songs of the Beautiful.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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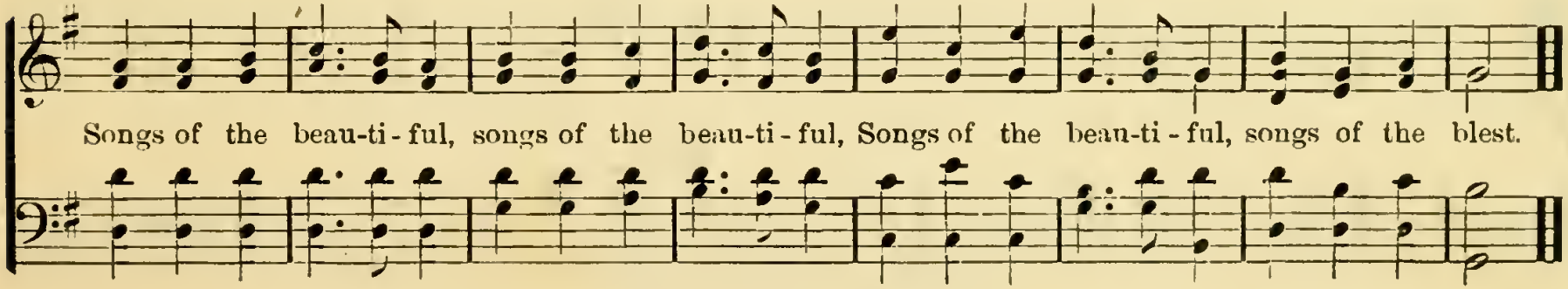

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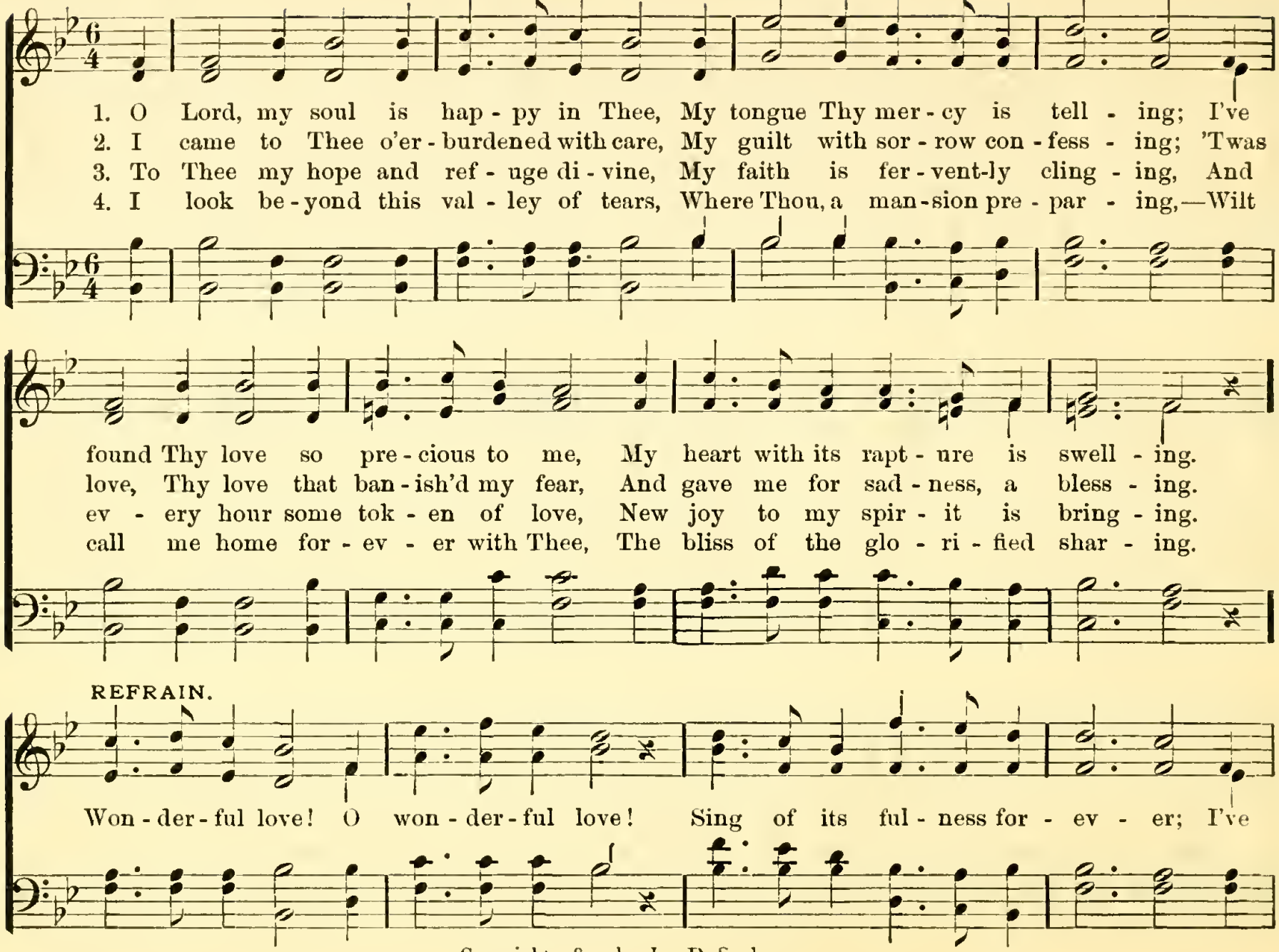
Wonderful Love!

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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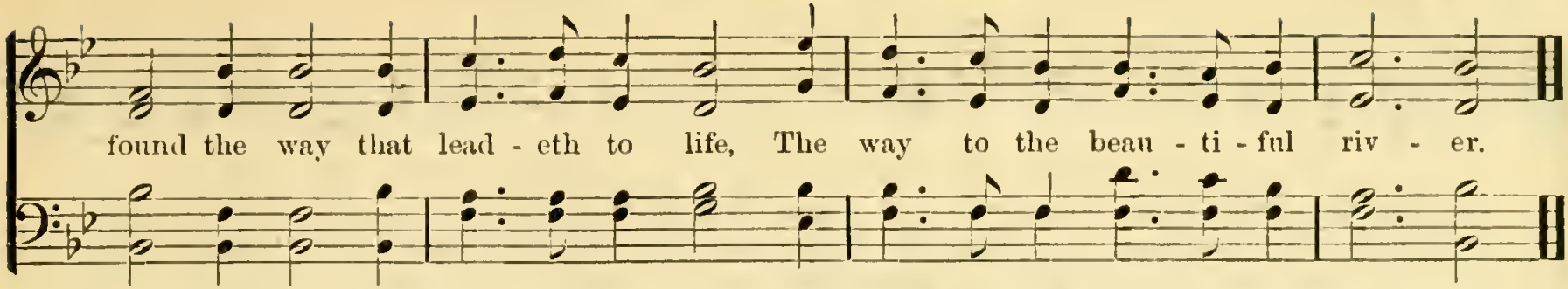
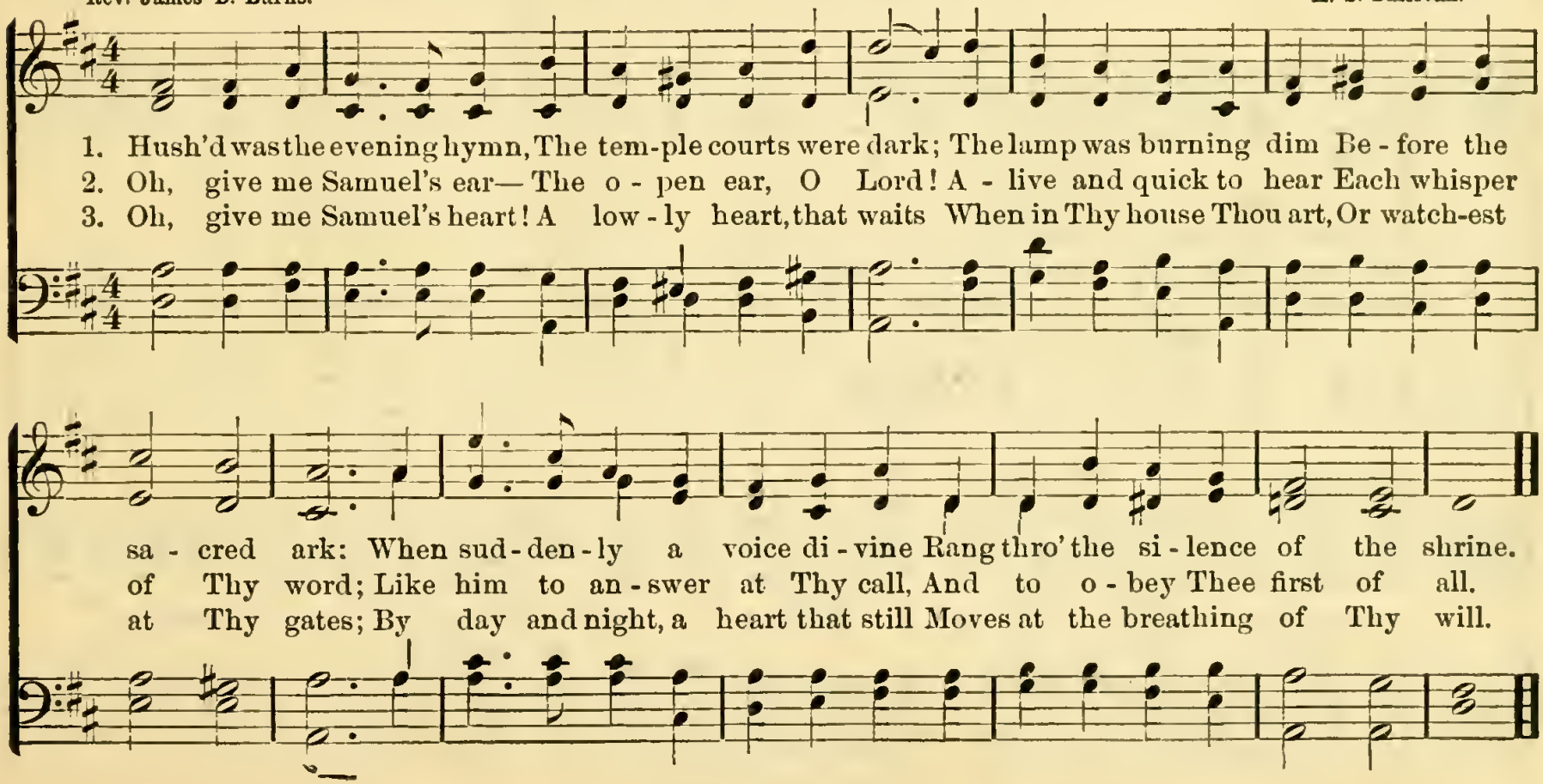


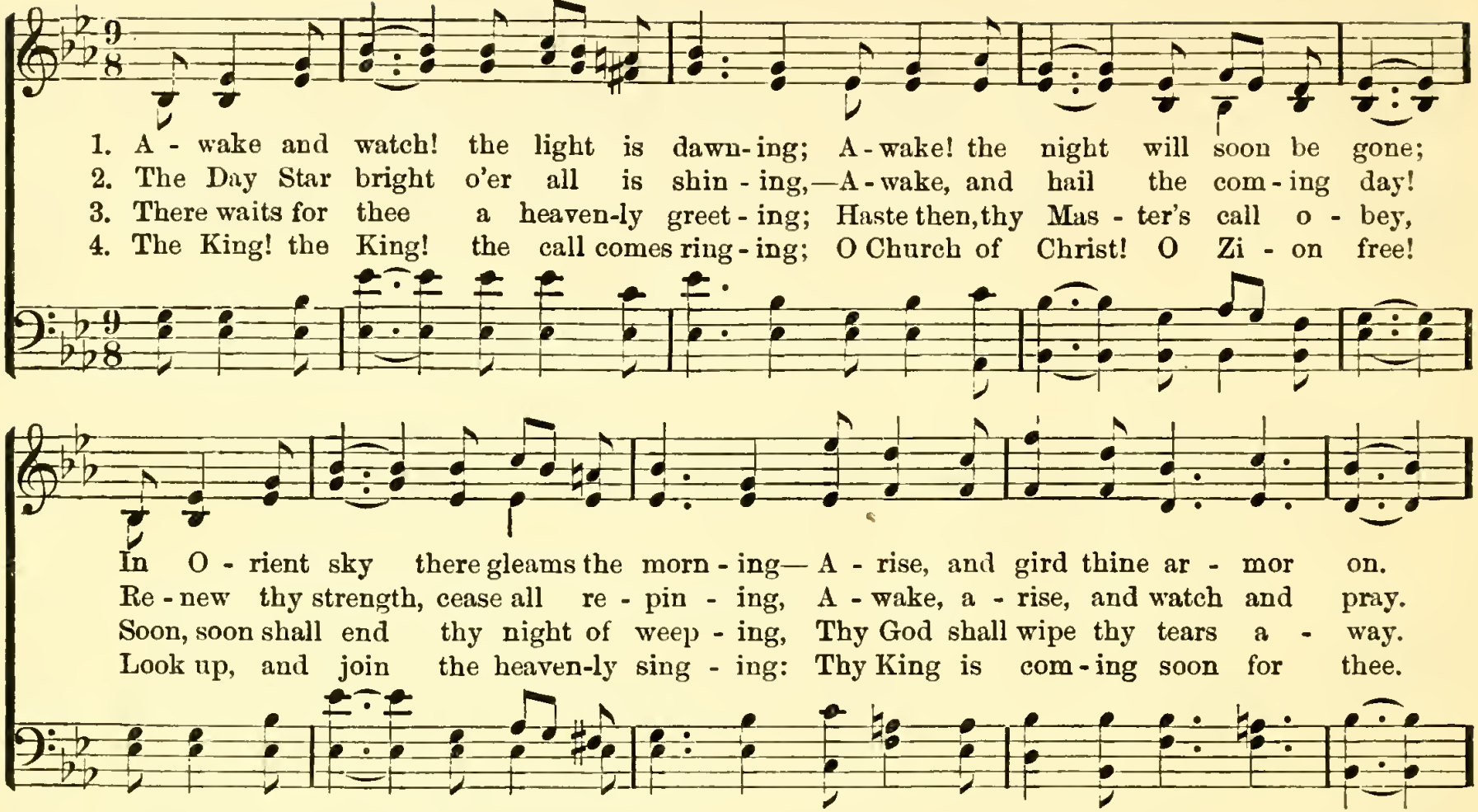
Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

Rev. James D. Burns. A. S. Sullivan.



Awake and Watch.

L. D. Harrington. Ira D. Sankey.



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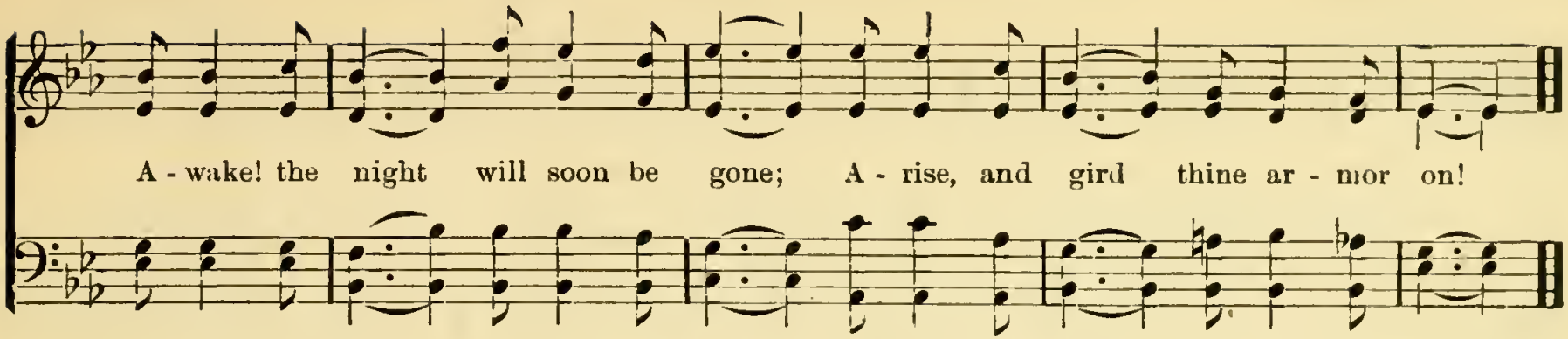
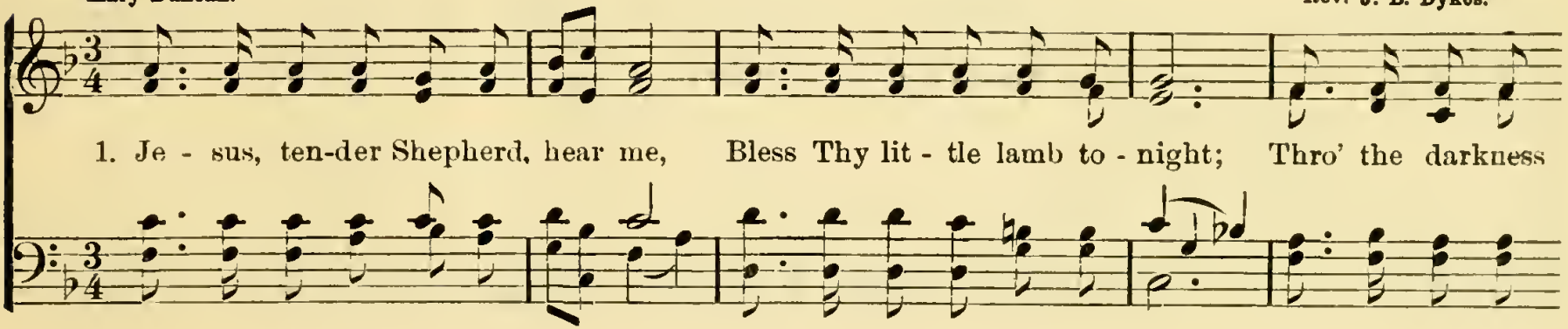
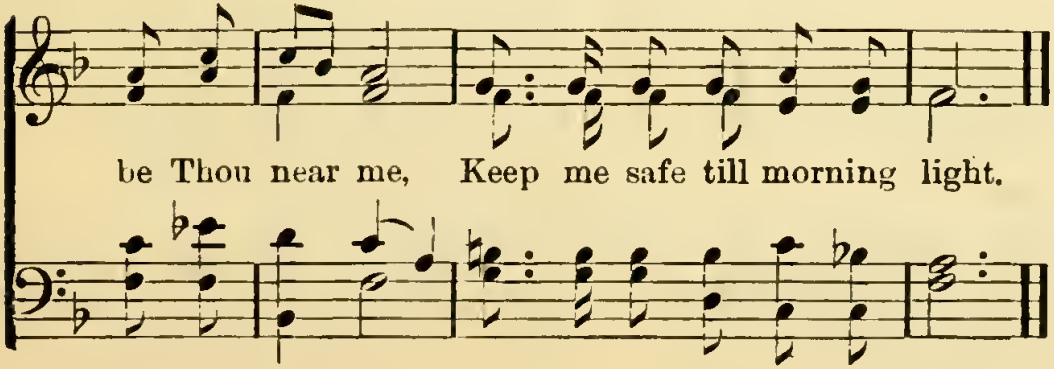
Awake and Watch.—Concluded.



Jesus, tender Shepherd.

Mary Duncan. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



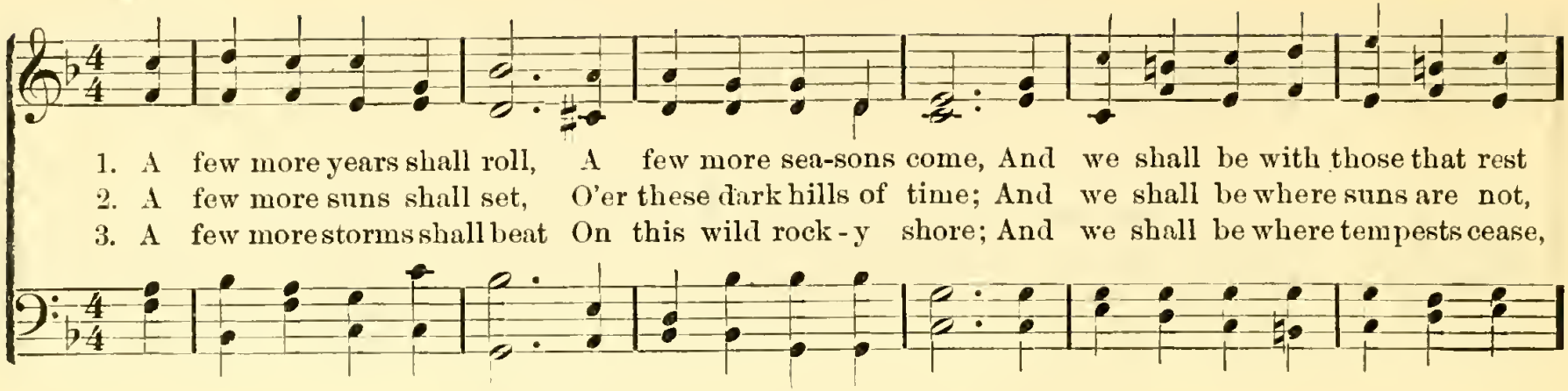


2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

A Few more Years shall Roll.

H. Bonar, D.D. L. G. Hayne.



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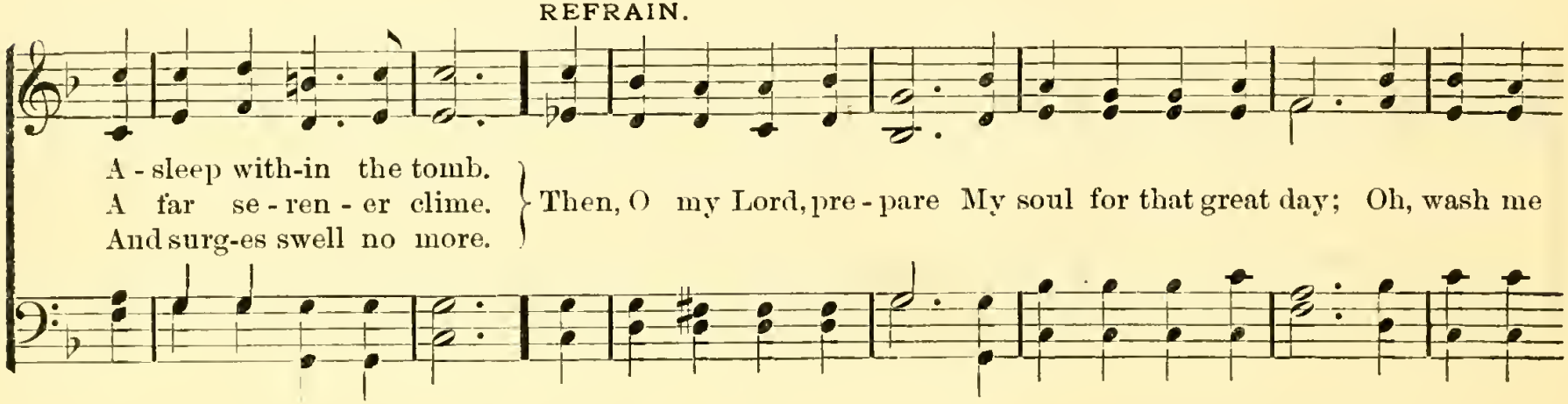
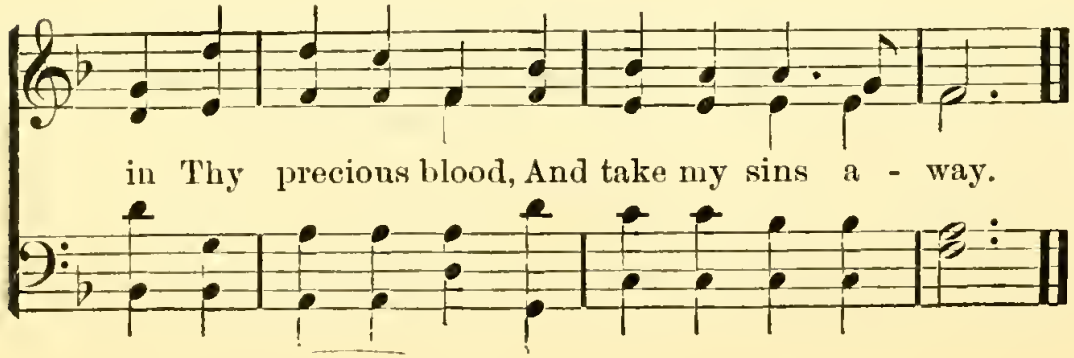


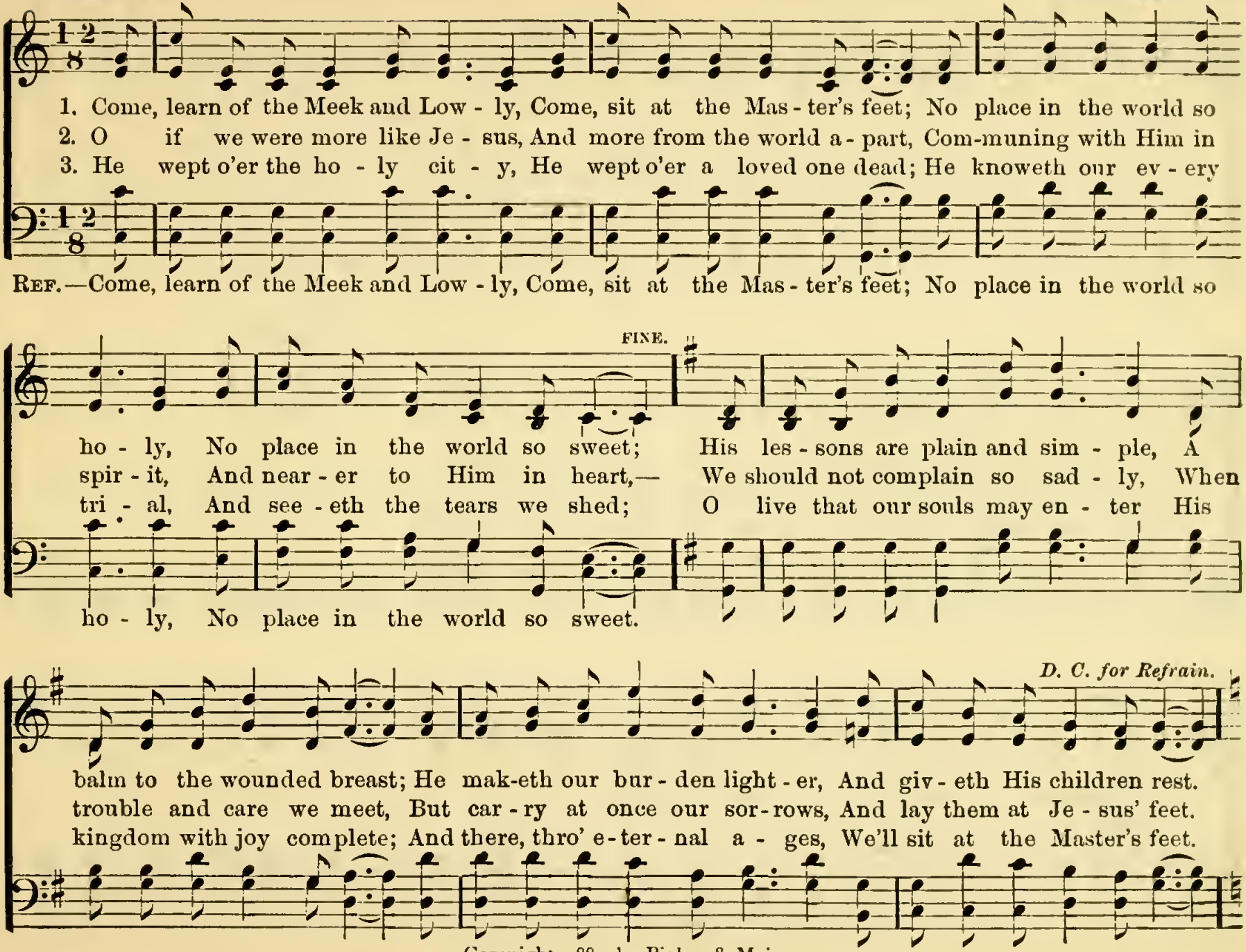


4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er;
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 'T is but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live; who lives
That we with Him may reign.

Come, Learn of the Meek and Lowly.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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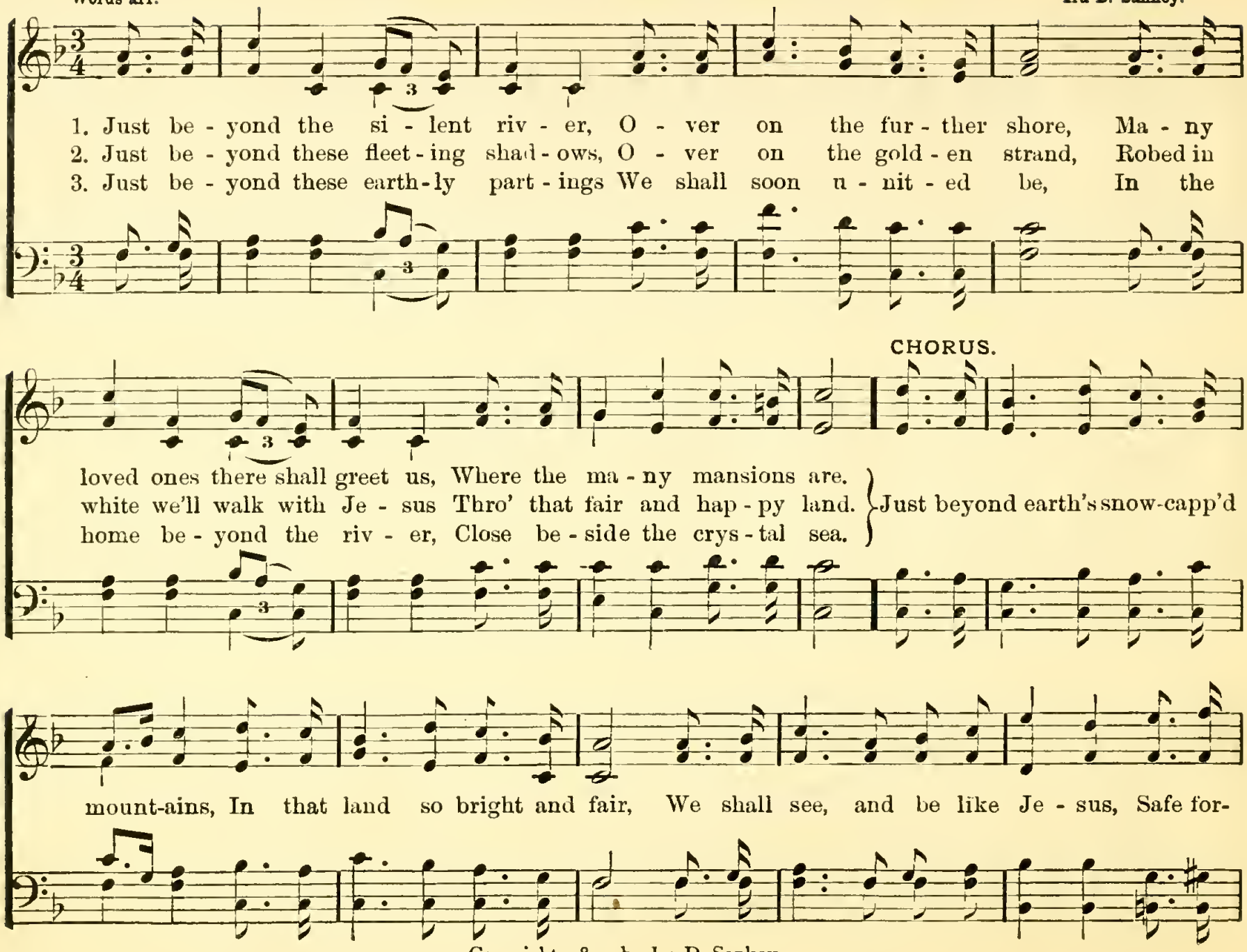
Just Beyond the Silent River.

Words arr. Ira D. Sankey.



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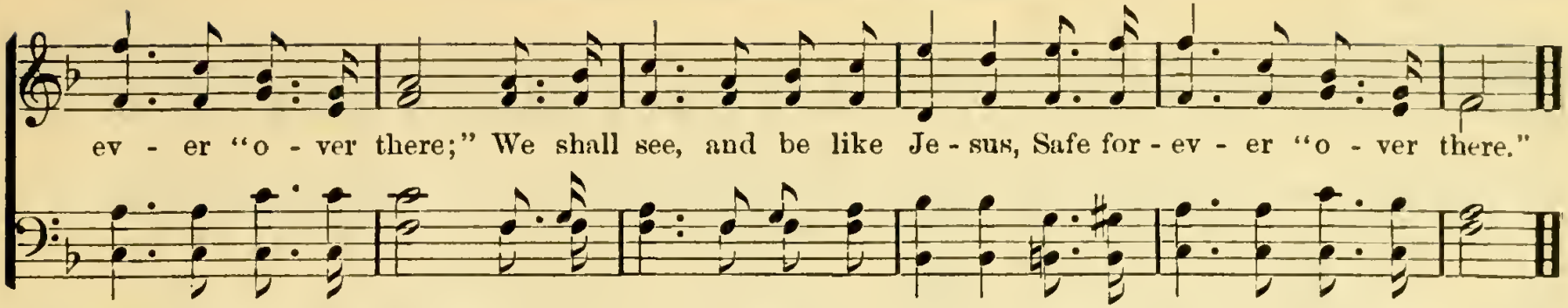
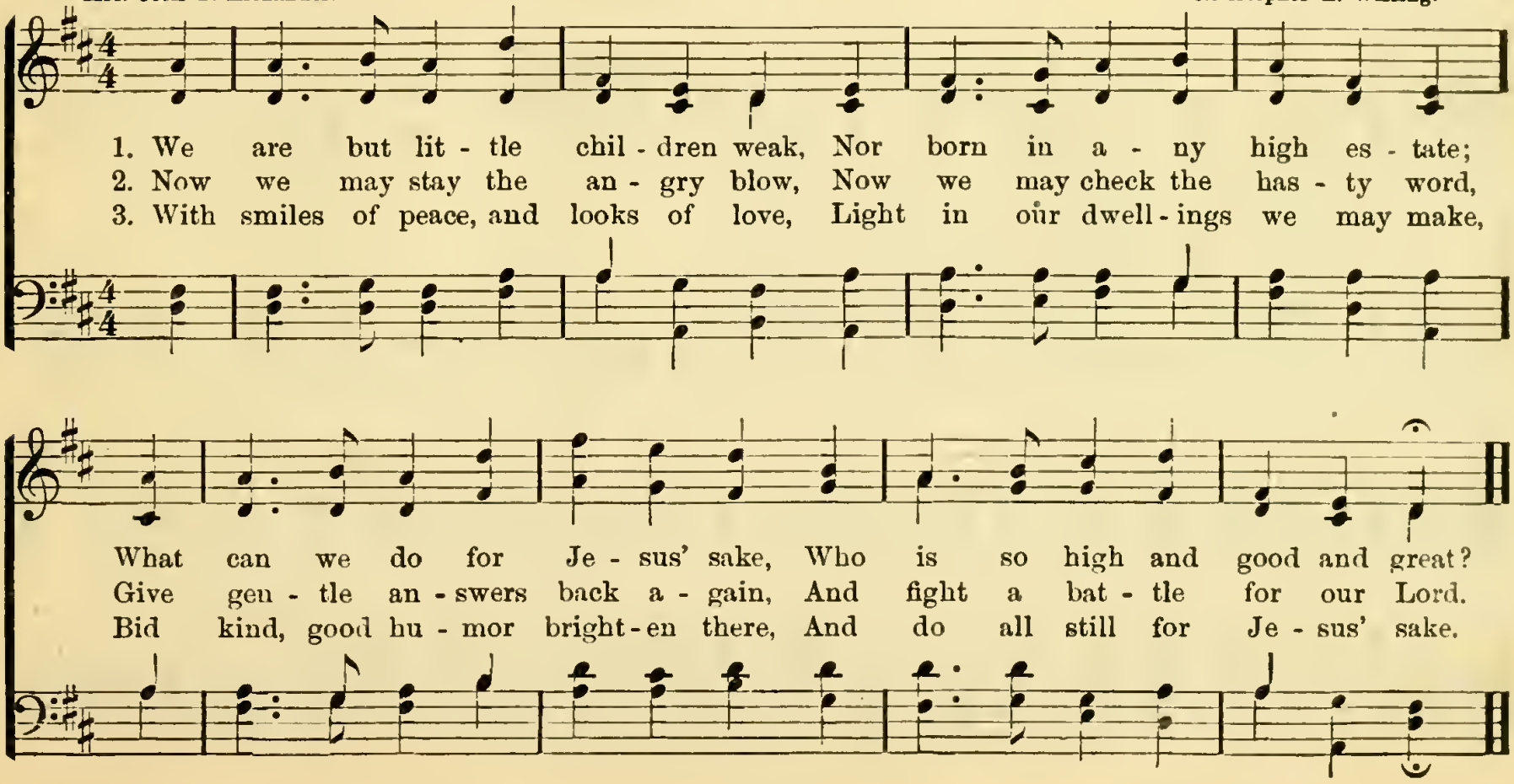


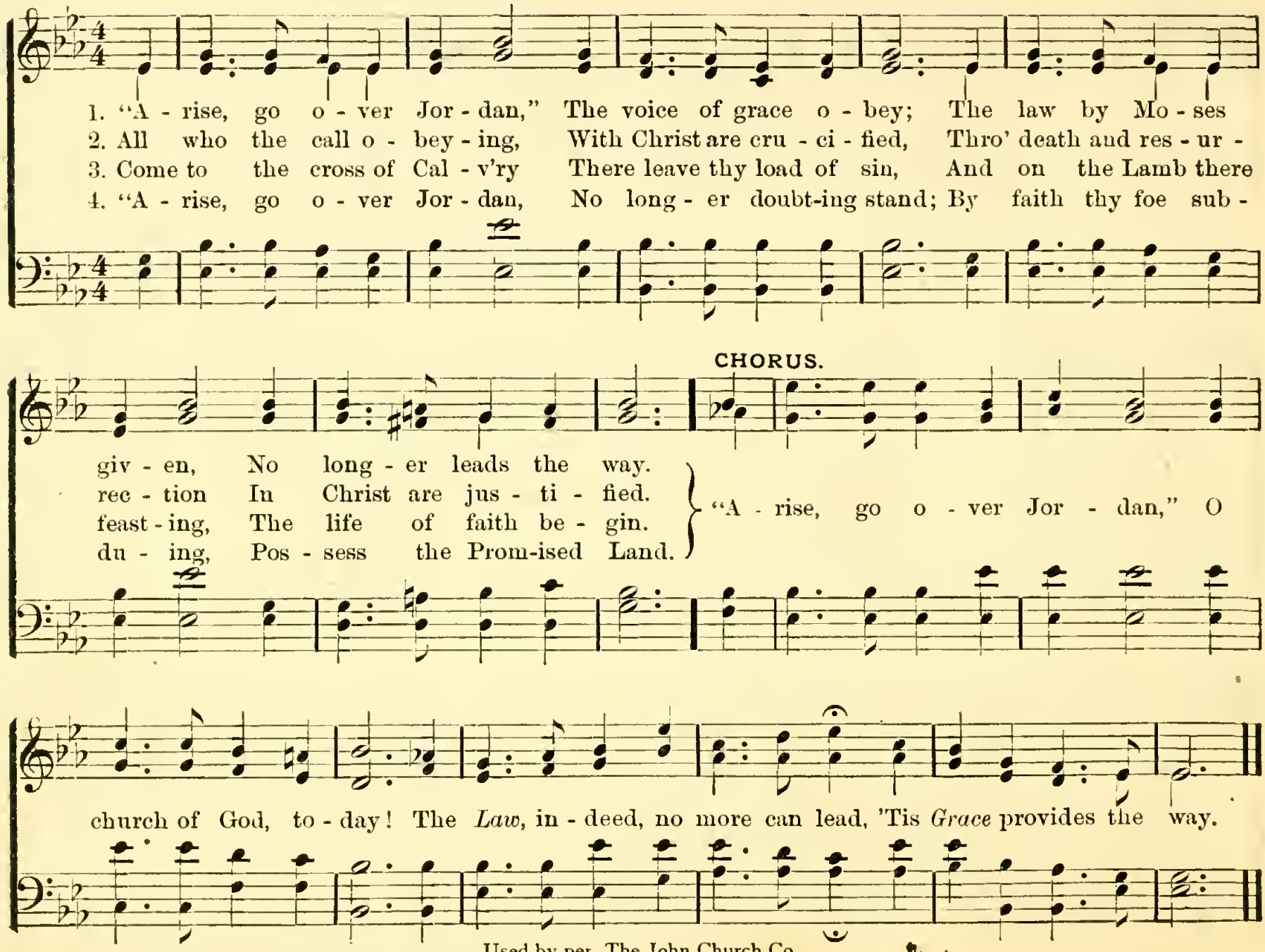
We are but Little Children weak.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. Christopher E. Willing.



Arise, go over Jordan.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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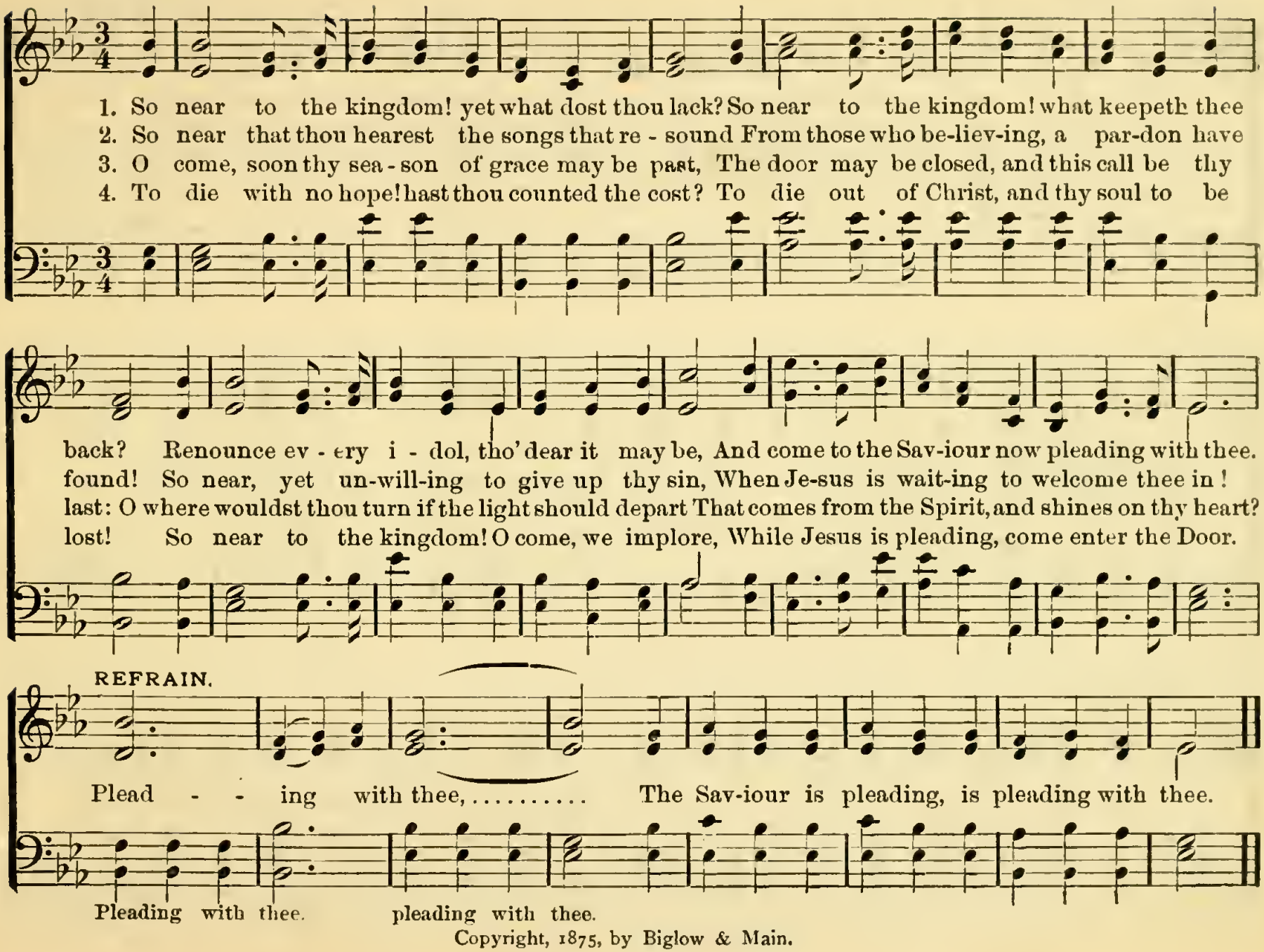
So Near to the Kingdom.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.



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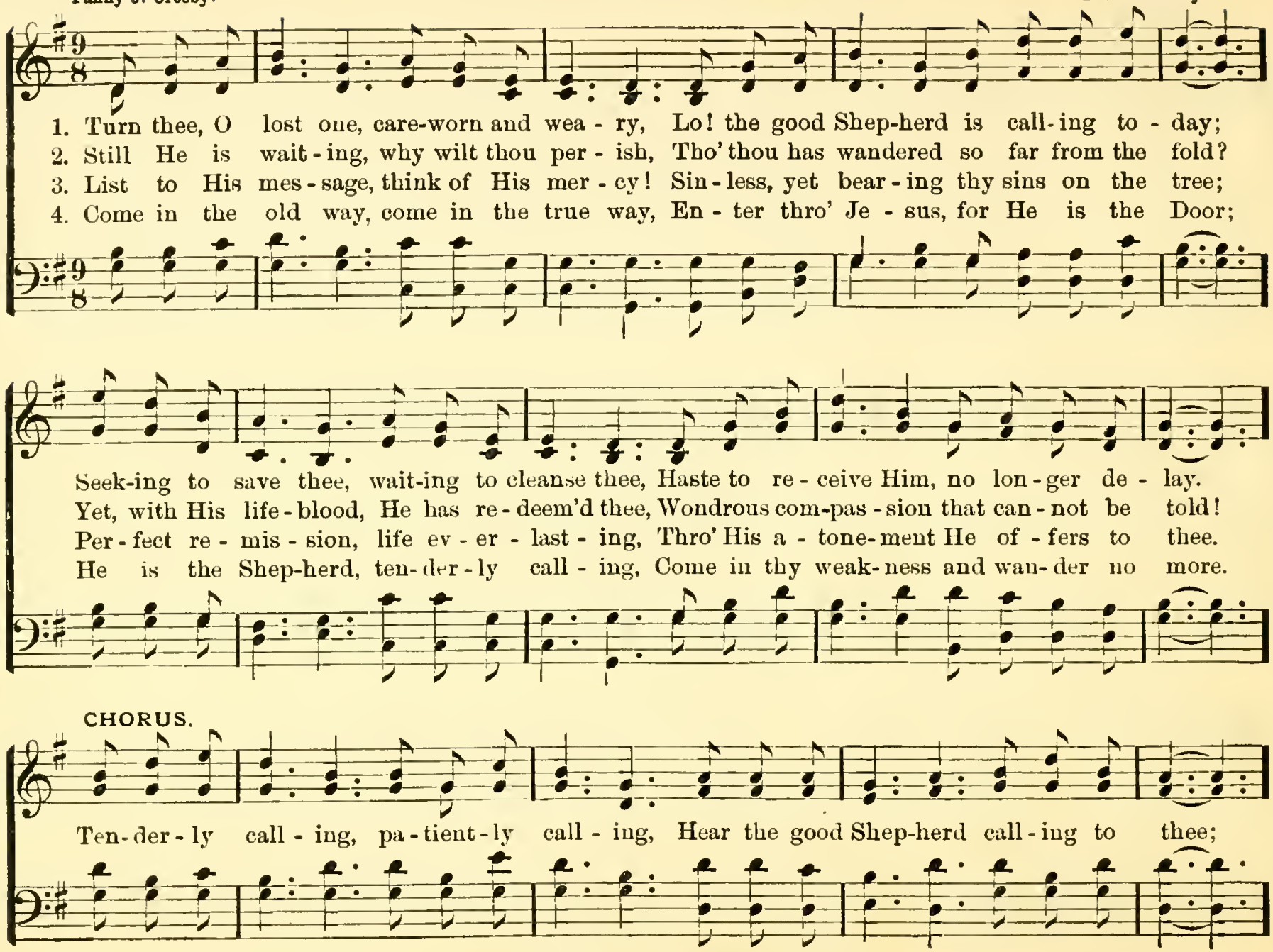
Tenderly Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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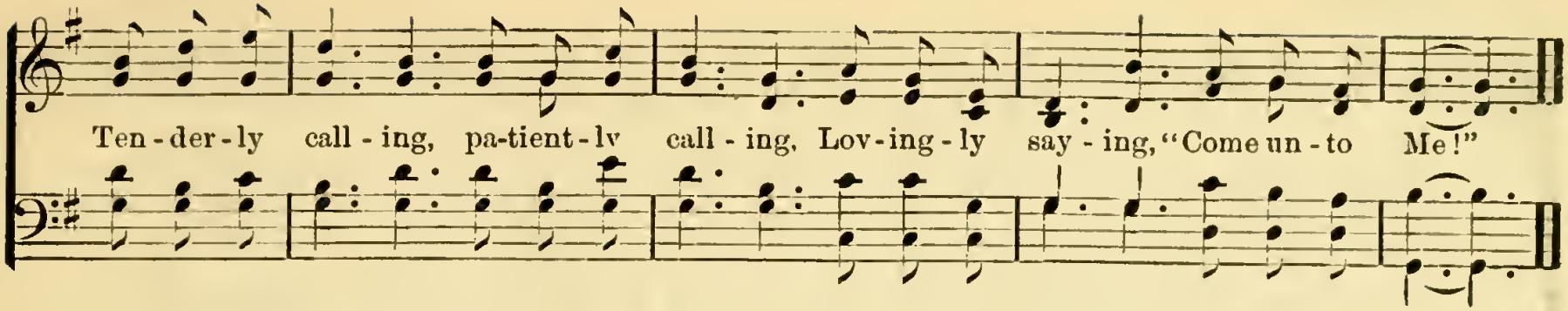
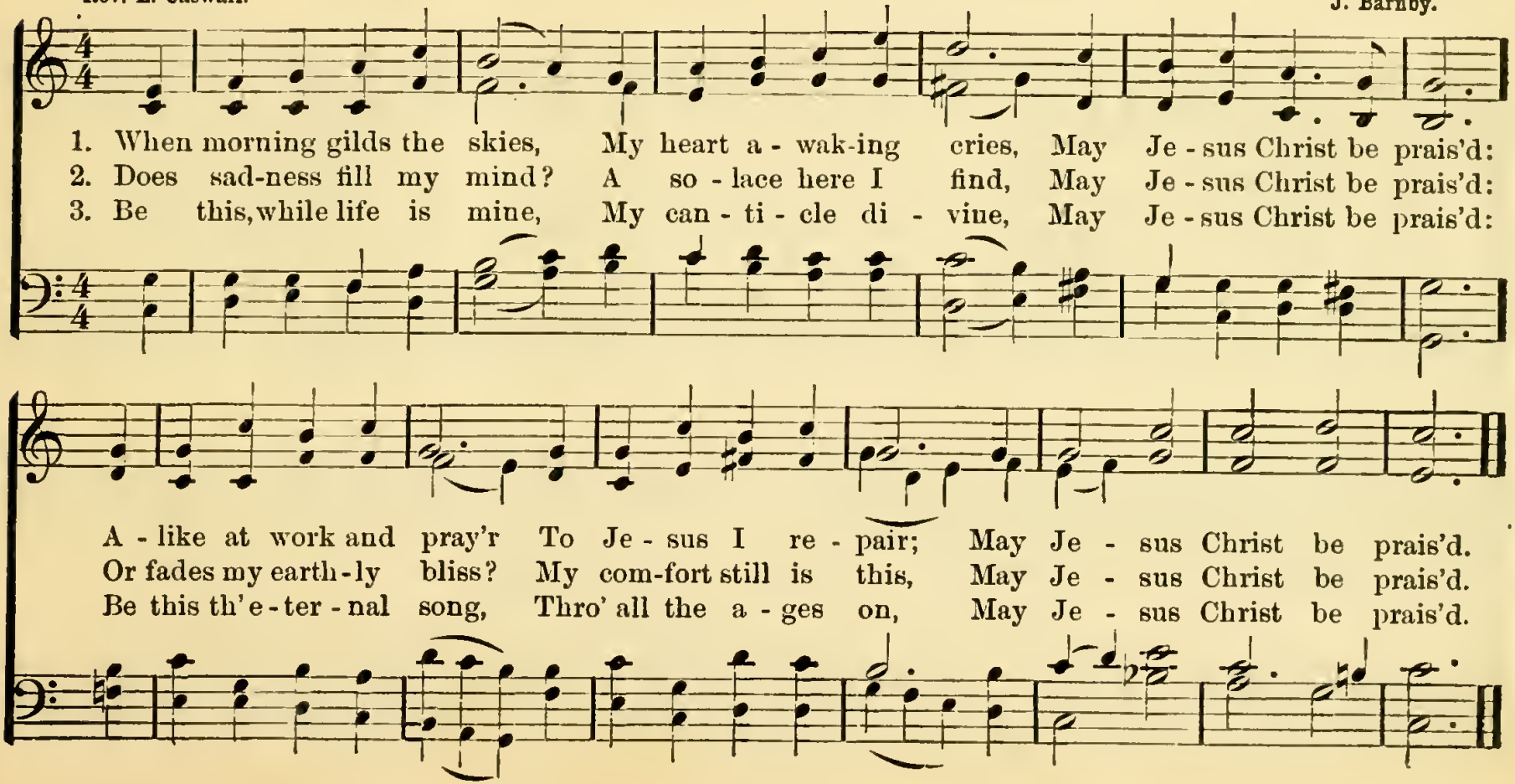
Tenderly Calling.—Concluded.



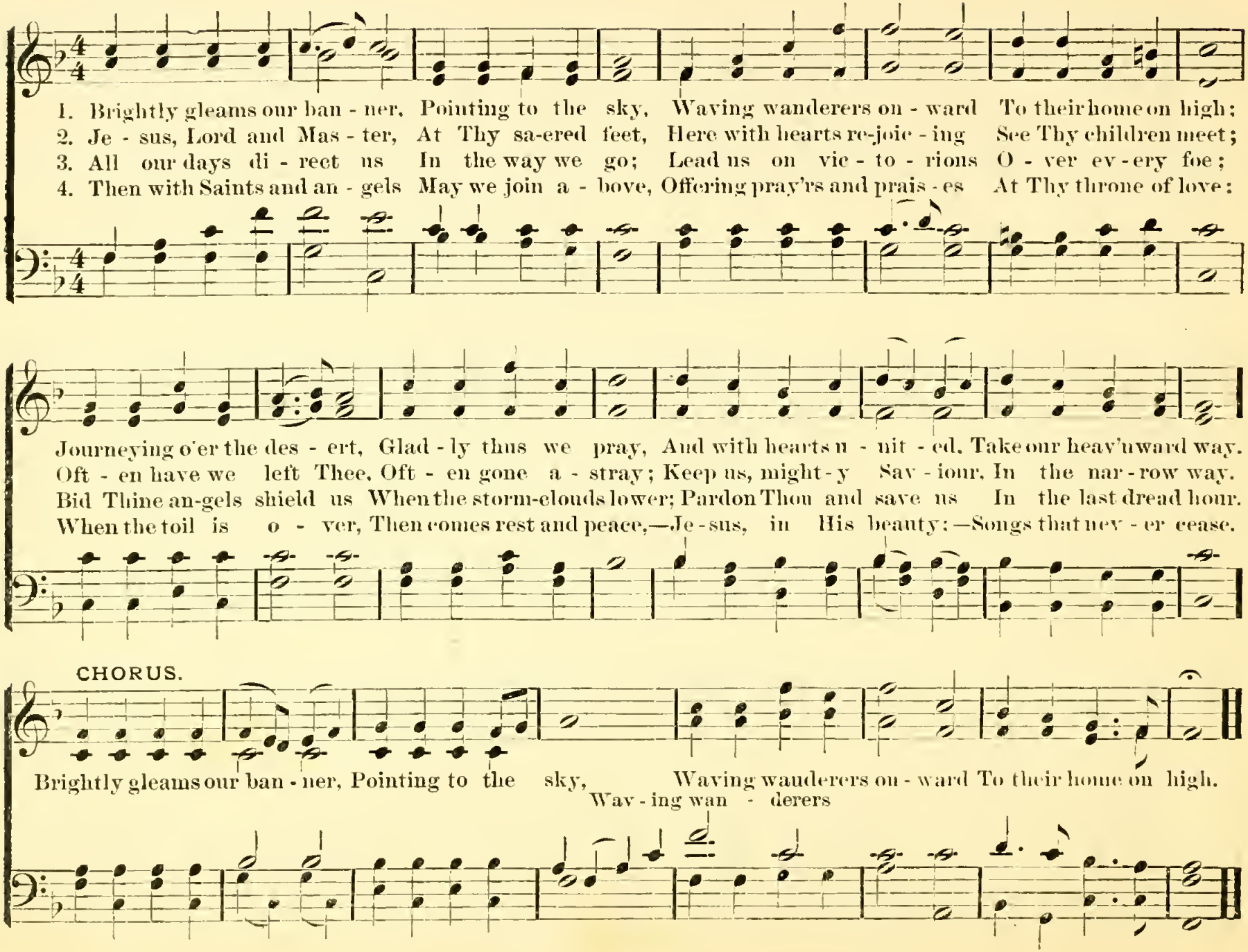
When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Rev. E. Caswall. J. Barnby.



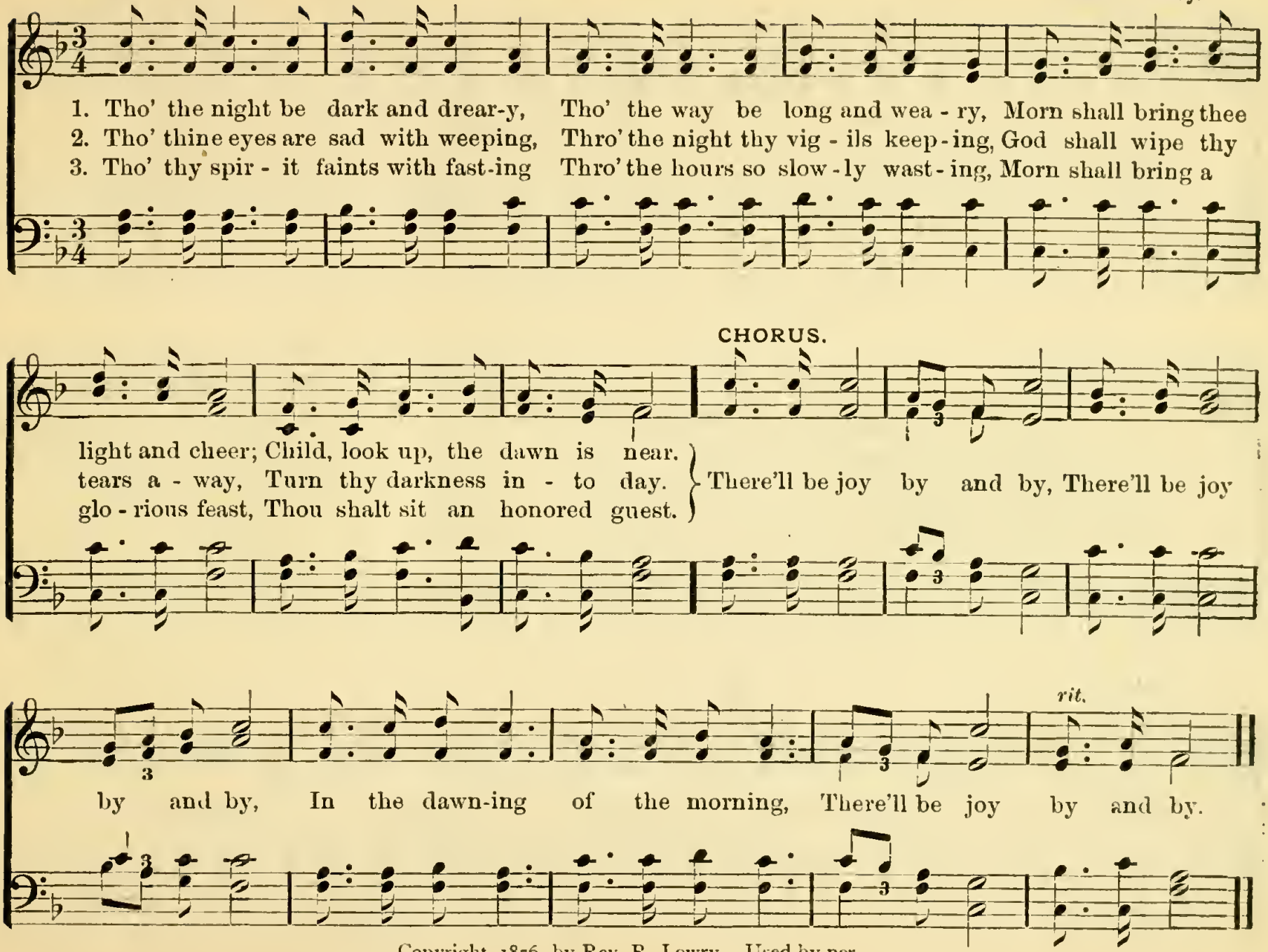
Brightly Gleams our Banner.

T. J. Potter. A. S. Sullivan.



There'll be Joy By and By.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Rev. R. Lowry.



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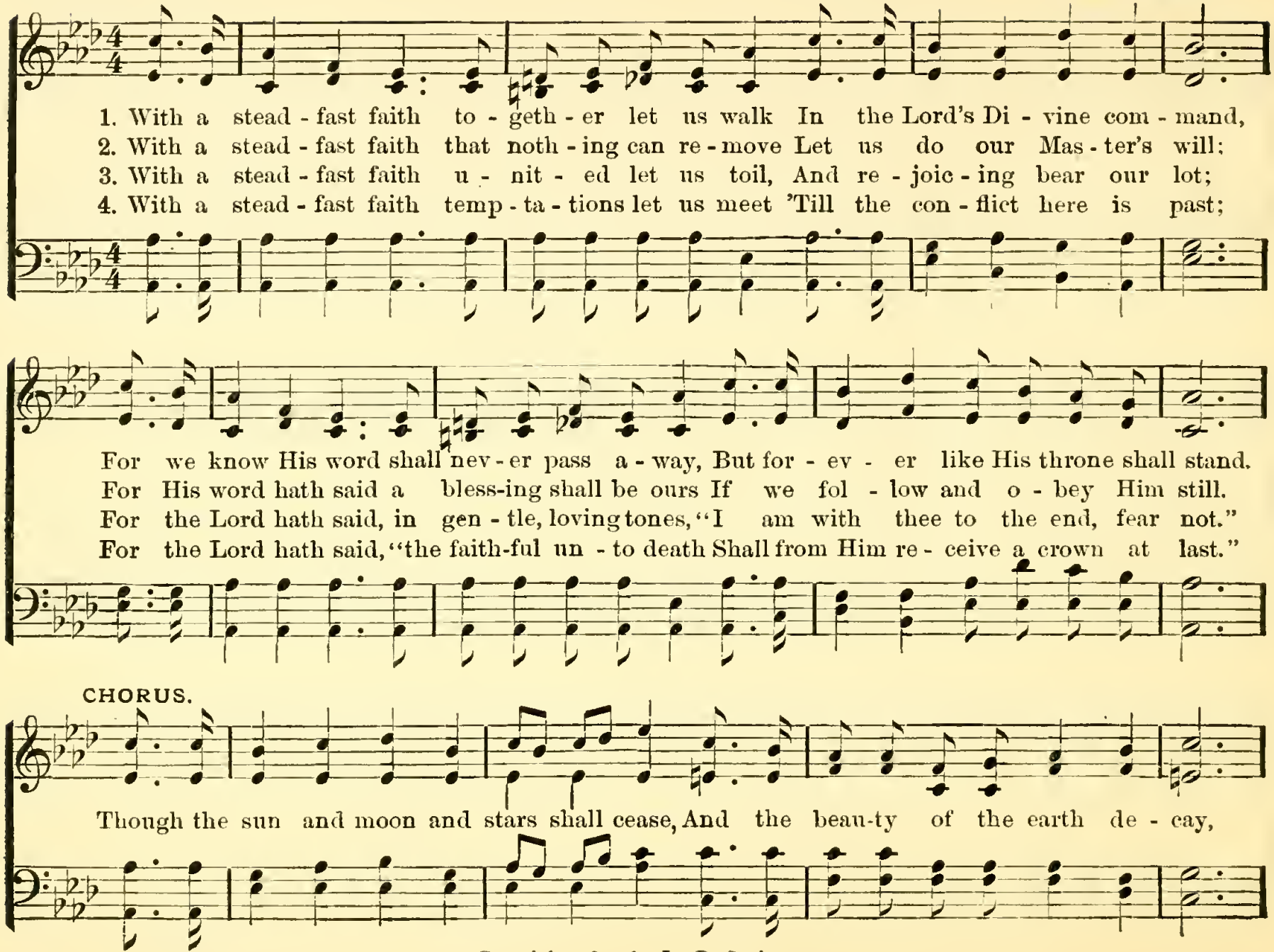
With a Steadfast Faith.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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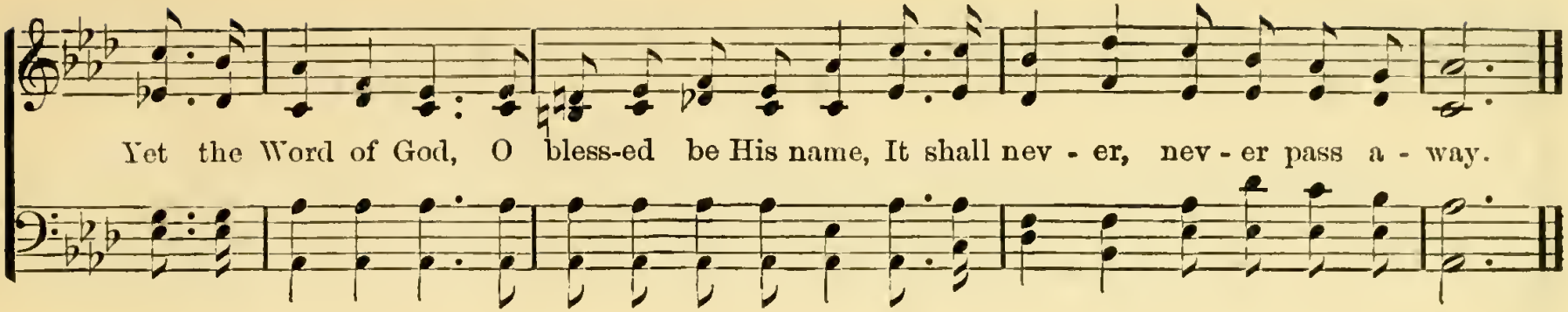
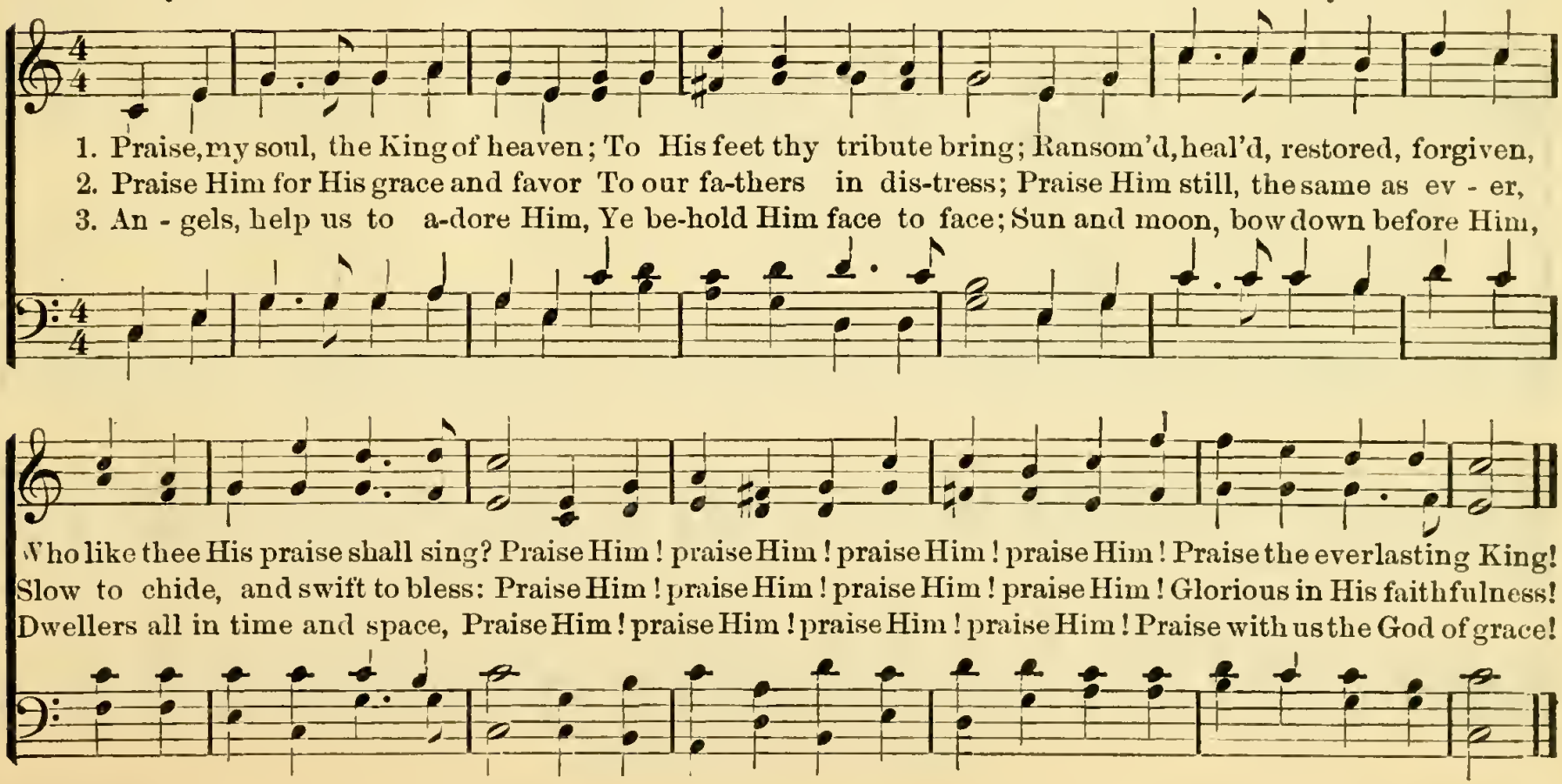


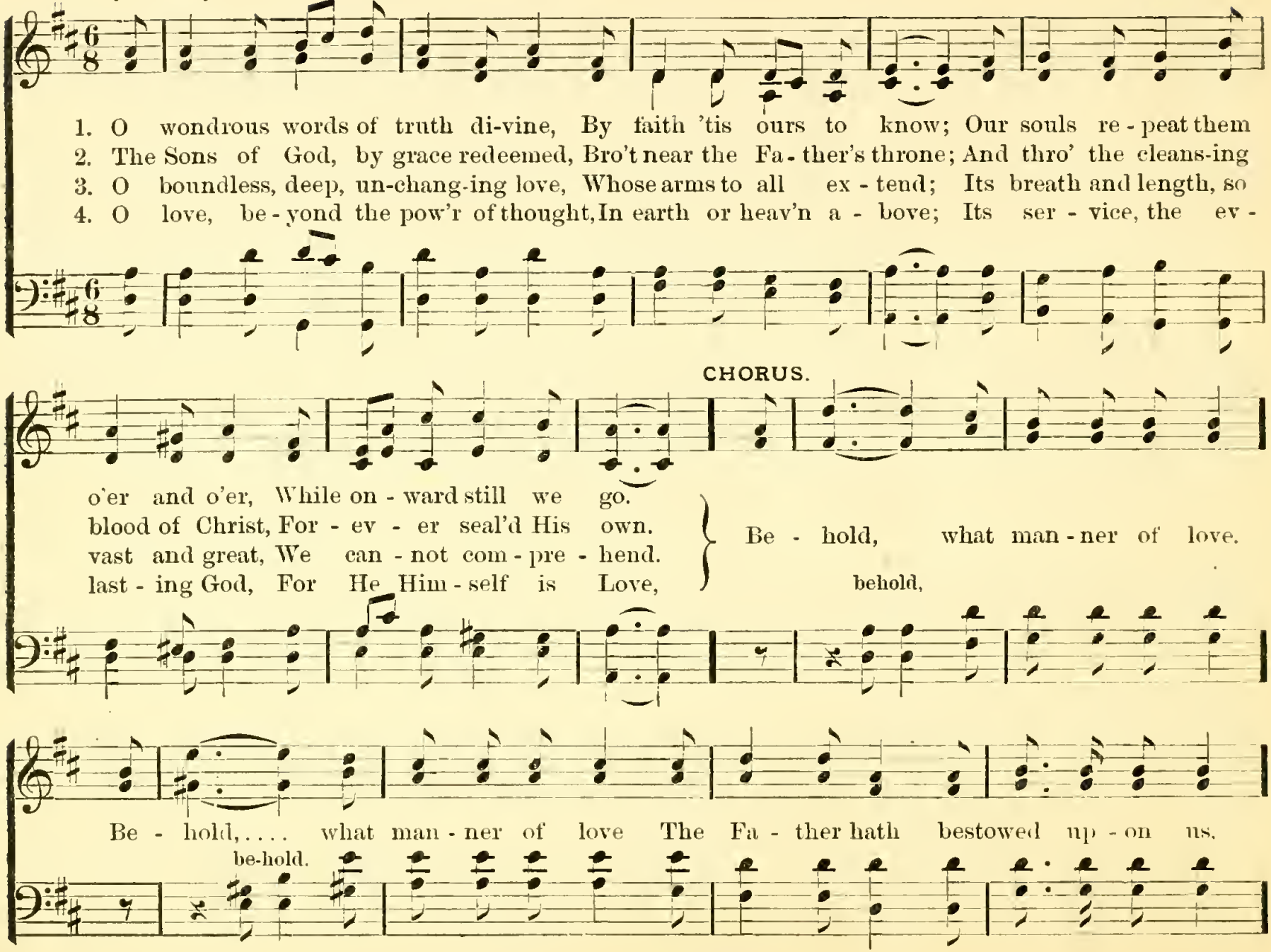
Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven!

H. F. Lyte. Henry J. Gauntlett.



Behold, what Manner of Love.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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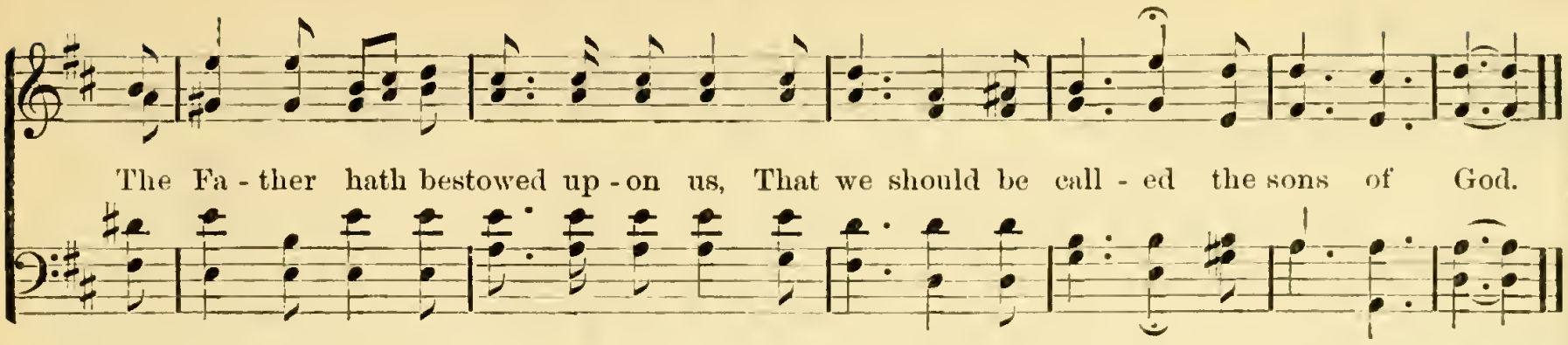
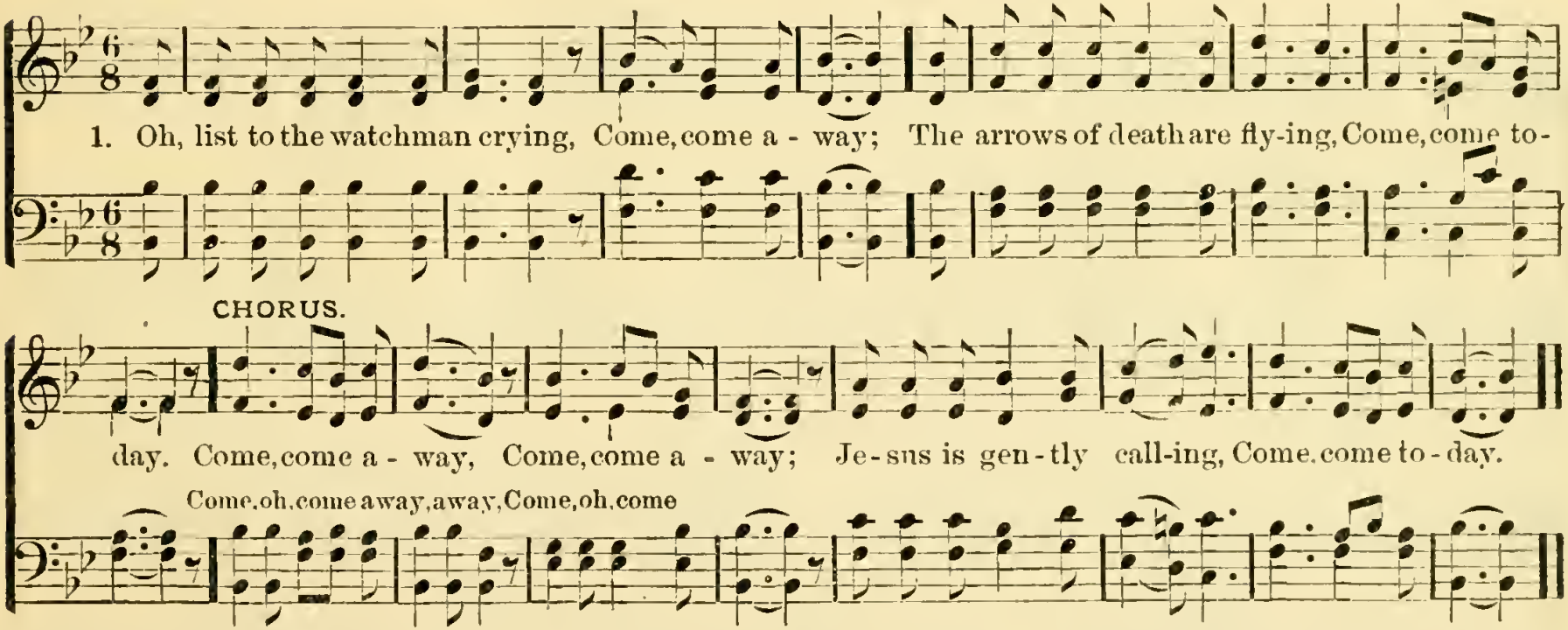


Come, Come Away.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.



2 The spirit of God is pleading,
Come, come away:
The Saviour is interceding,
Come, come to-day.

3 The mercy of God is calling,
Come, come away;
How sweetly the words are falling,
Come, come to-day.

4 The angels of God entreat you,
Come, come away;
The Father Himself will meet you,
Come, come to-day.

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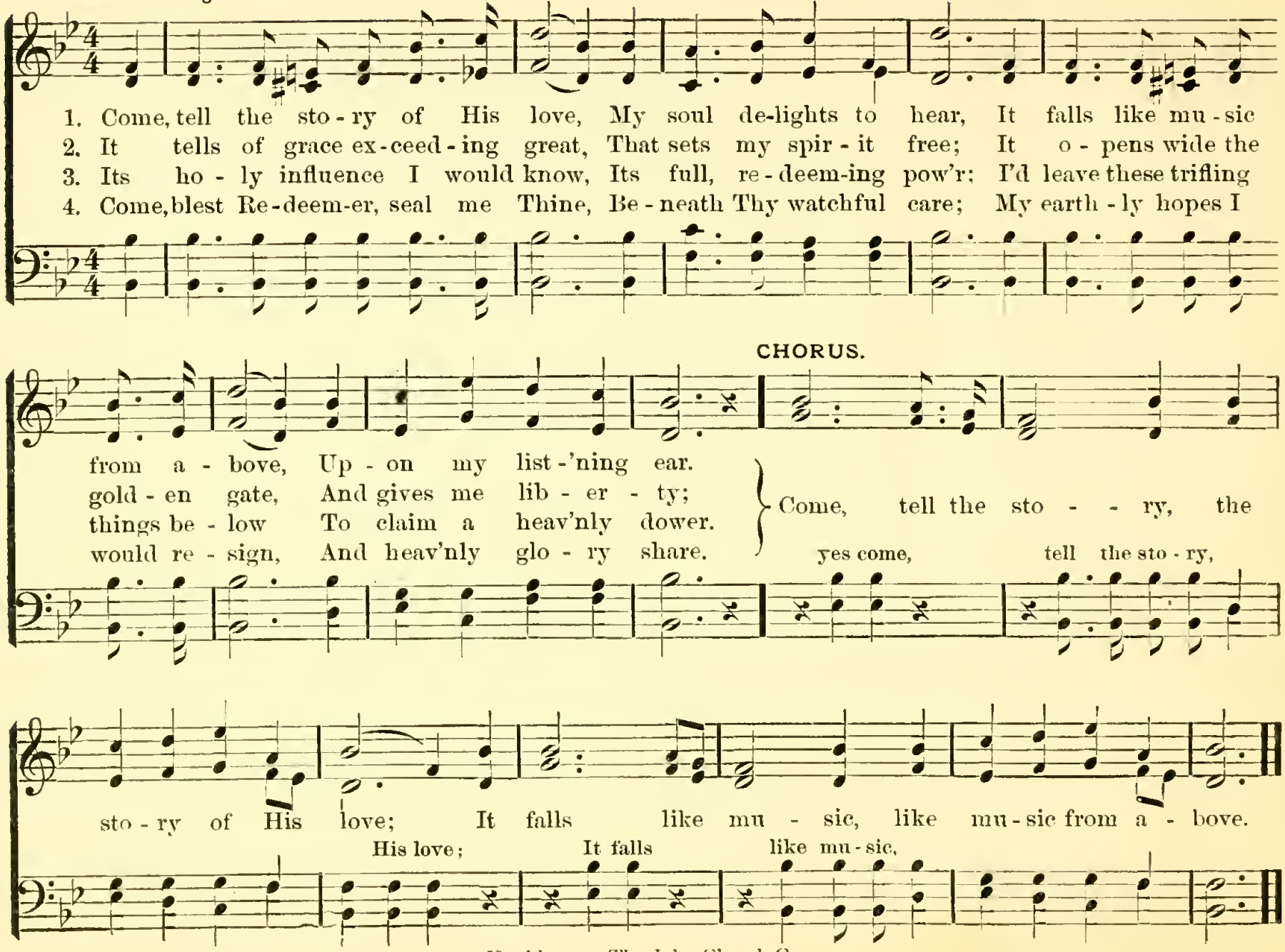
The Story of His Love.

Mrs. M. O. Page. C. C. Case.



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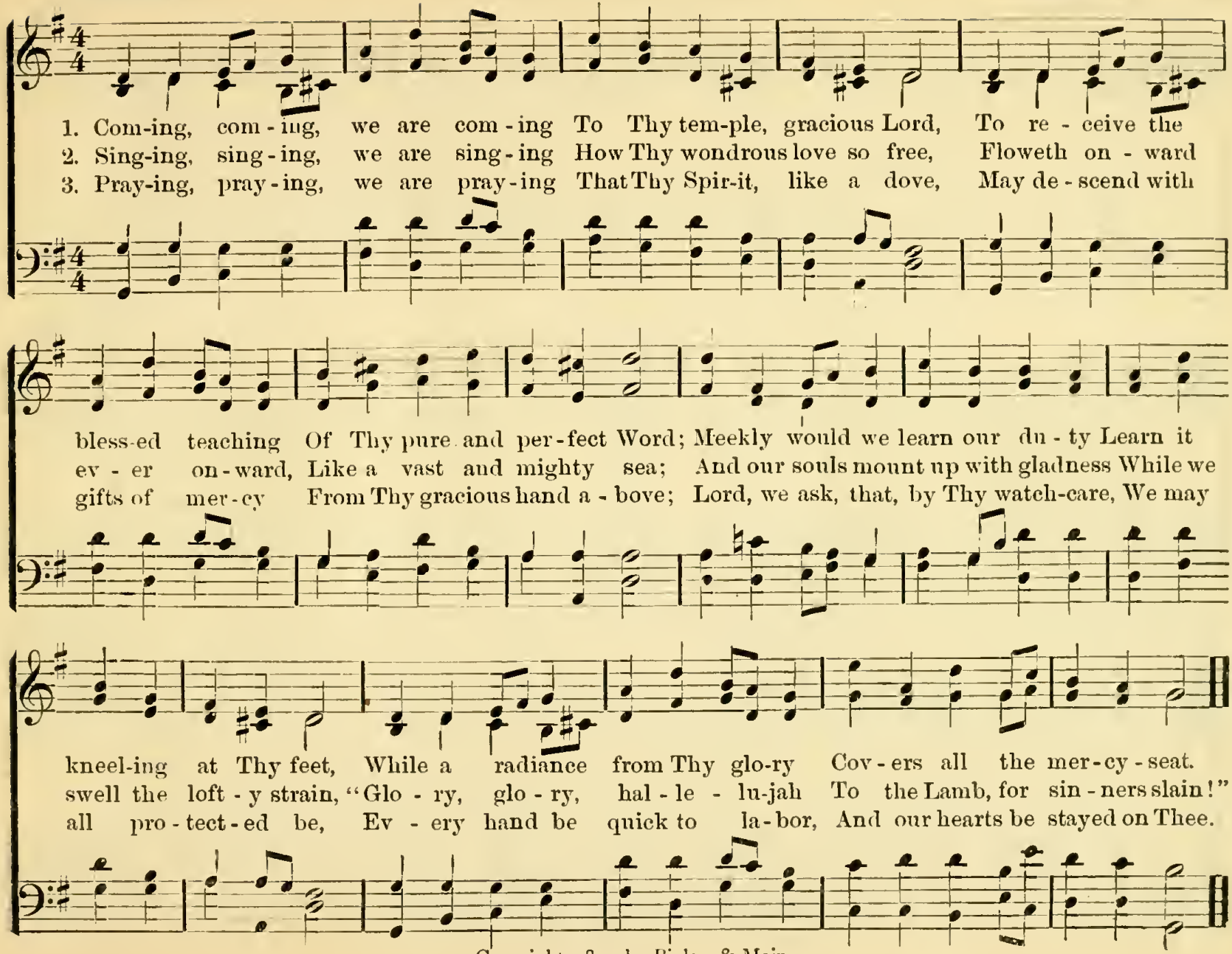
We are Coming.



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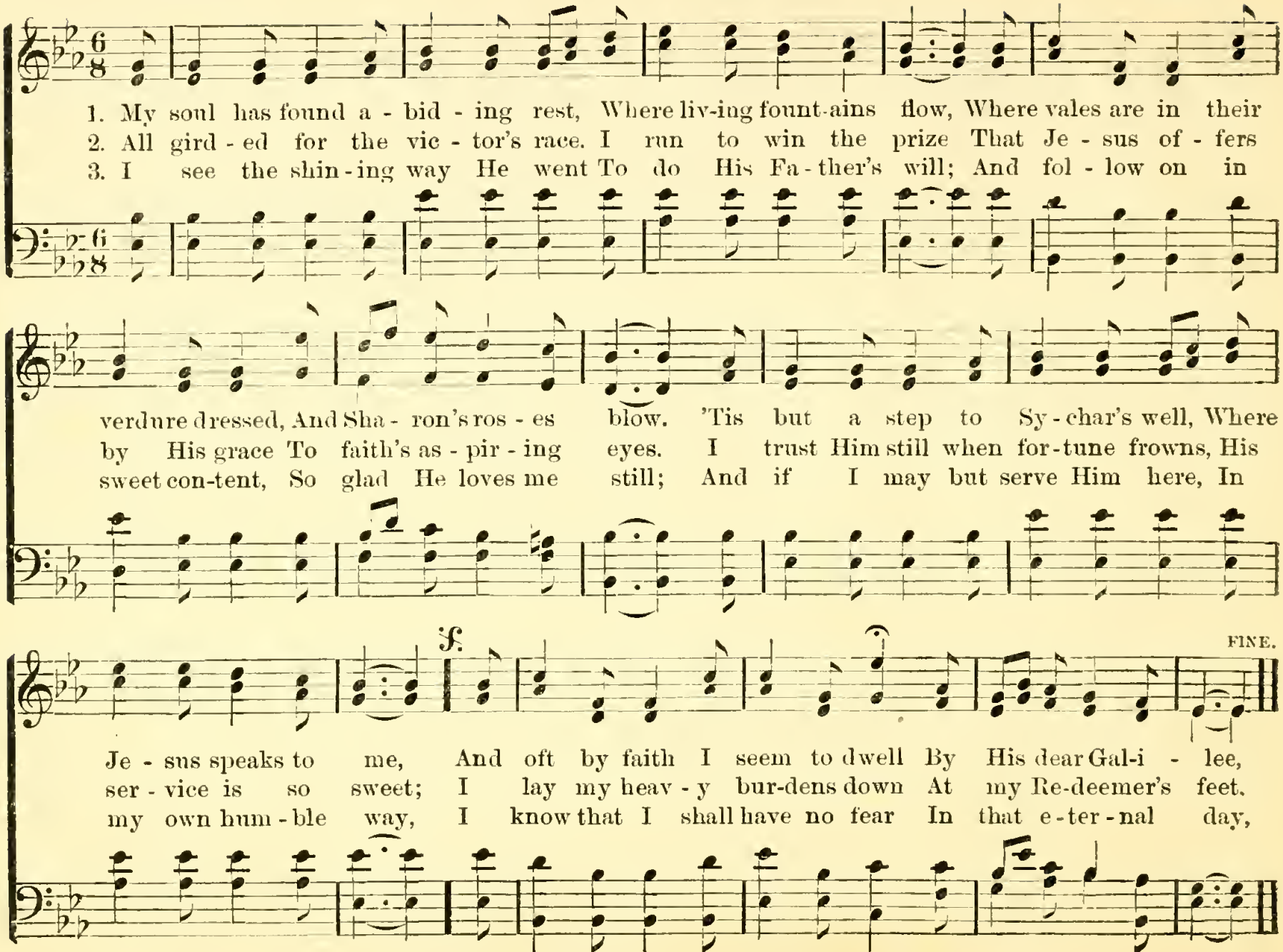
Abiding Rest.

Dr. J. J. Maxfield. W. A. Ogden.



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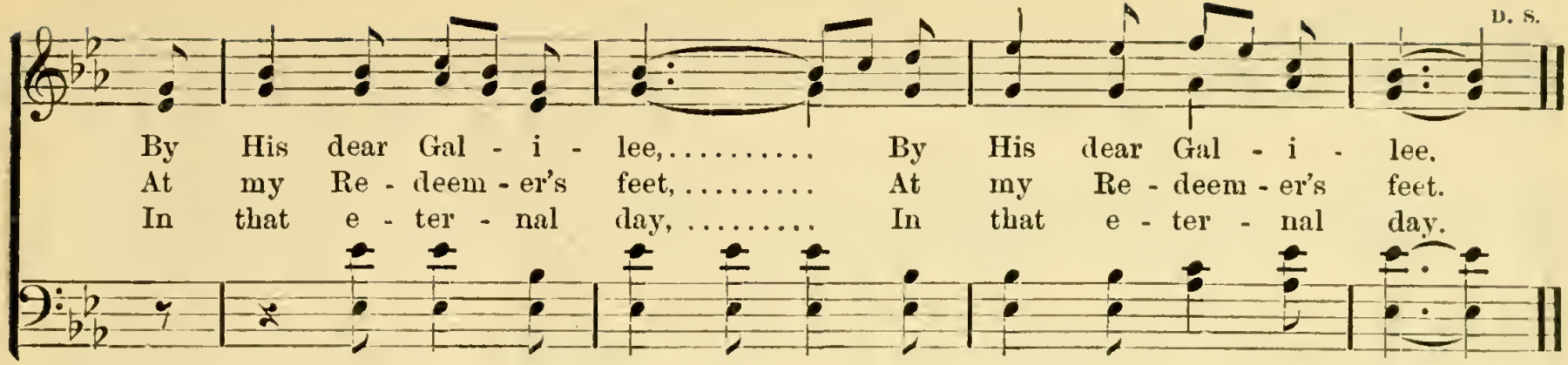
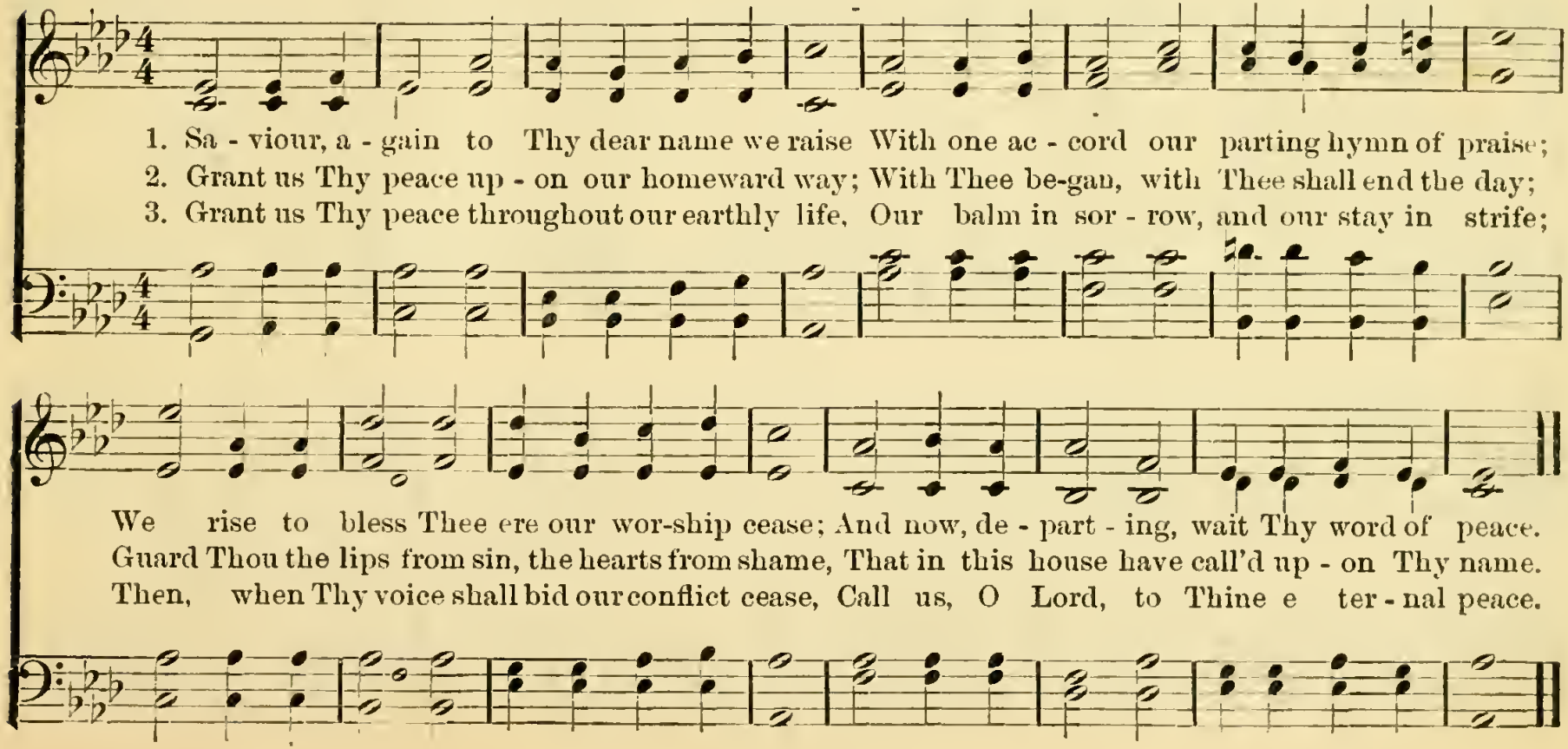


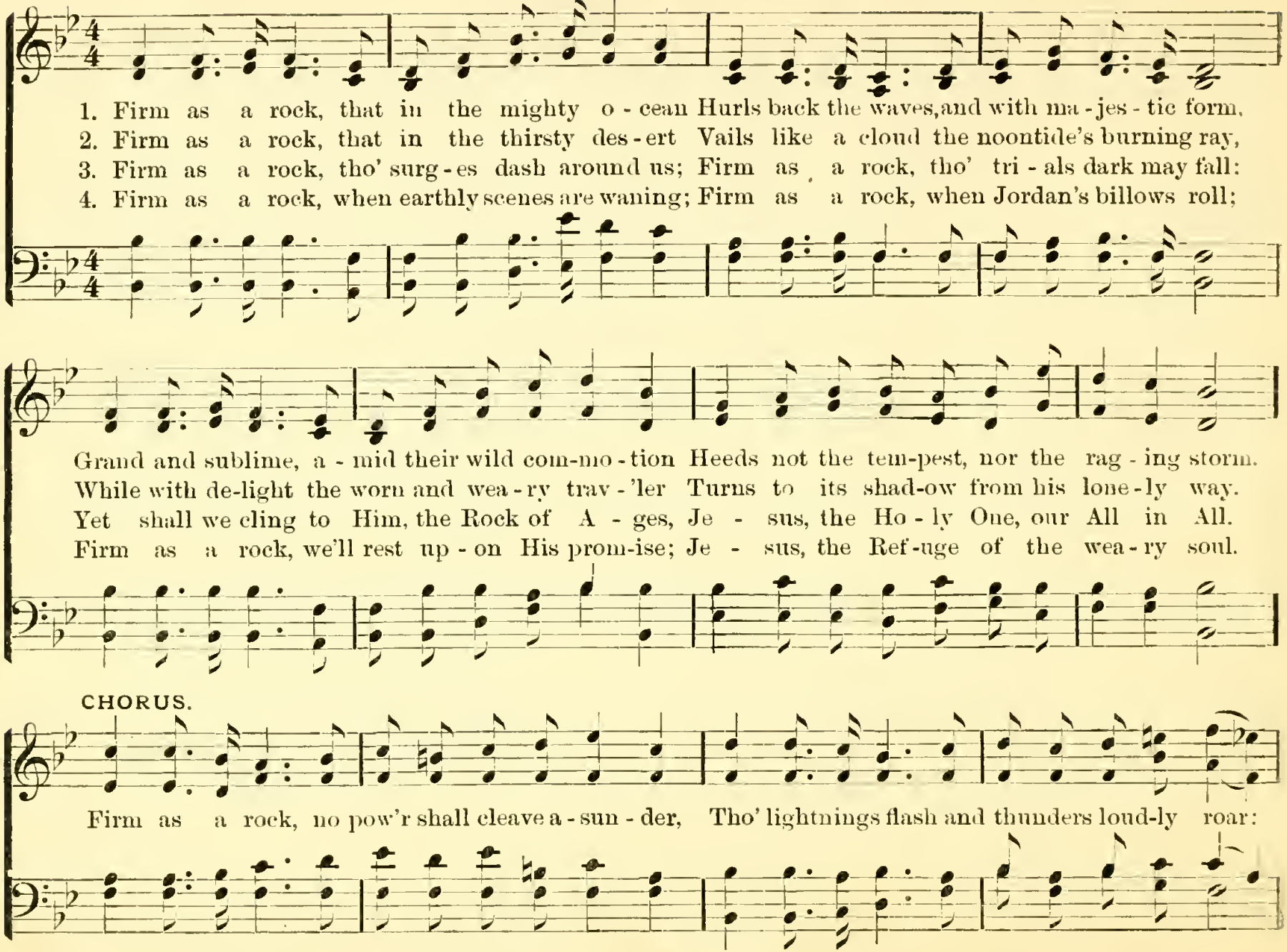
Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. E. J. Hopkins.



Firm as a Rock.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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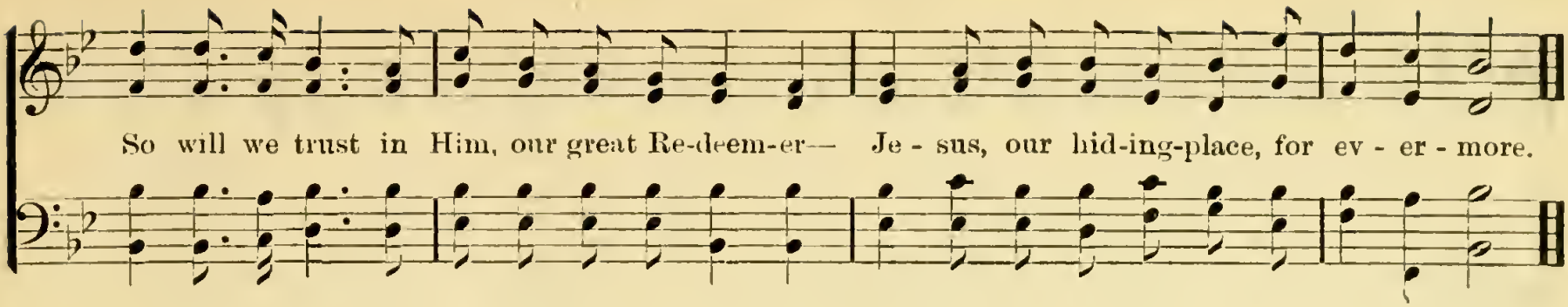
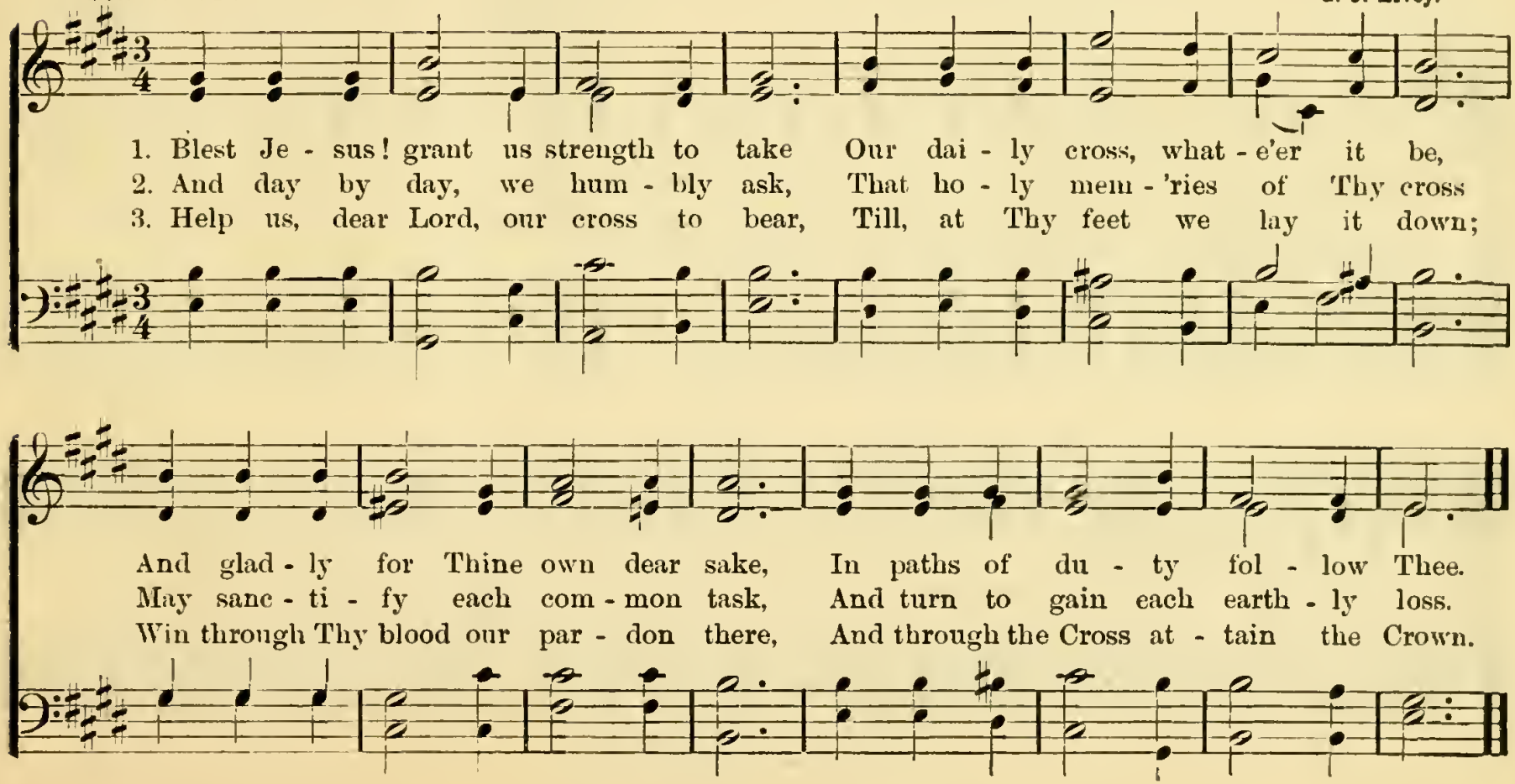


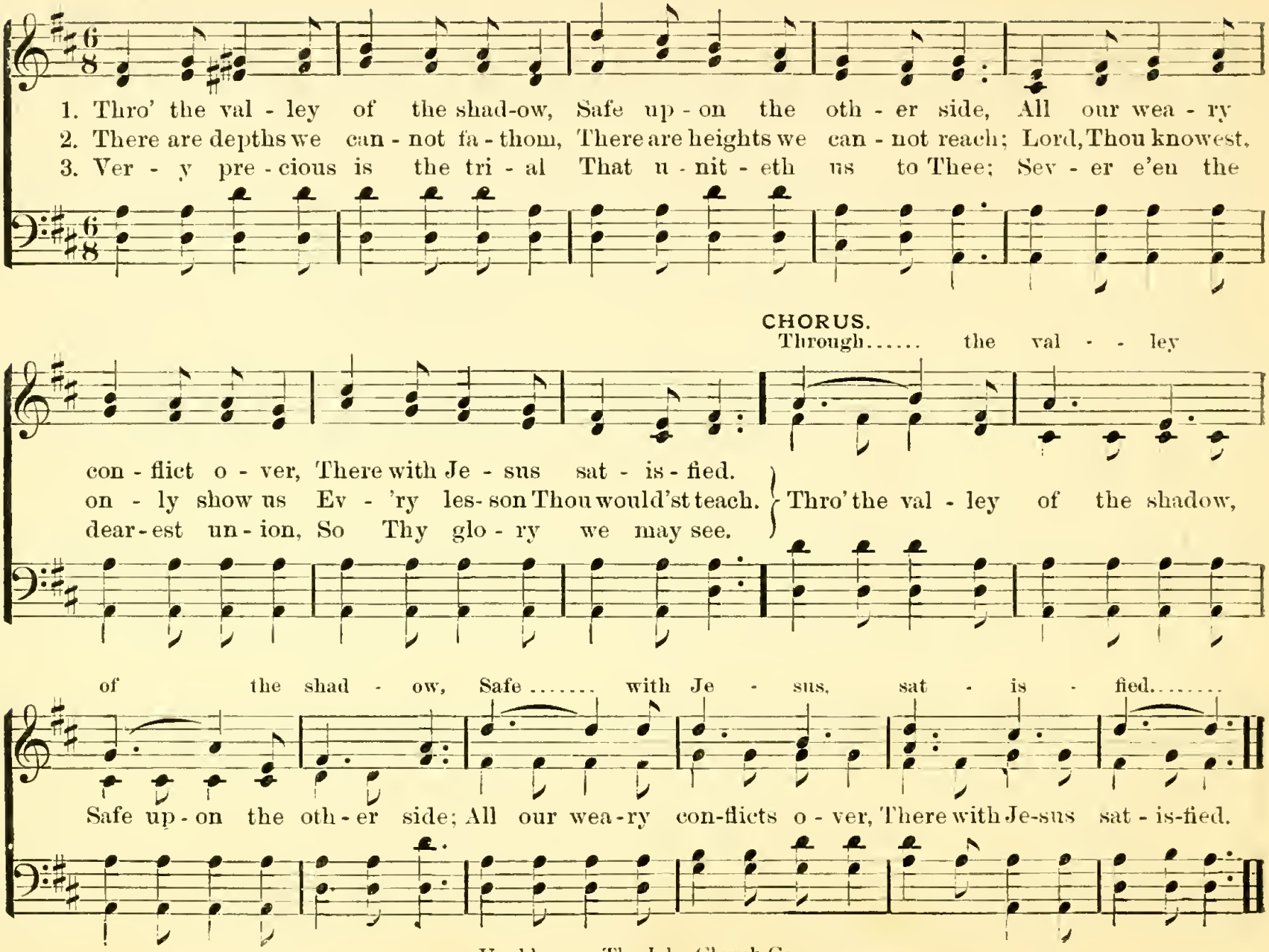
Blest Jesus! Grant Us Strength.

Rev. W. W. How. G. J. Elvey.



Through the Valley.

A. C. P. Crozier. Geo. F. Root.



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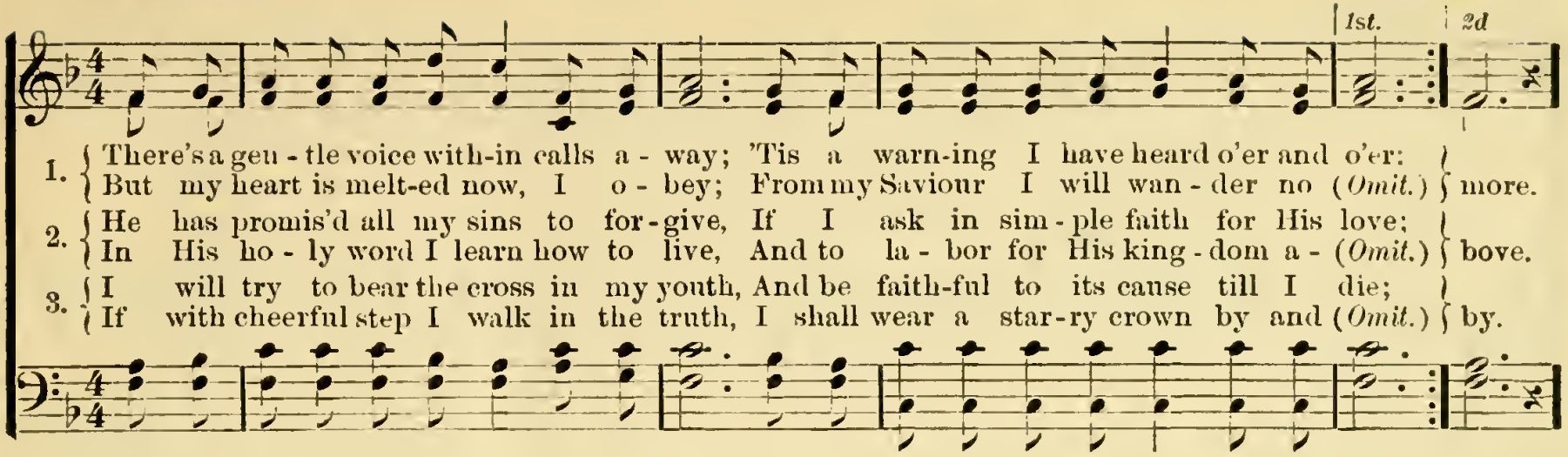
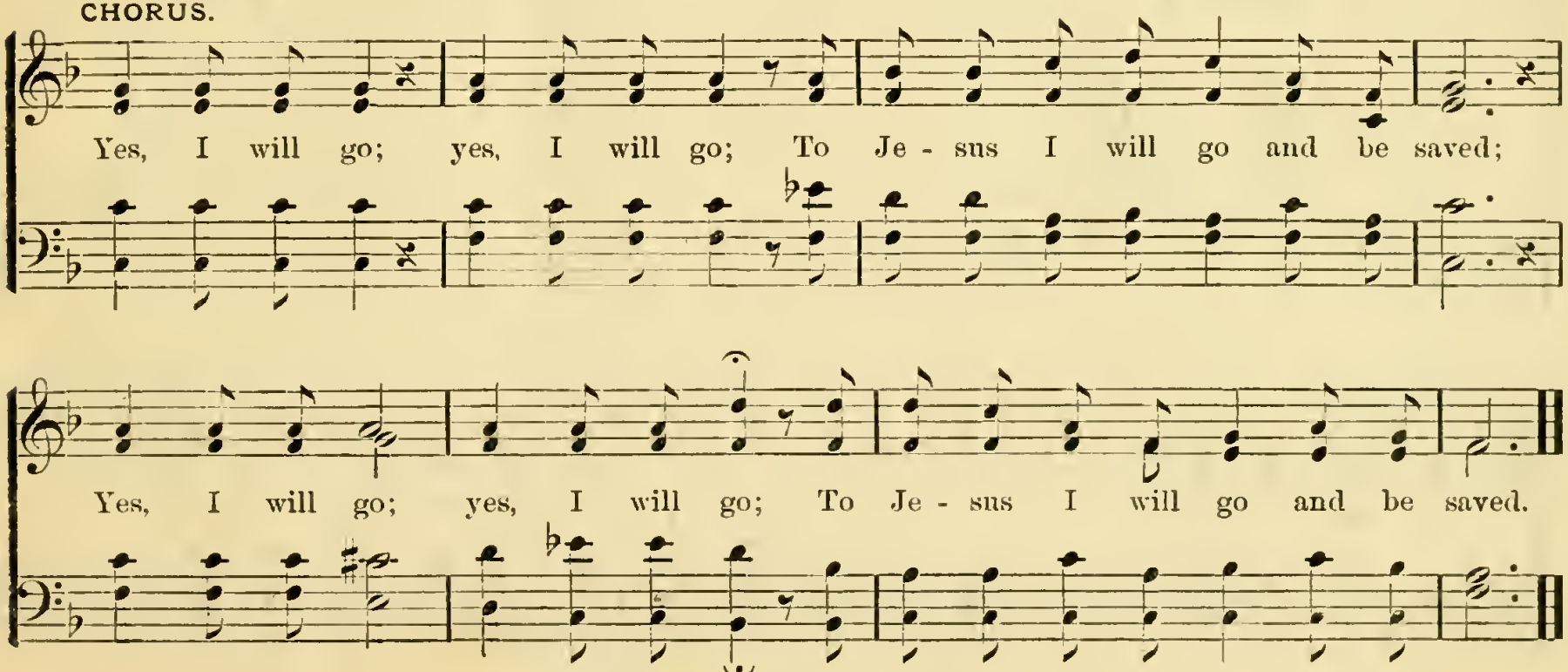
To Jesus I will Go.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



CHORUS.



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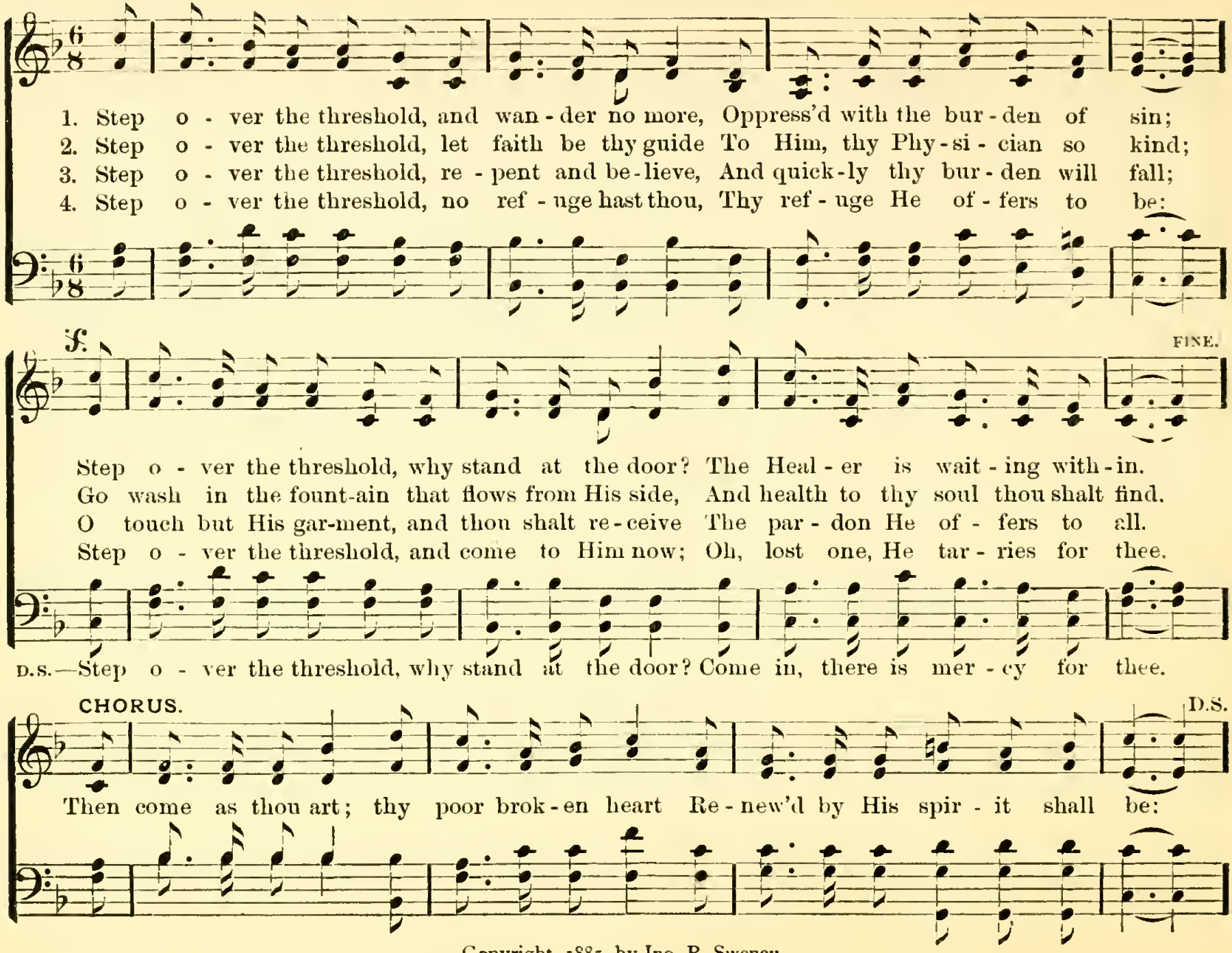
Frank Gould.

Over the Threshold.

Jno. R. Sweney.



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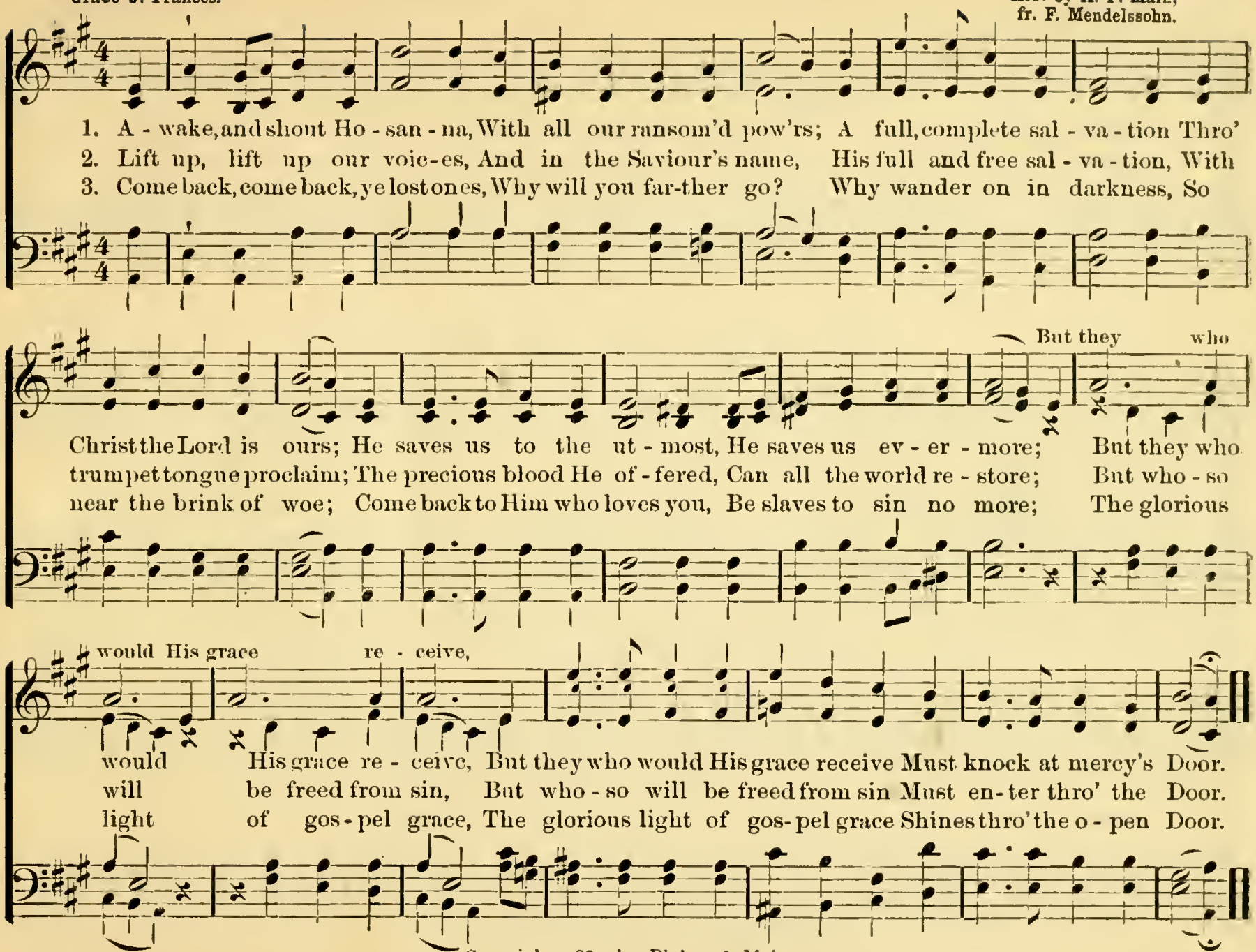
Awake, and Shout Hosanna.

Grace J. Frances.

Arr. by H. P. Main,
fr. F. Mendelssohn.



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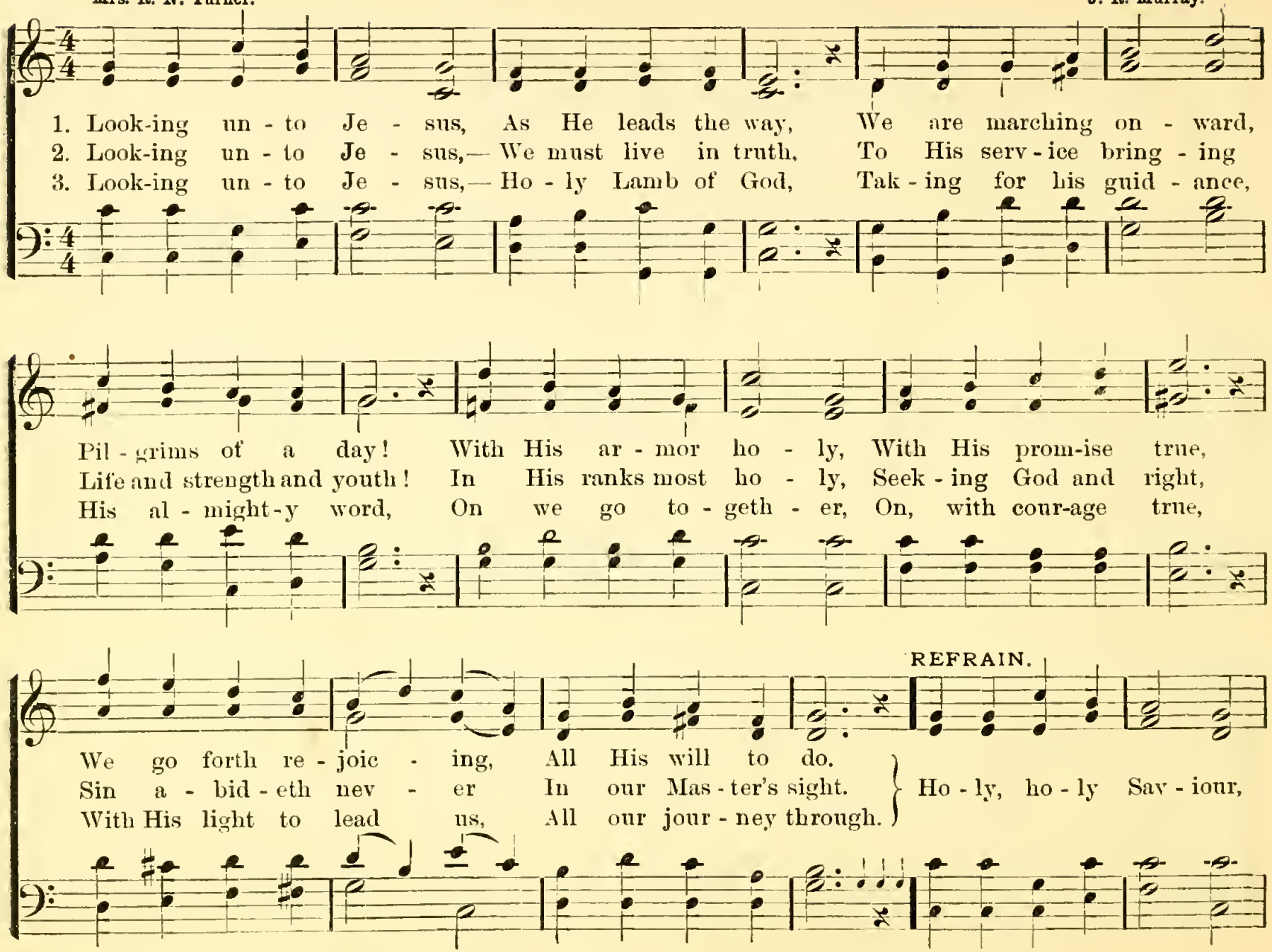
Looking Unto Jesus.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. J. R. Murray.



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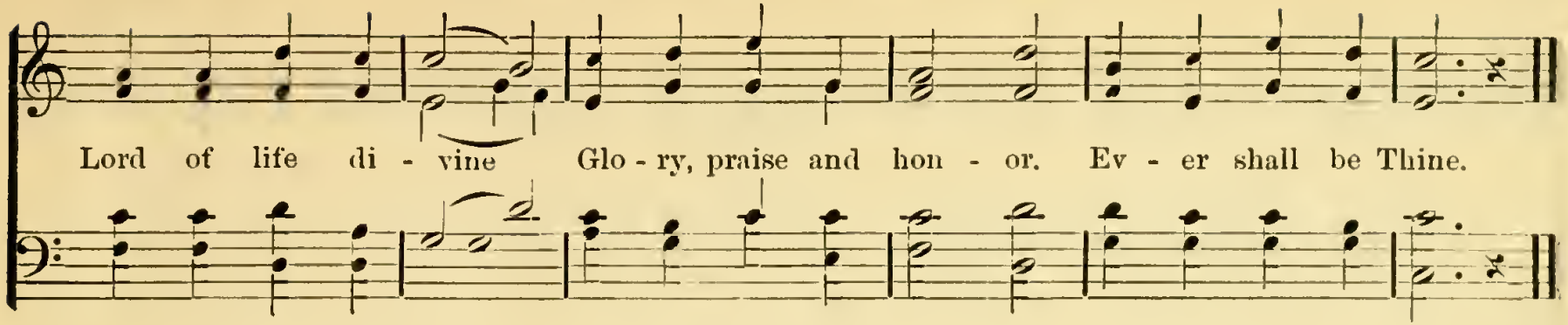
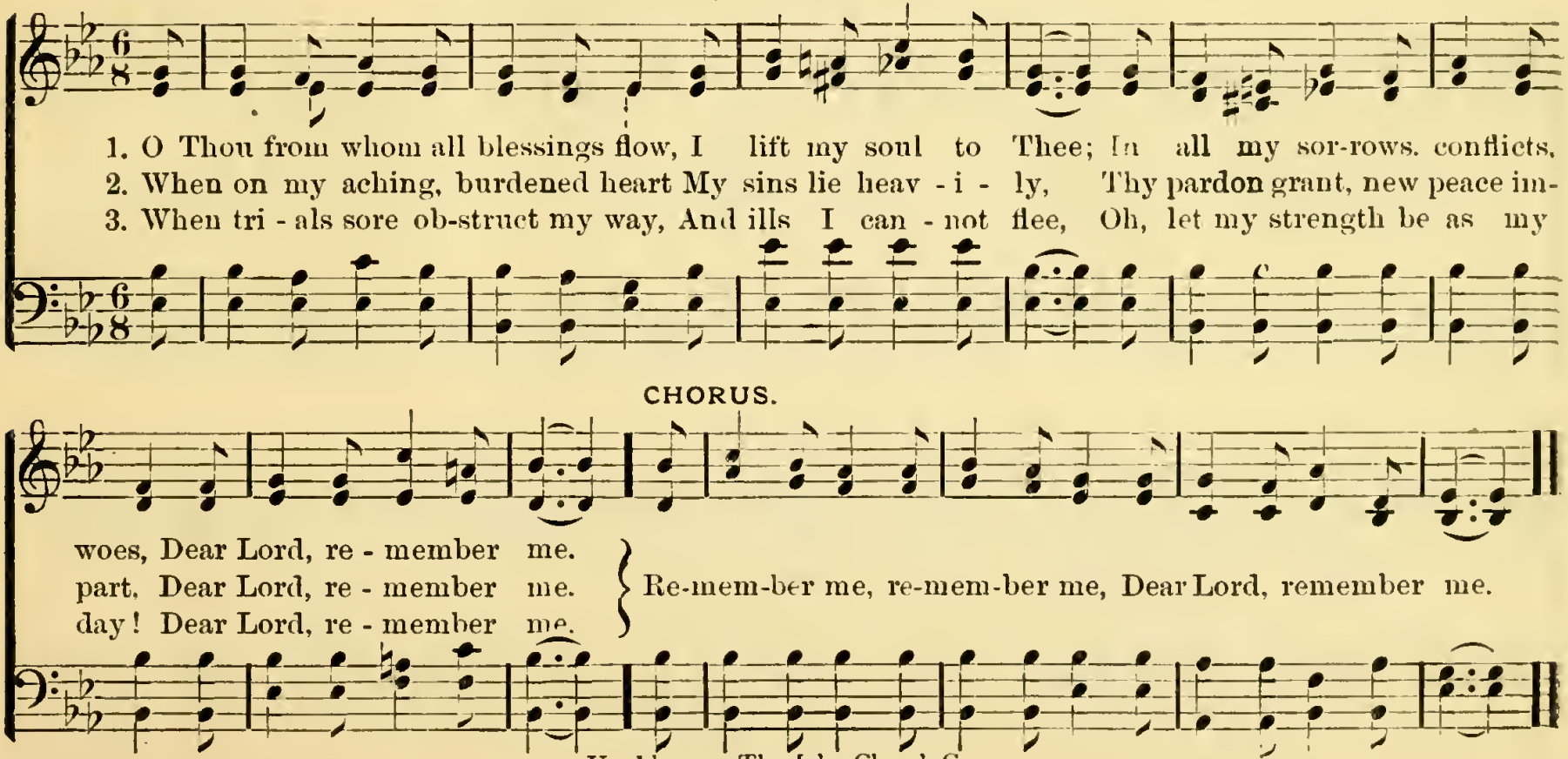


Dear Lord, Remember Me.

Thomas Haweis, arr. Geo. F. Root.



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Wonderful Kindness.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Oh, how great His lov - ing kind-ness, My Re-deem - er, Lord and King! How it makes my
2. Oh, how great His lov - ing kind-ness That with rapt-ure fills my heart; Like a spring whose
3. Oh, how great His lov - ing kind-ness, He has led me all my way; And I still re -

CHORUS.

soul to praise Him, And my tongue with joy to sing.
heal - ing wa - ters To the spir - it life im-parts.
call His mer - cy While I sing from day to day.

} Won-der-ful kindness, Wonderful kindness

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has shown un - to me;... Won - der - ful kind - ness, Won - der - ful

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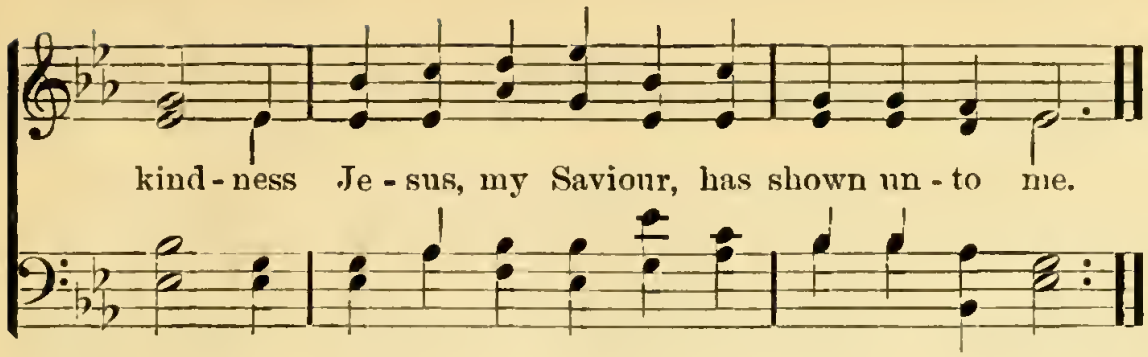
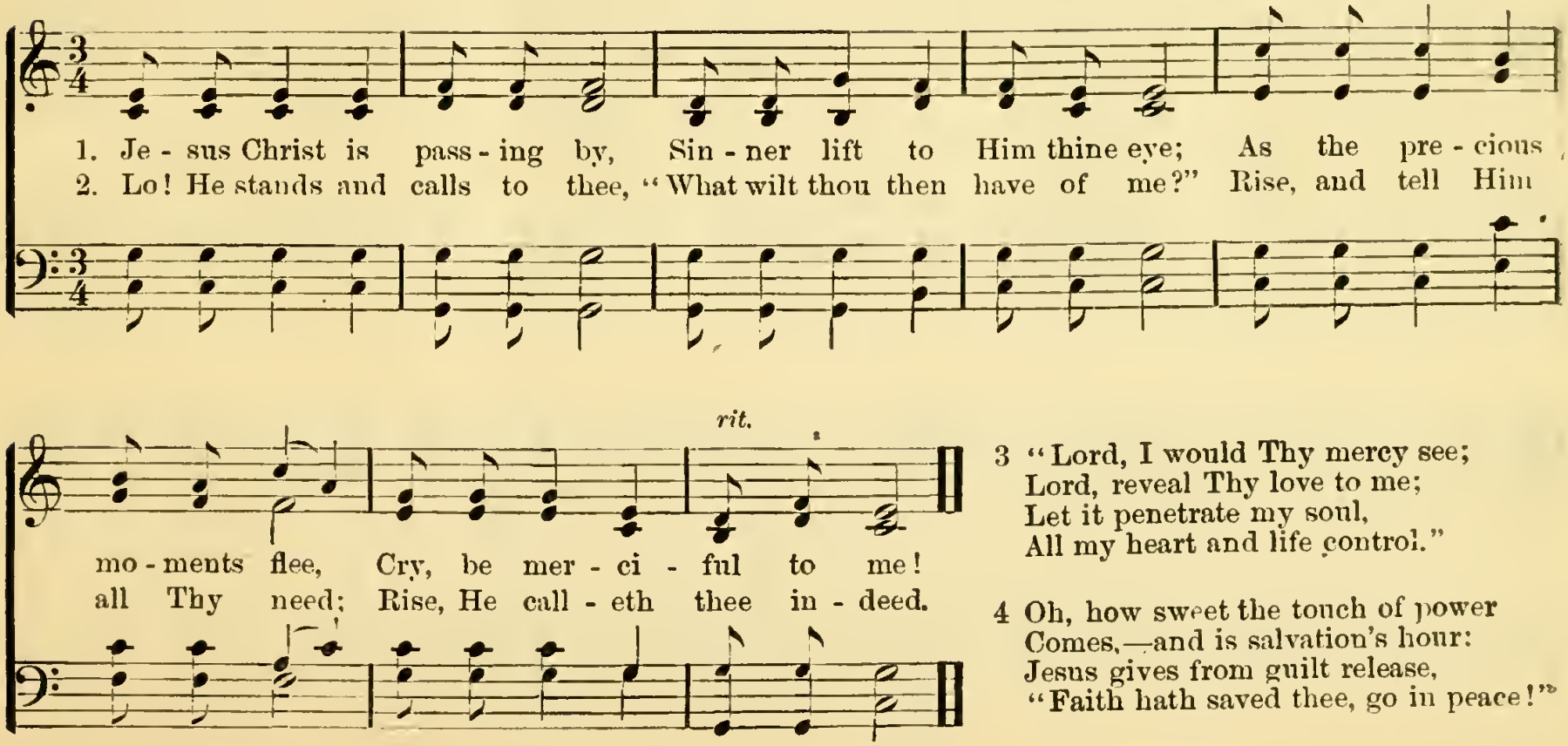


4 Oh, how great His loving kindness,
And the riches of His grace;
Deep and boundless, everlasting,
Changing not with time or place.

5 Oh, how great His loving kindness,
Let me tell it o'er and o'er;
Till in nobler strains I praise Him
With the ransomed evermore.

Jesus Christ is Passing by.

J. Denham Smith. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, by per.

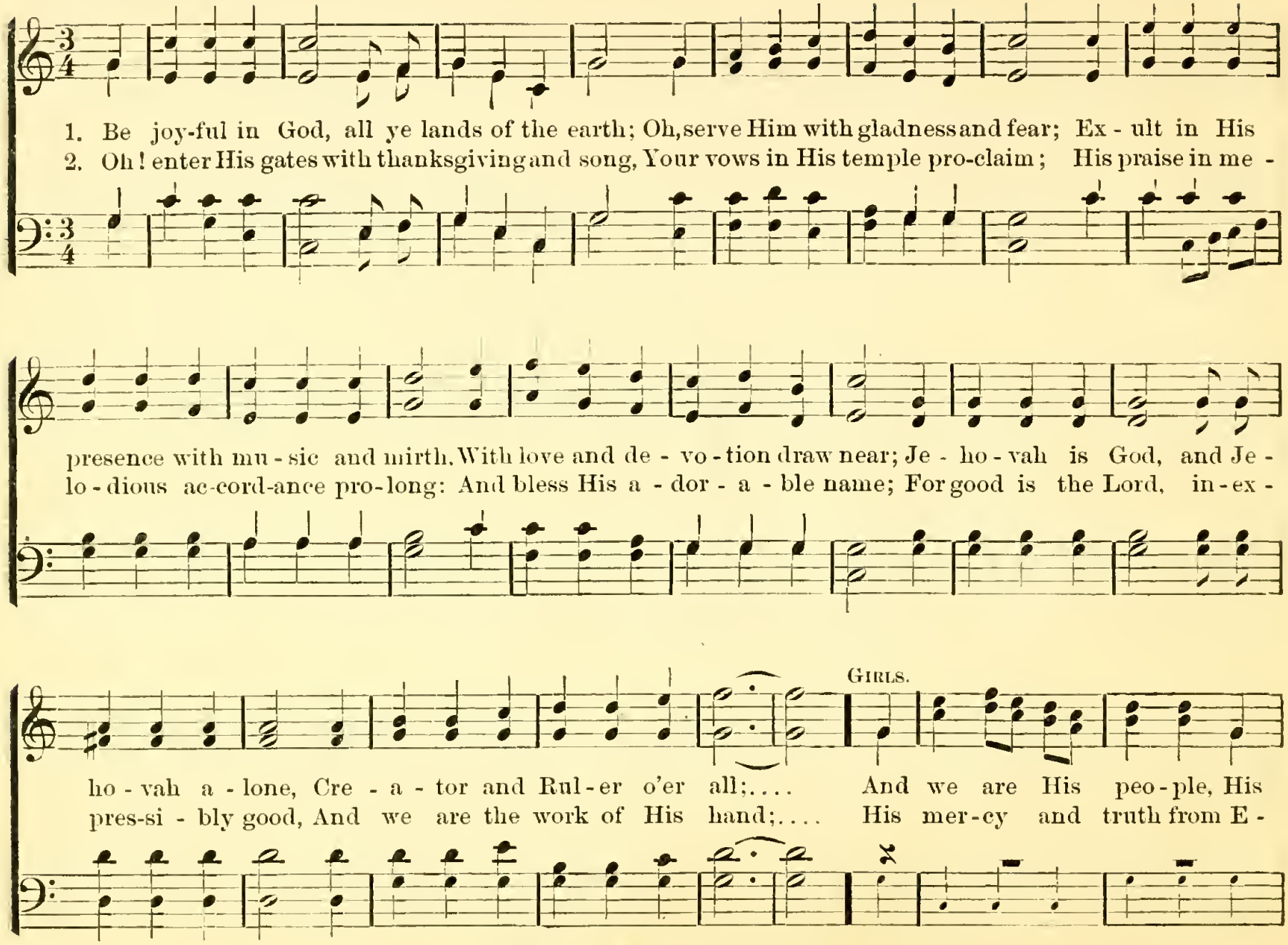


3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control."

4 Oh, how sweet the touch of power
Comes,—and is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release,
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

Be Joyful in God.

James Montgomery. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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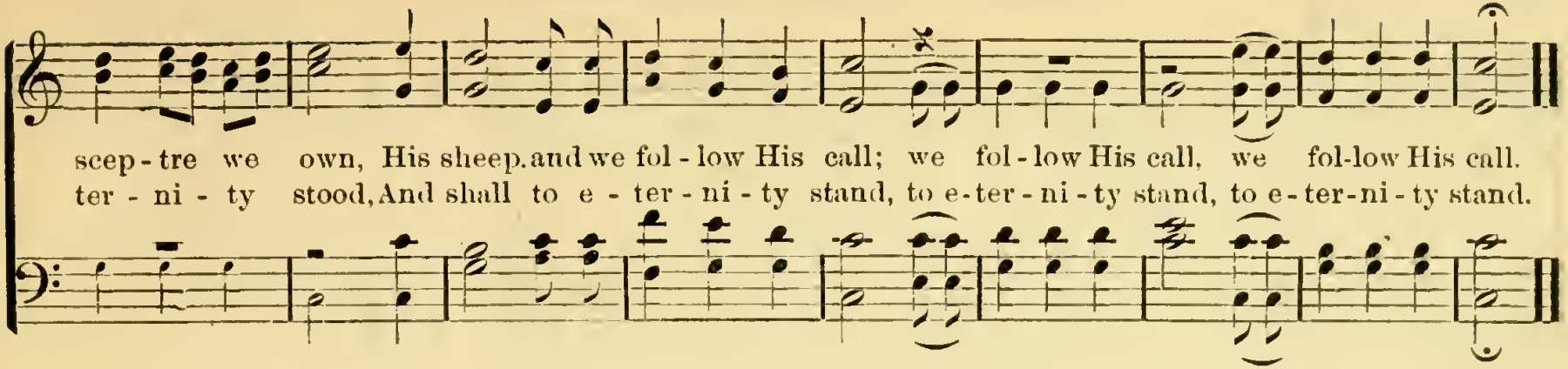
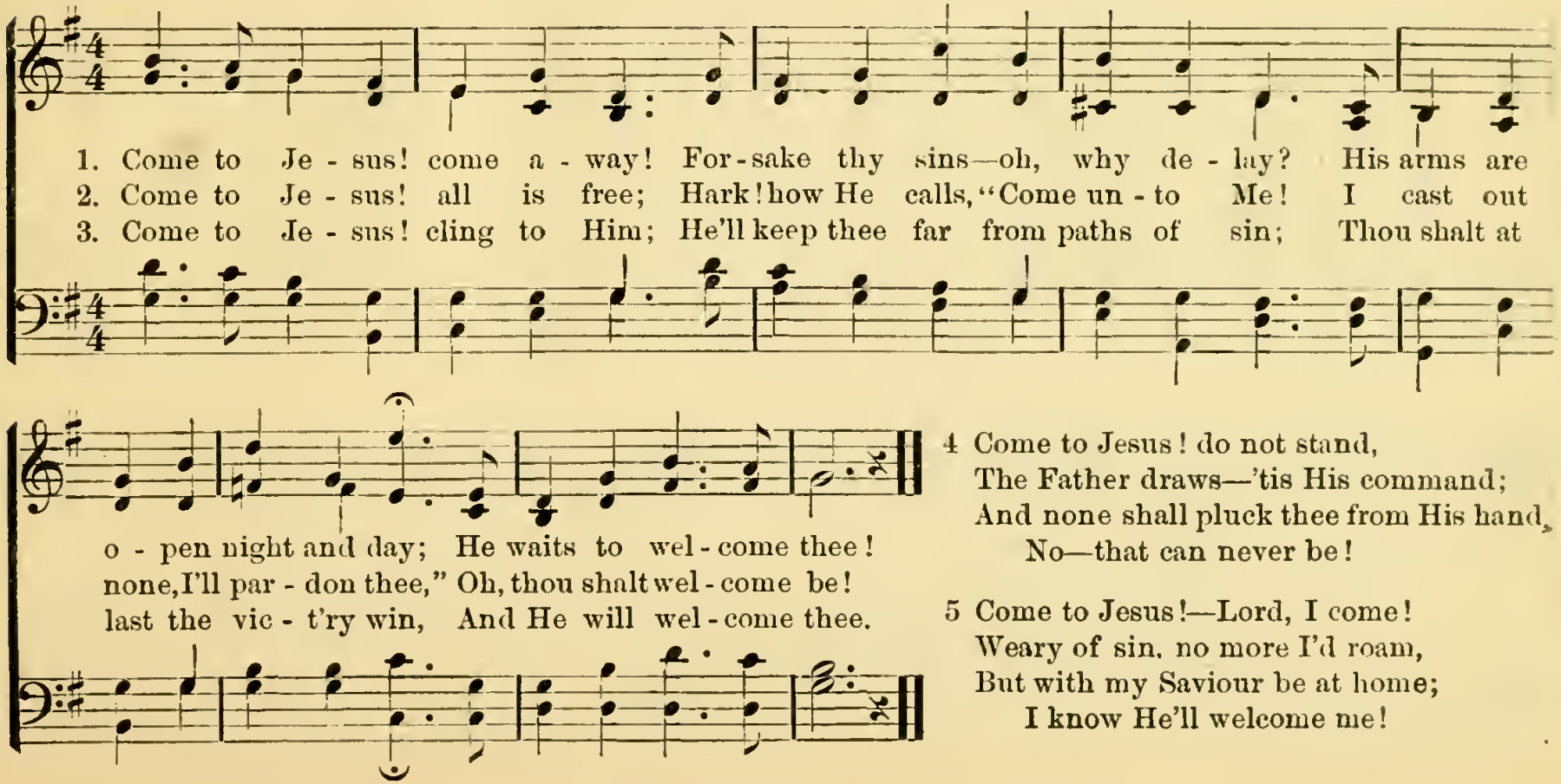


Come to Jesus! Come Away!

Anon. Anon.



4 Come to Jesus! do not stand,
The Father draws—'tis His command;
And none shall pluck thee from His hand,
No—that can never be!

5 Come to Jesus!—Lord, I come!
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
But with my Saviour be at home;
I know He'll welcome me!

March Steadily Onward.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. March steadi ly on-ward, to the bat - tle-field a - way, Haste, fol - low our Lead - er, let one and all His voice o - bey; Oh, march stead - i - ly on - ward, let the ranks be filled to - day, March un-der the ban - ner of the Sav - iour. March hope-ful - ly on - ward,
2. March steadi-ly on-ward like the ar - mies gone be - fore, Wear brave-ly the ar - mor, the shield that once on earth they wore; Oh, march stead - i - ly on - ward till our life's great work is o'er, March un-der the ban - ner of the Sav - iour. March trust-ing-ly on - ward
3. March steadi-ly on-ward to the con - quest here be - low, March stead-i - ly on - ward, nor let us fear to meet the foe; But march stead - i - ly on - ward, shout-ing vic - t'ry as we go, March un-der the ban - ner of the Sav - iour. March joy - ful - ly on - ward,

FINE.

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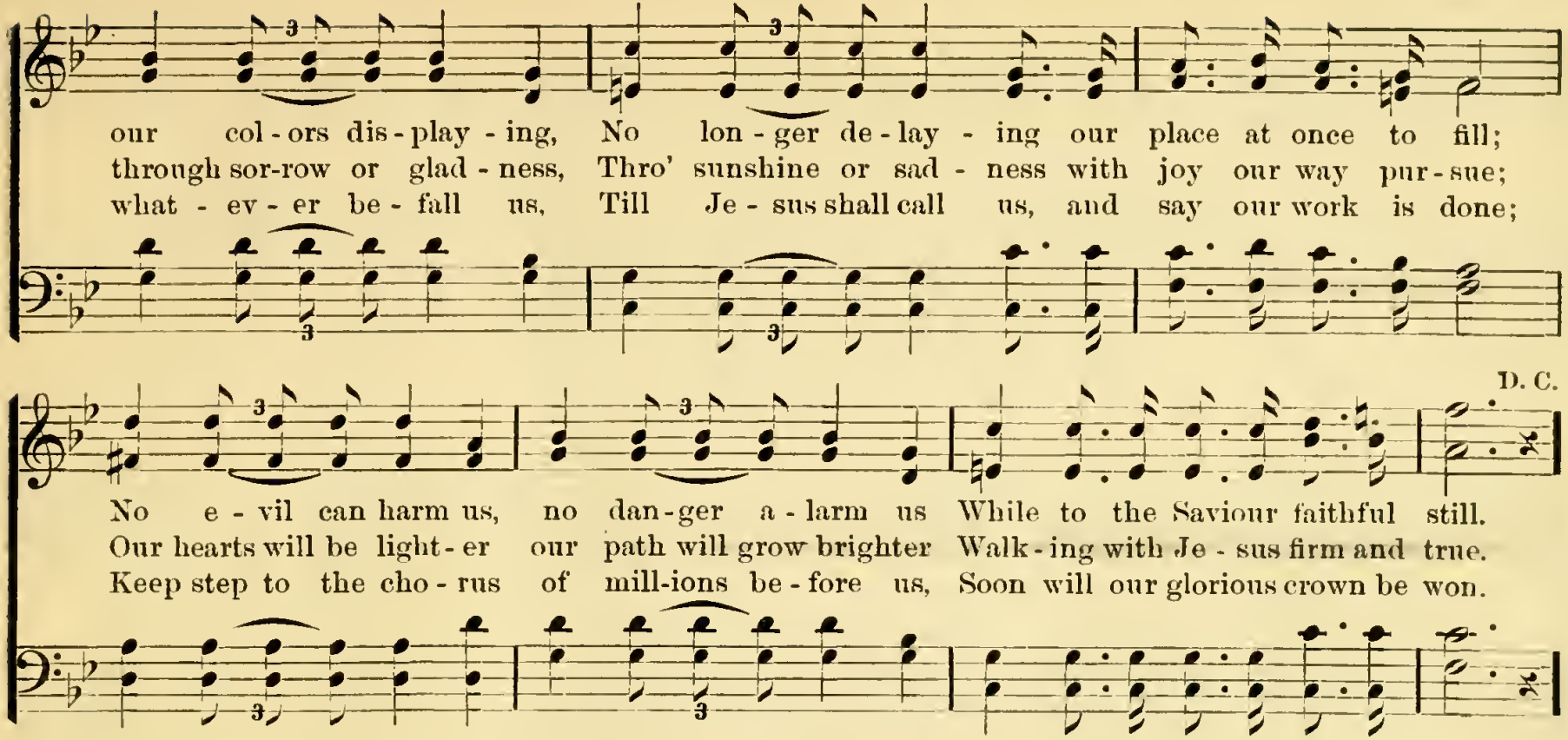
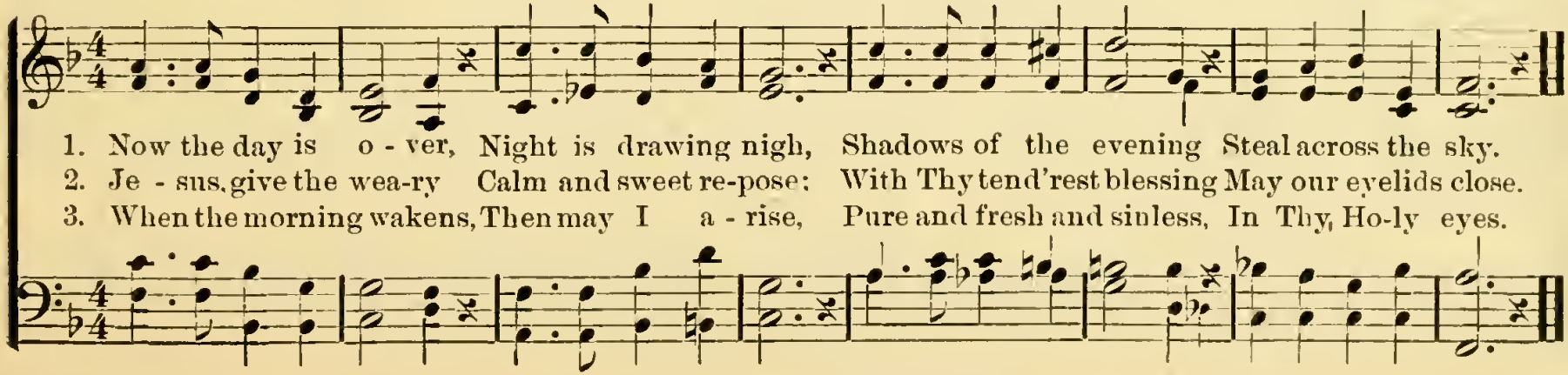
March Steadily Onward.—Concluded.



Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

Now the Day is Over.

Hubert P. Main.



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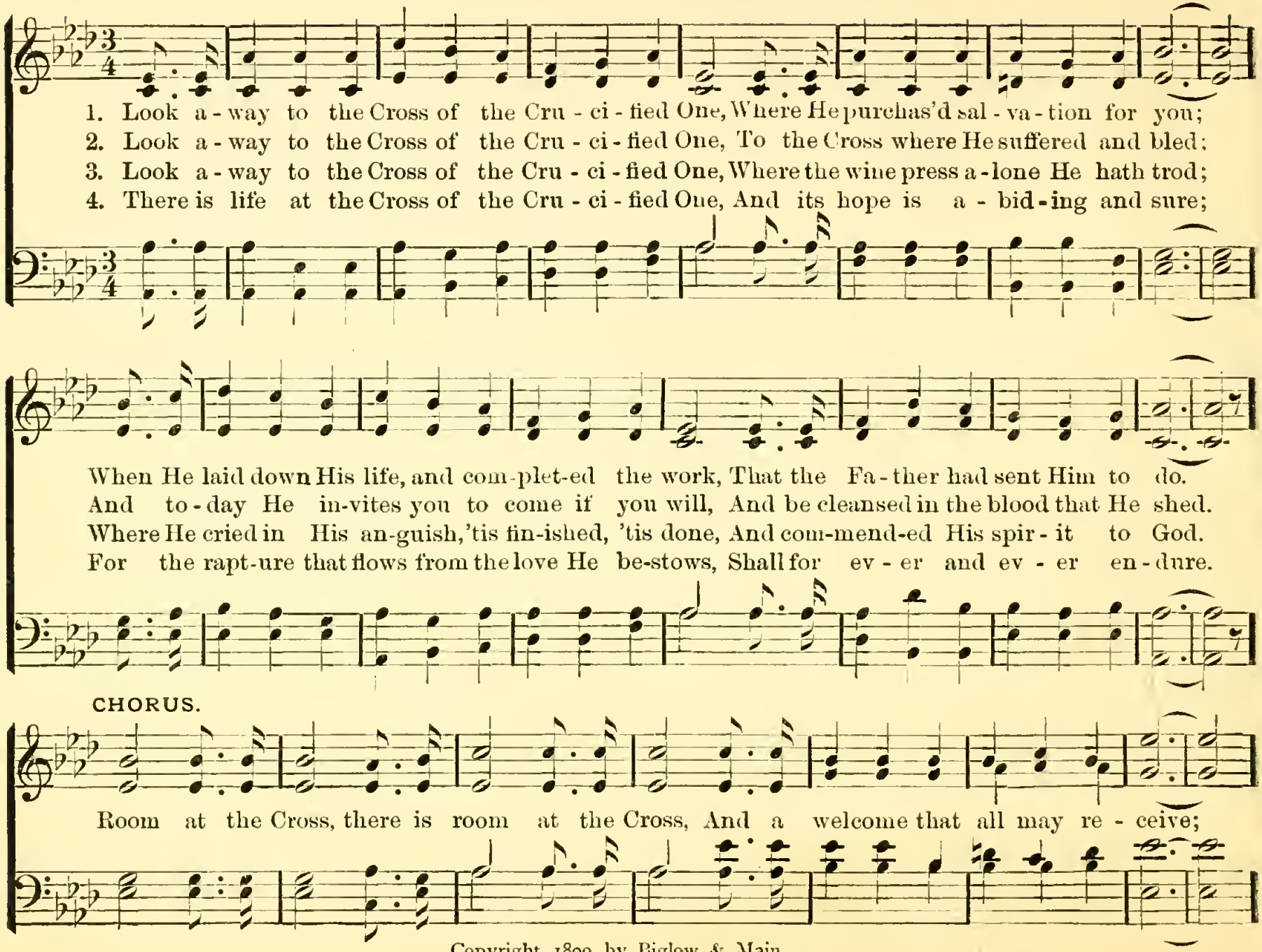
Room at the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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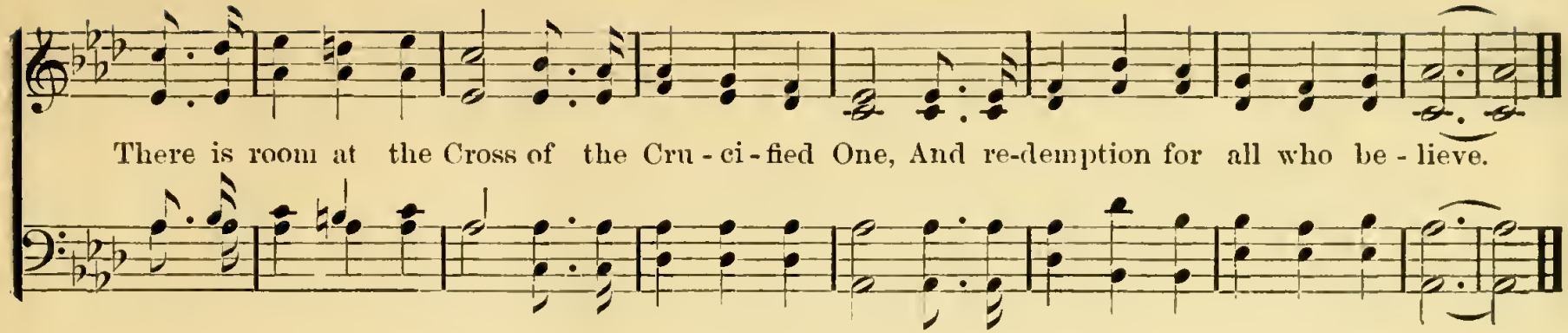
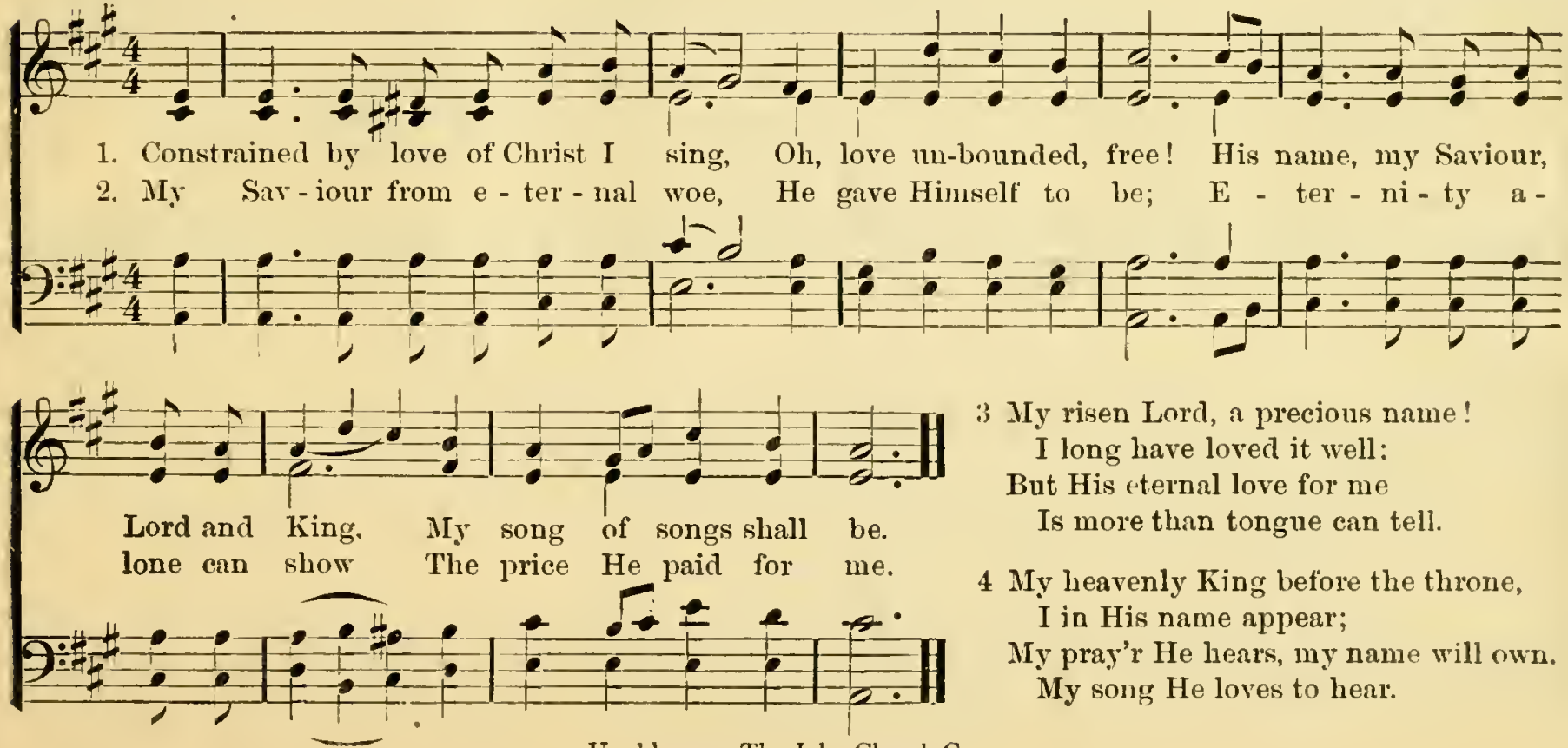


Constrained by Love.

P. P. Bliss. Geo. F. Root.



3 My risen Lord, a precious name!
I long have loved it well:
But His eternal love for me
Is more than tongue can tell.

4 My heavenly King before the throne,
I in His name appear;
My pray'r He hears, my name will own.
My song He loves to hear.

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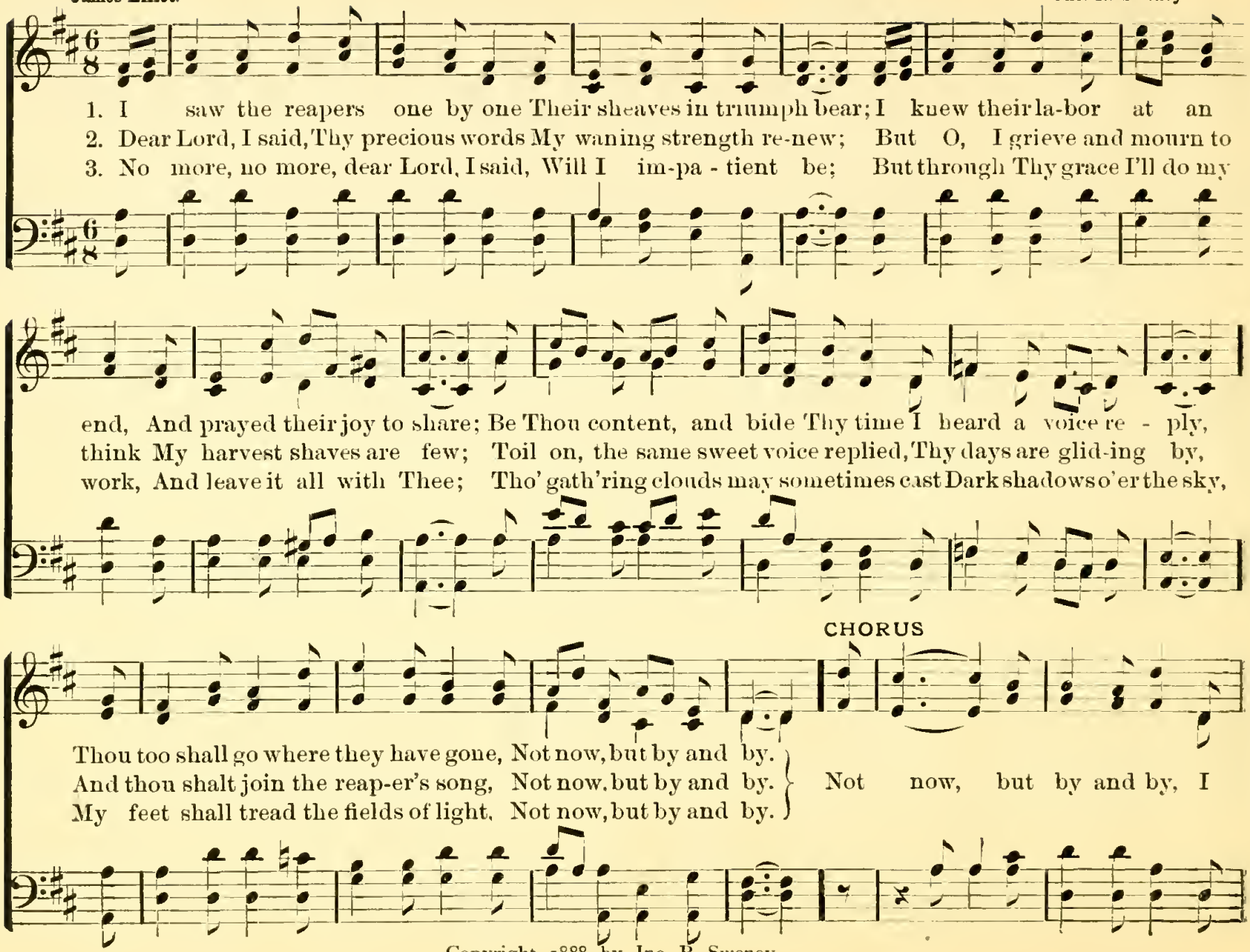
Not Now, but By and By.

James Elliot. Jno. R. Sweney.



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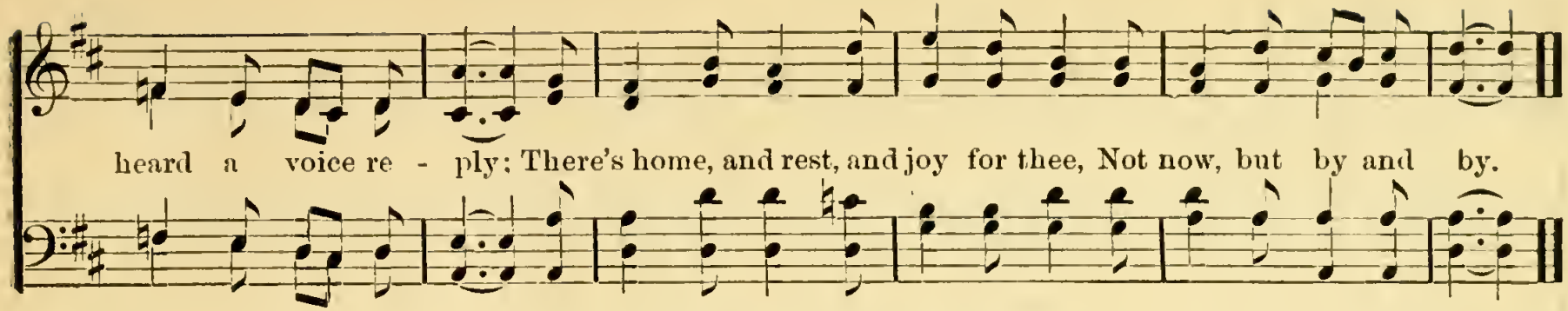
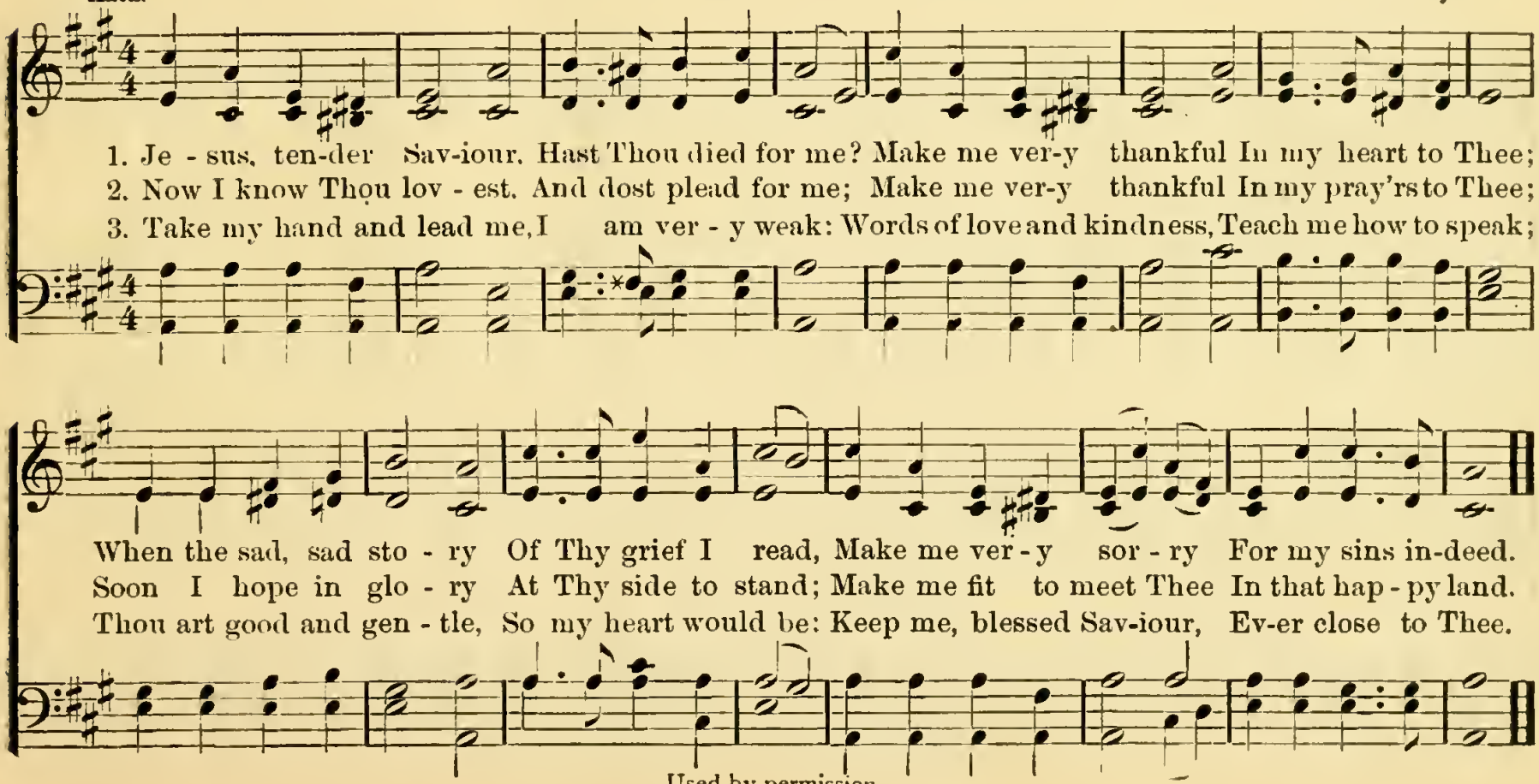


Jesus, Tender Saviour.

Anon. H. N. Whitney.



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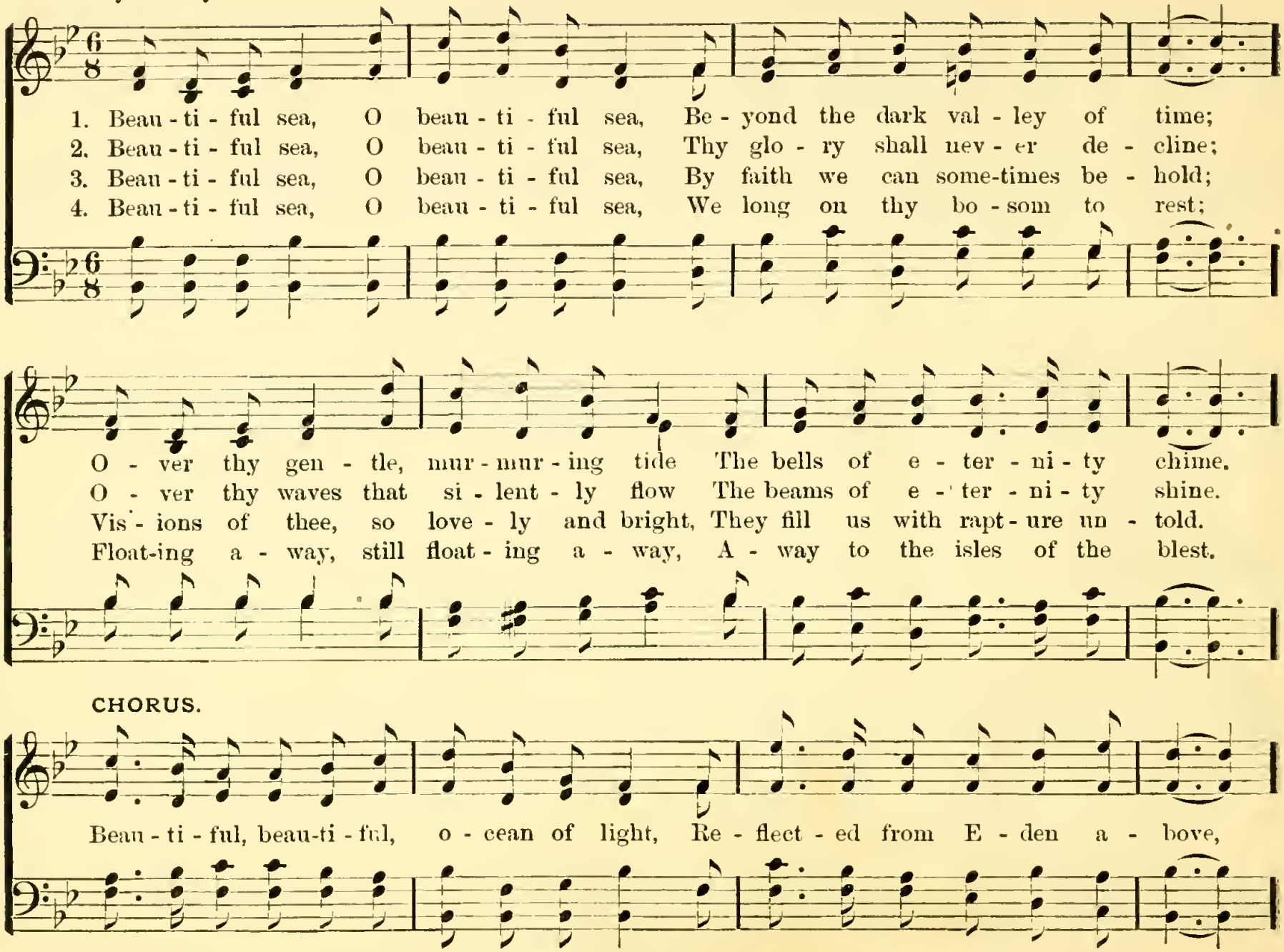
O Beautiful Sea.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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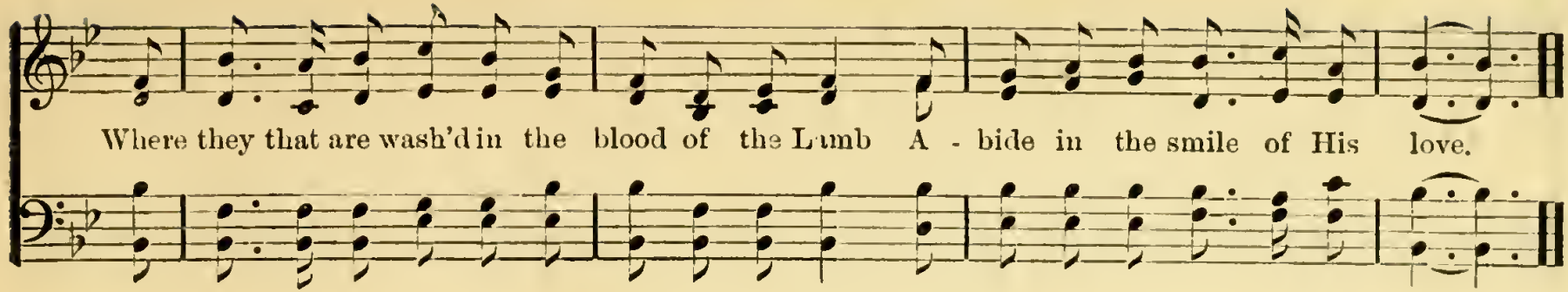
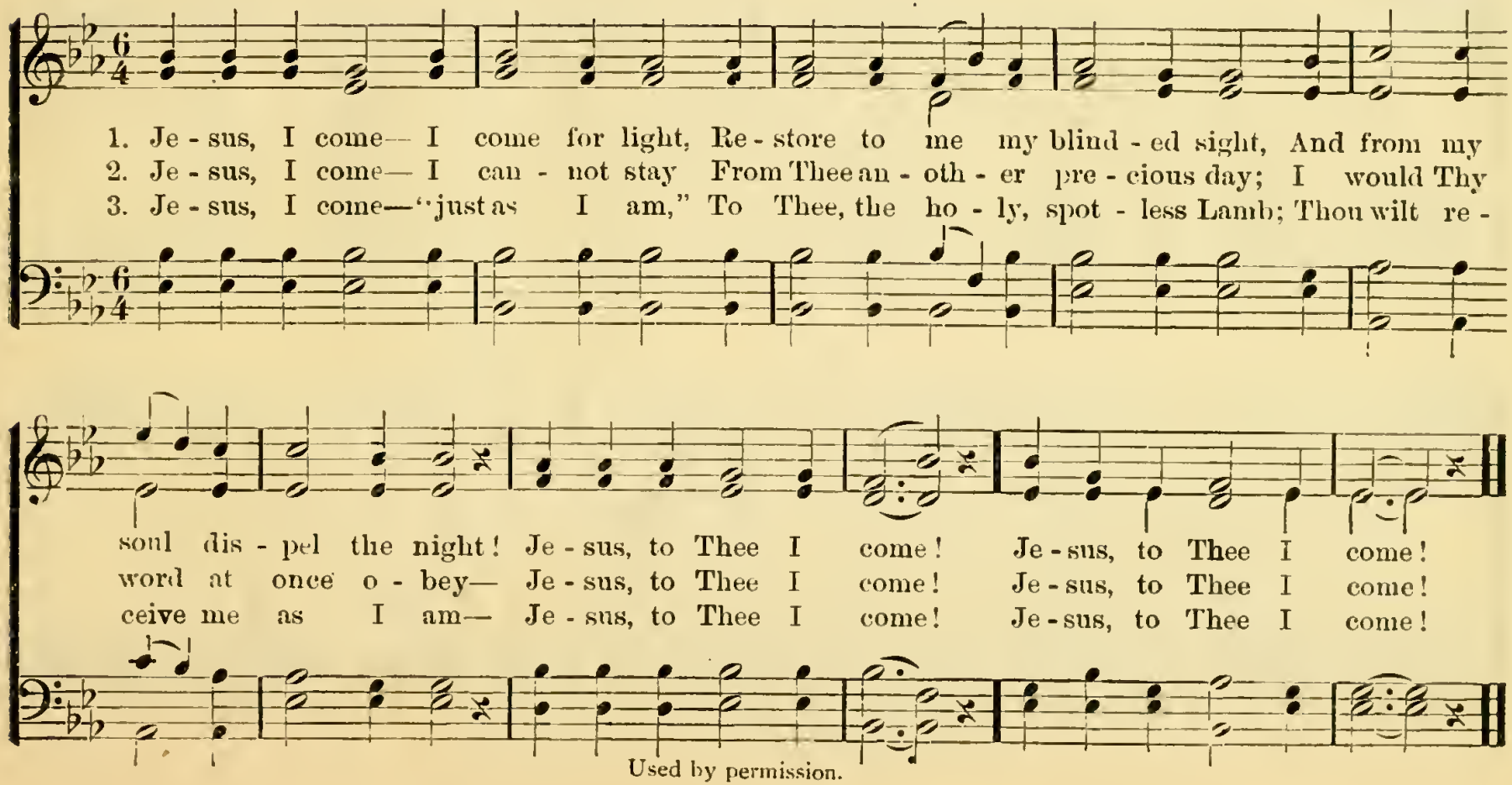
O Beautiful Sea.—Concluded.



To Thee I Come.

Anon. J. E. Gould.



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Lizzie Edwards.

In the Morning.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. We are pil-grims looking home, Sad and wea - ry oft we roam, But we know 'twill all be
2. O these ten - der brok-en ties, How they dim our ach-ing eyes, But like jew - els they will
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far be - yond the nar-row sea, And we hear the Saviour's

well in the morn - ing; When, our an - chor firm - ly cast, Ev - 'ry storm - y wave is past.
shine in the morn - ing; When our vic - tor-palms we bear, And our robes im - mor - tal wear,
voice in the morn - ing, When our gold - en sheaves we bring To the feet of Christ our King,

D. S.—In that sun - ny re - gion bright.

FINE. CHORUS.

And we gath - er safe at last in the morn - ing.
We shall know each oth - er there, in the morn - ing.
What a cho - rus we shall sing in the morn - ing.

} When we all meet a - gain in the

When we hail the bless-ed light of the morn - ing.

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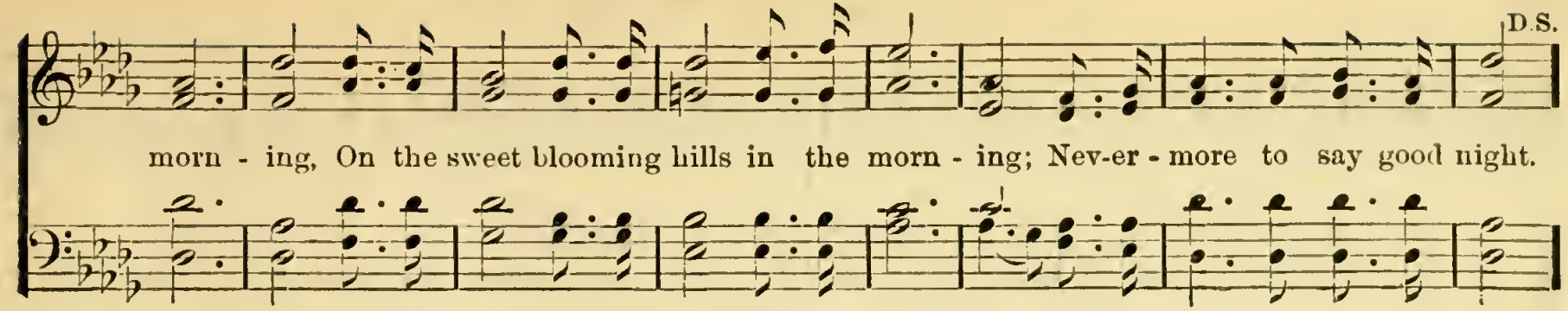
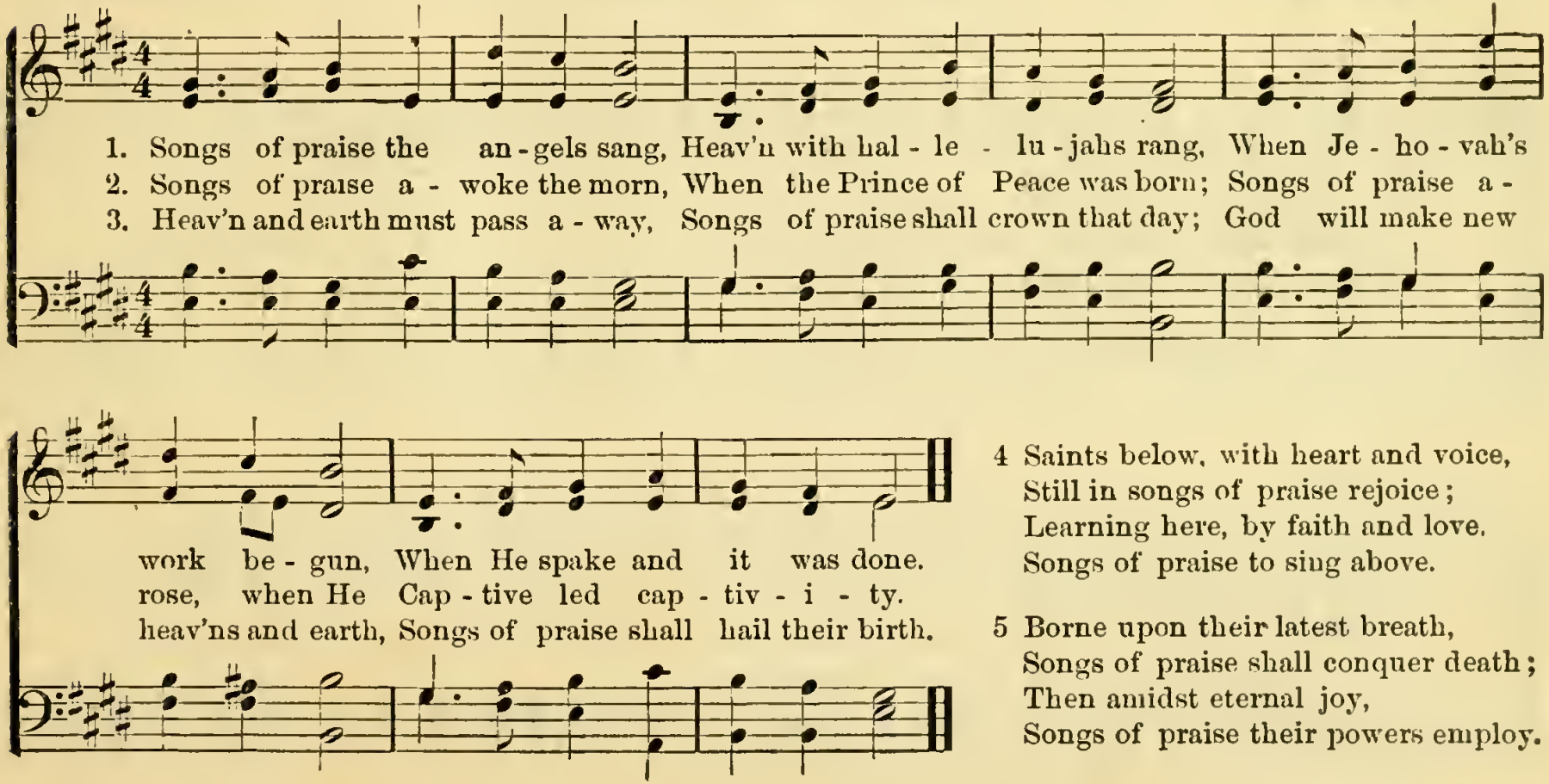


Songs of Praise.

James Montgomery. Thibaut of Navarre.

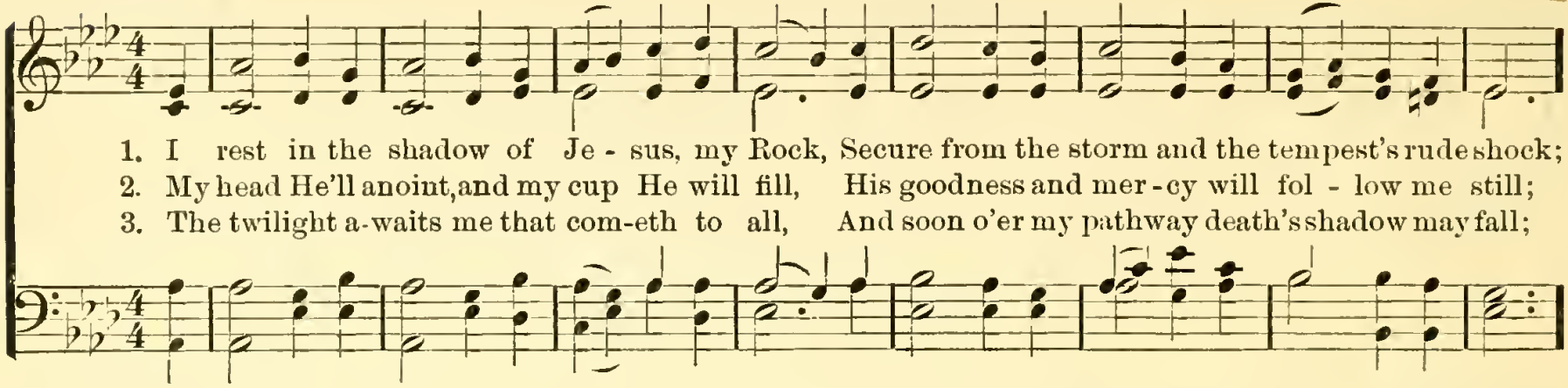


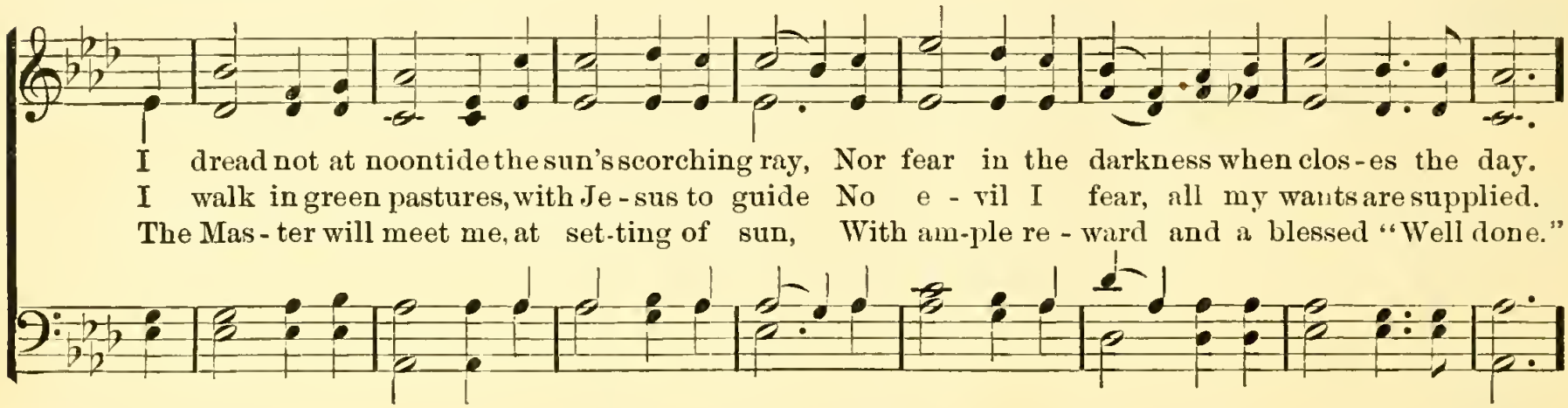
4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Jesus, My Rock.

Wm. Stevenson. Rev. R. Lowry.





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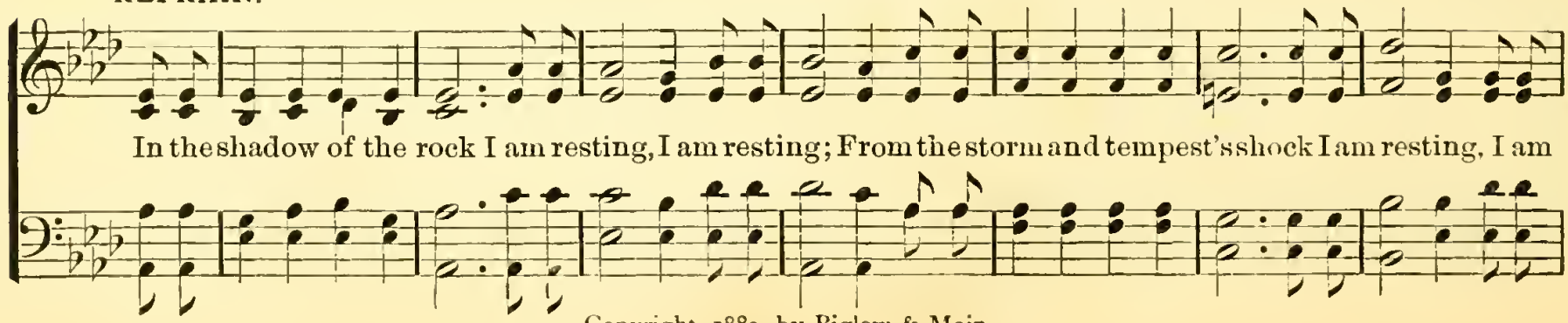

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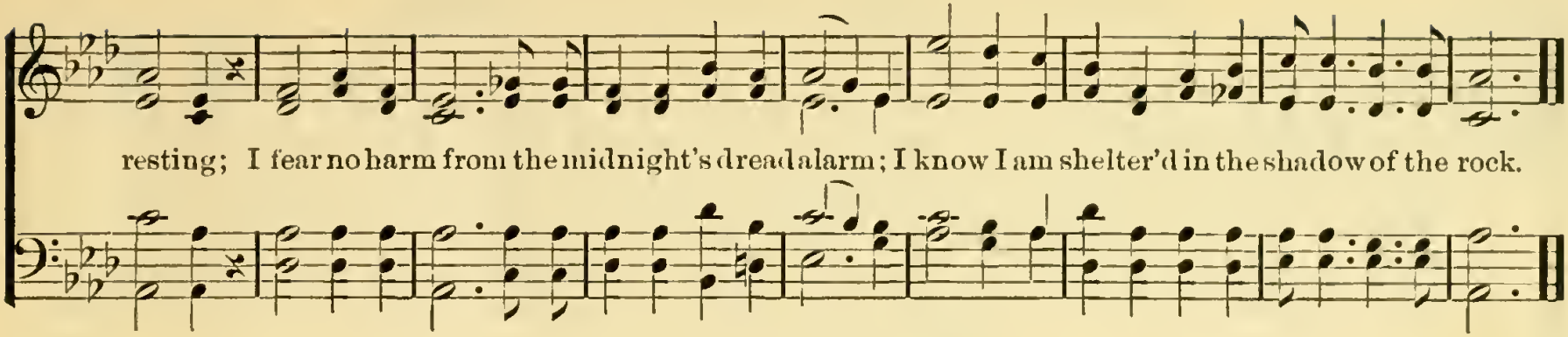
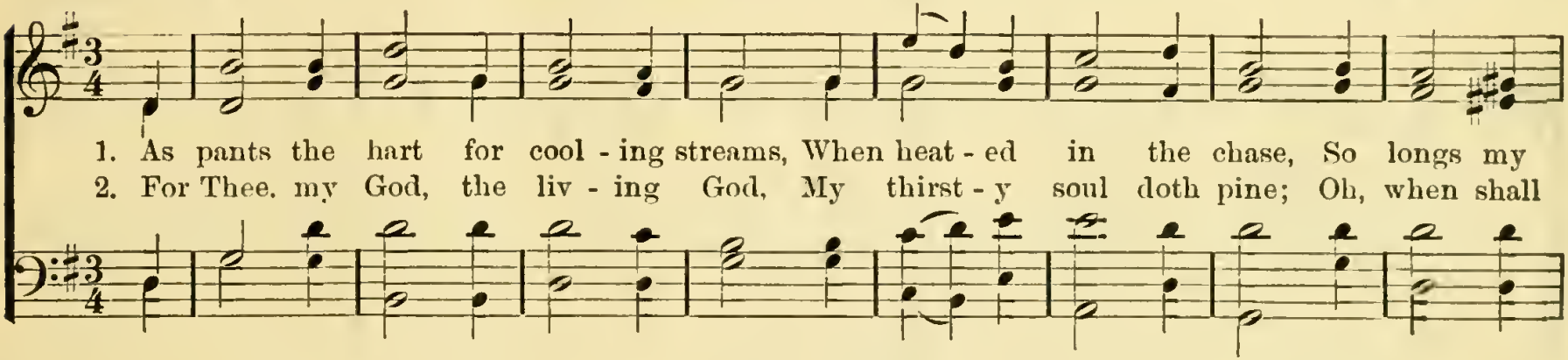
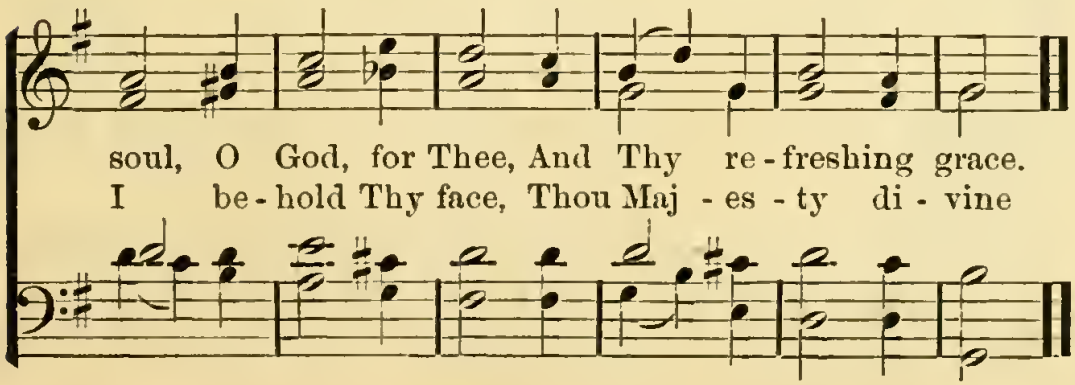


As Pants the Hart.

Tate and Brady. Louis Spohr.



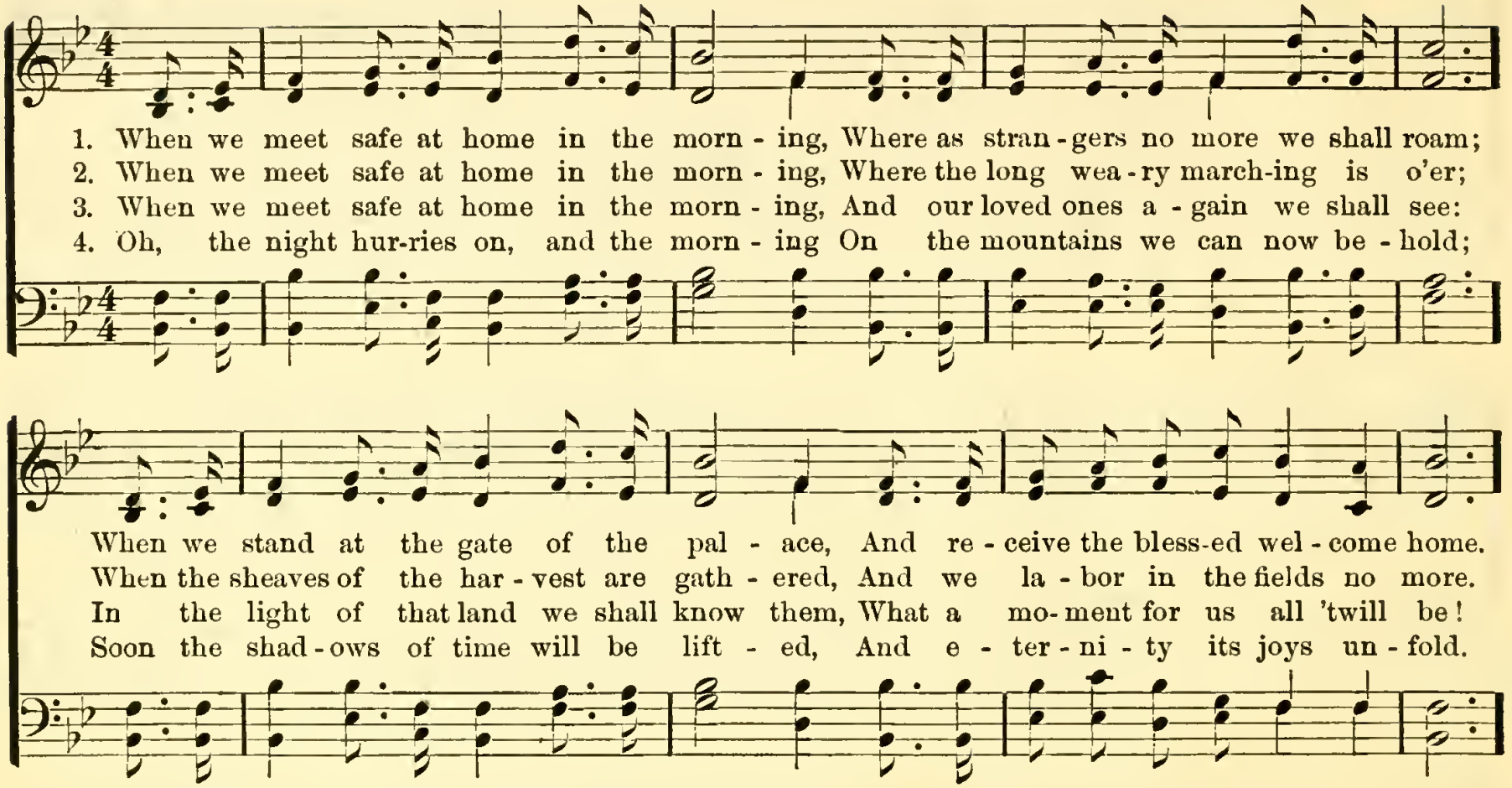


3 God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten, mourn?—
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' scorn?

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

100 When we Meet Safe at Home.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.



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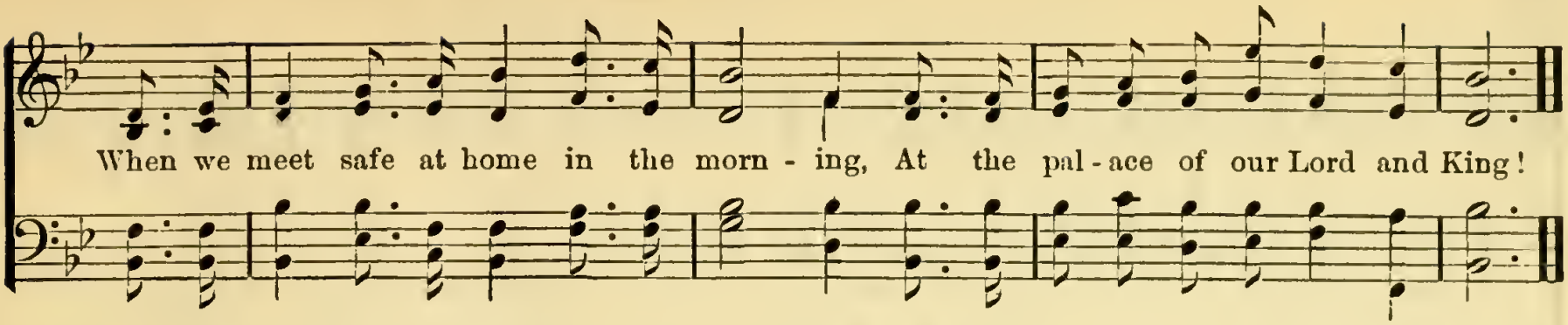
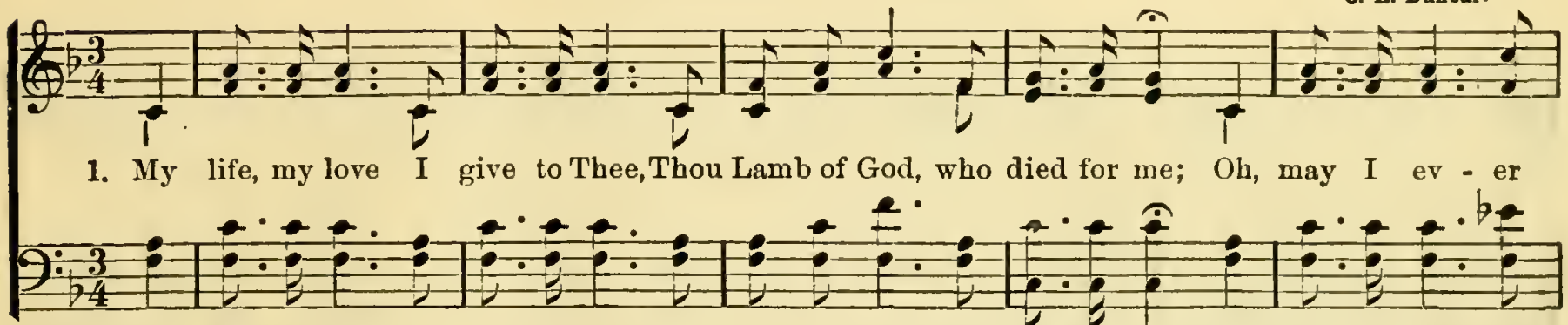
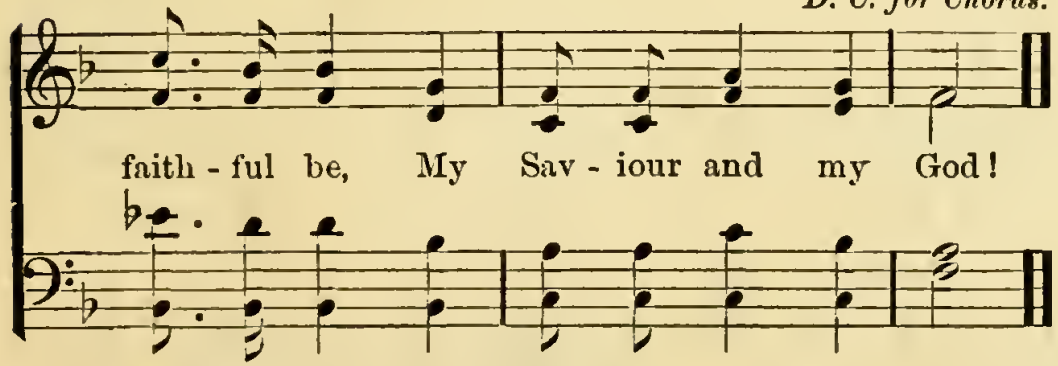


I'll Live for Thee.

C. R. Dunbar.



D. C. for Chorus.



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2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

3 Oh, Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

Blessed be the Fountain.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Bless - ed be the Fountain of life to - day! Flowing free, flow-ing free;
2. Many have been cleansed in that Fountain for sin, Flowing free,
3. Ling - er not a - way from this Fountain pure, Flowing free, Flow-ing free, flow-ing free (so free);

There the soul may wash all its guilt a - way, In that Fount-ain of life, flow-ing free!
Ma - ny yet, will come, and will wash there - in, Blessed Fount-ain of life, flow-ing free!
For the guilt - y soul 'tis a wond'rous cure, Blessed Fount-ain of life, flow-ing free!

CHORUS.

Oh!..... the bless - ed Fount - ain of life! free - ly flow - ing,
Oh! the bless - ed Fount, the bless - ed Fount,

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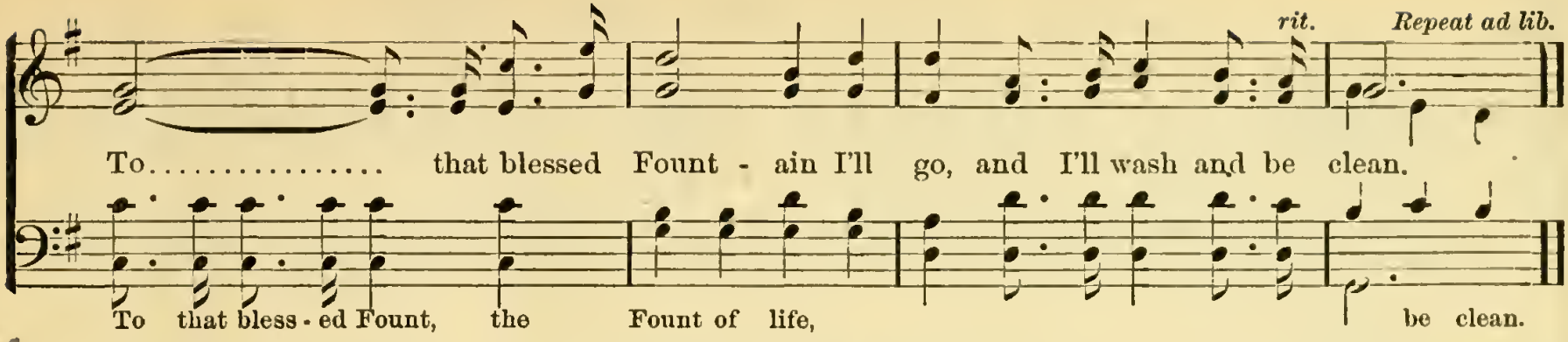
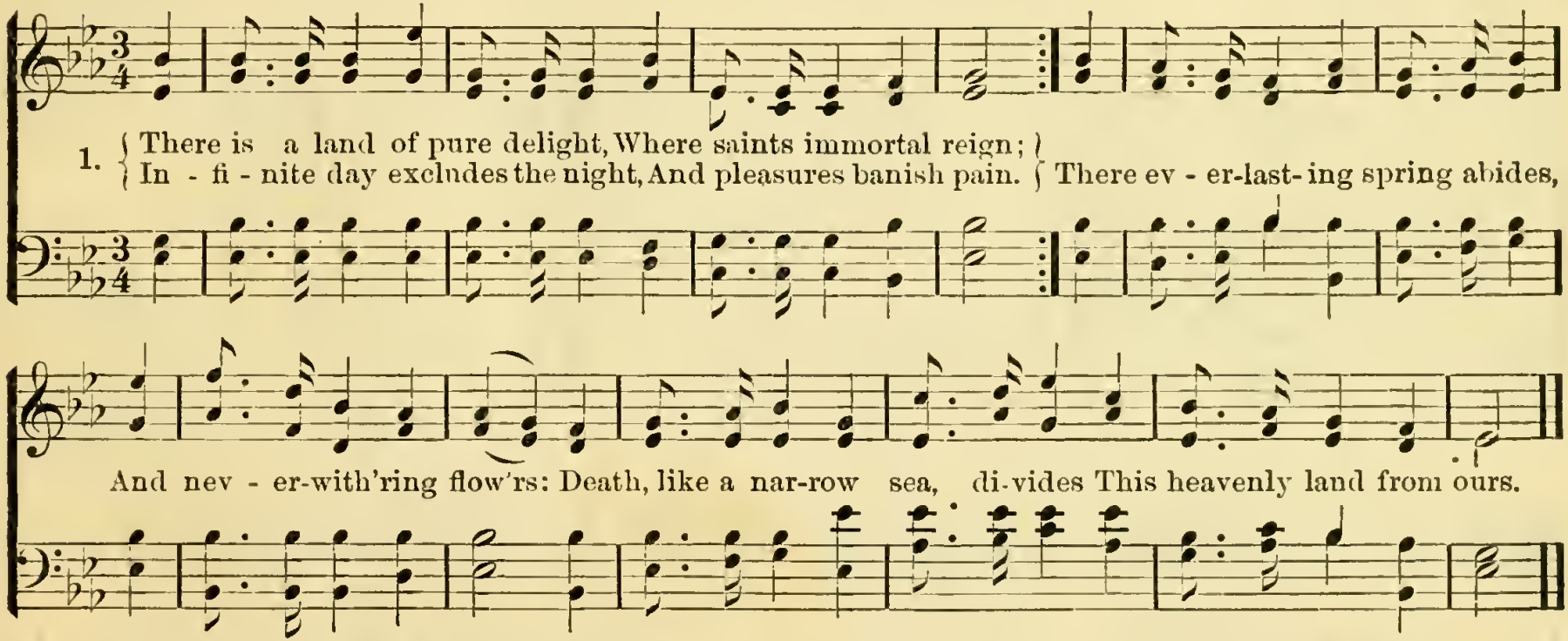


There is a Land.

Isaac Watts. Geo. F. Root.

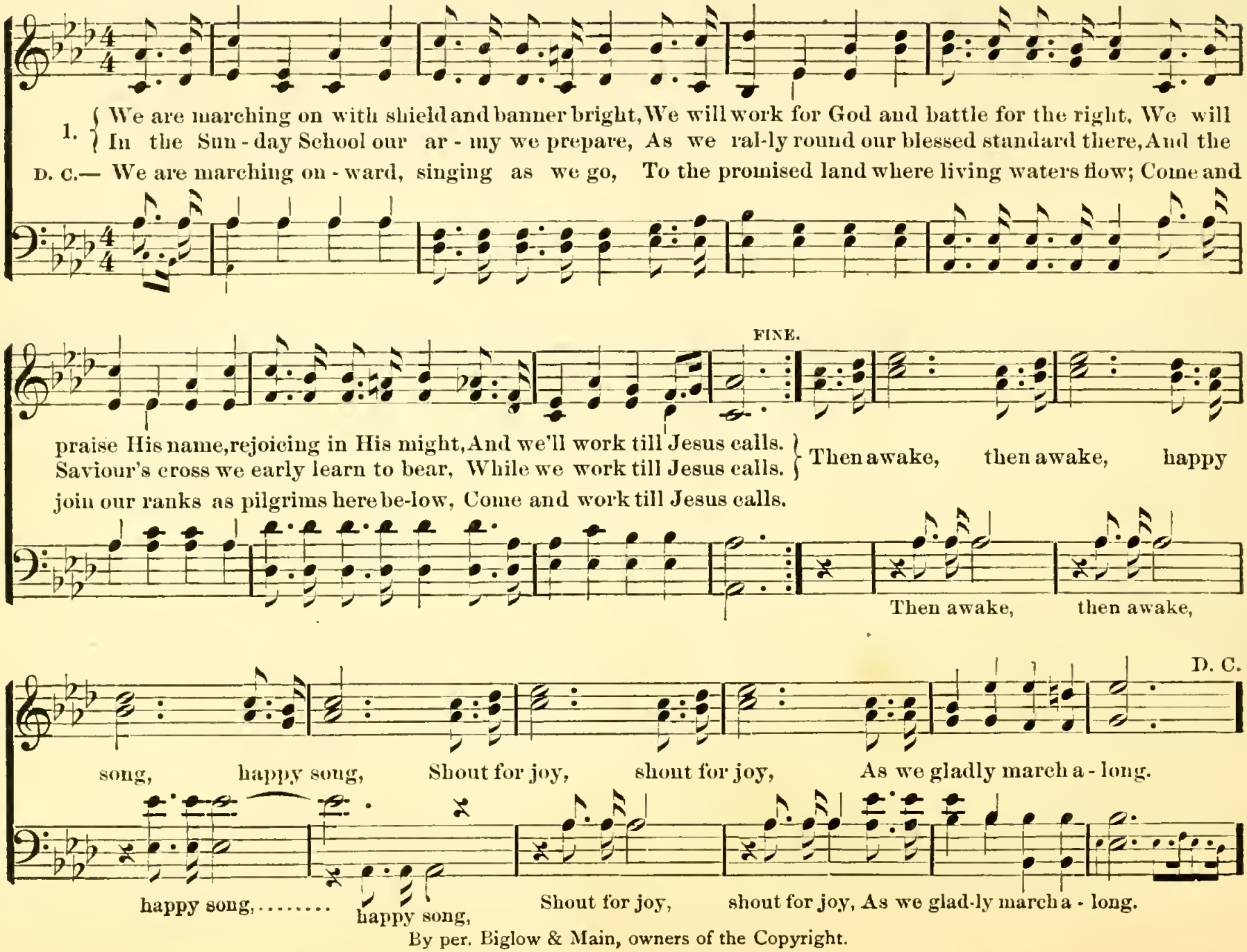


2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Sunday School Volunteer Song.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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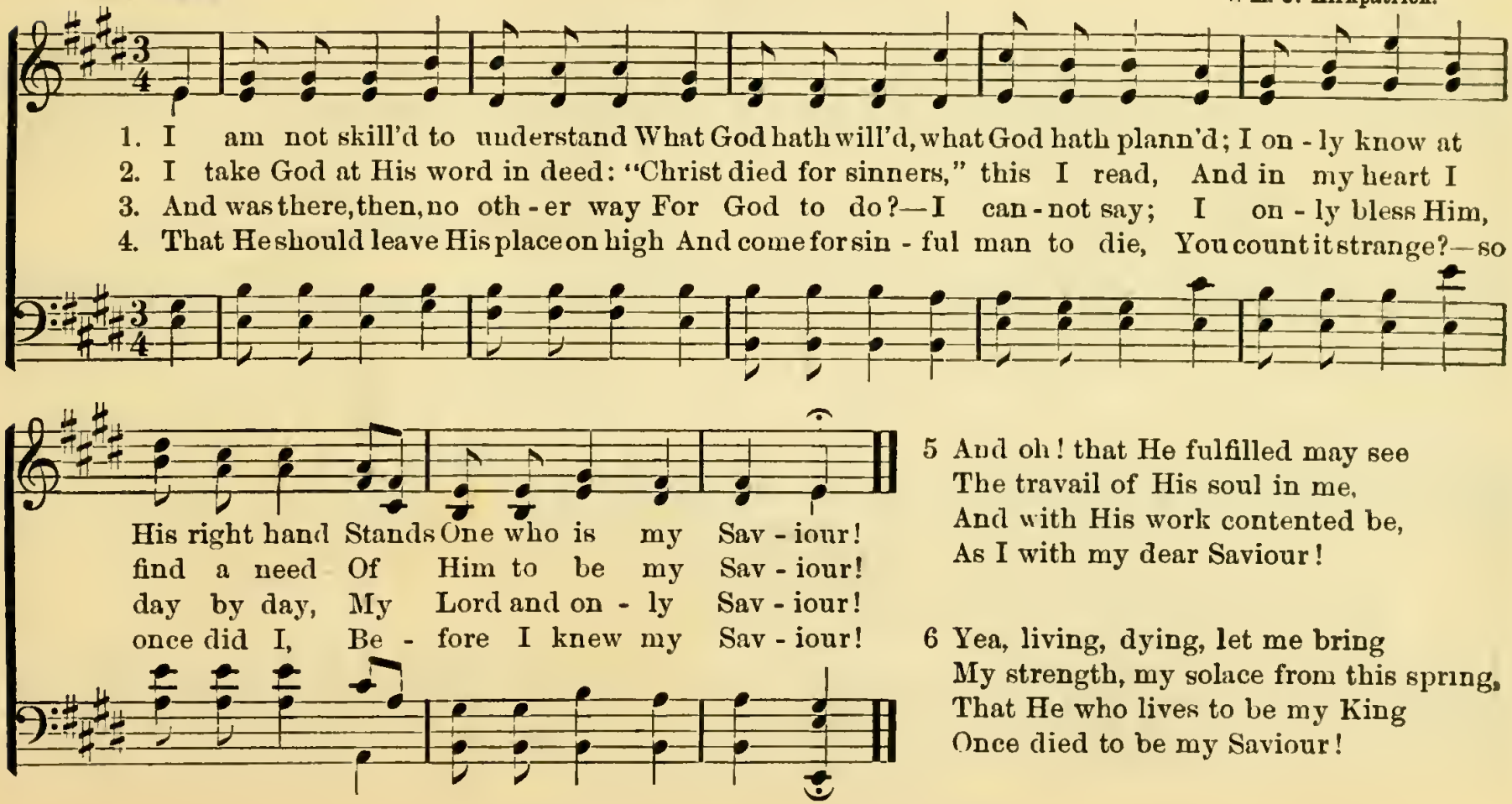
2 We are marching on, our Captain, ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear:
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy. happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.—*Cho.*

3 We are marching on the straight and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.—*Cho.*

My Saviour.

Dora Greenwell. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



5 And oh! that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

6 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour!

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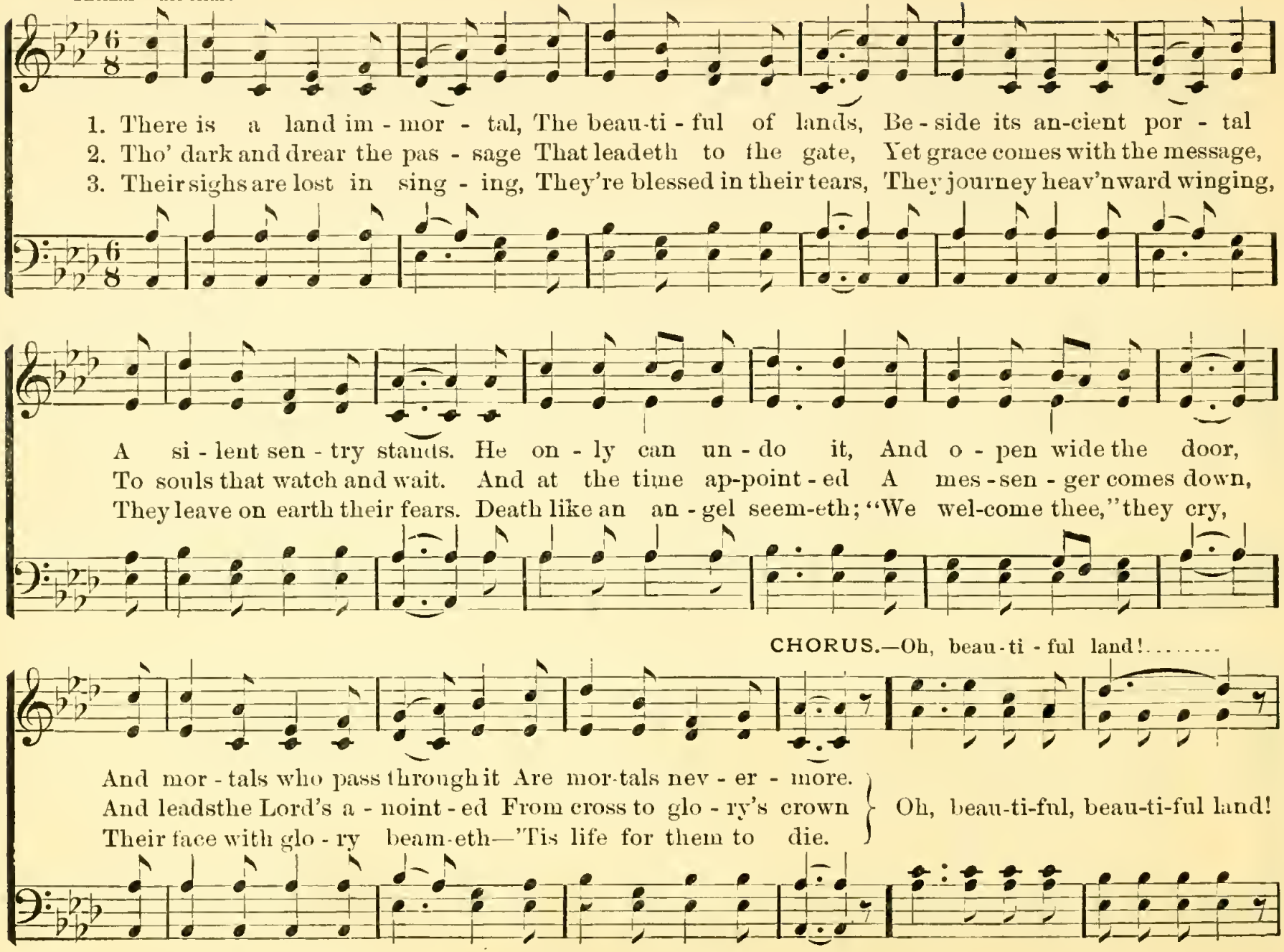
There is a Land Immortal.

Thomas Mackellar. Geo. F. Root.



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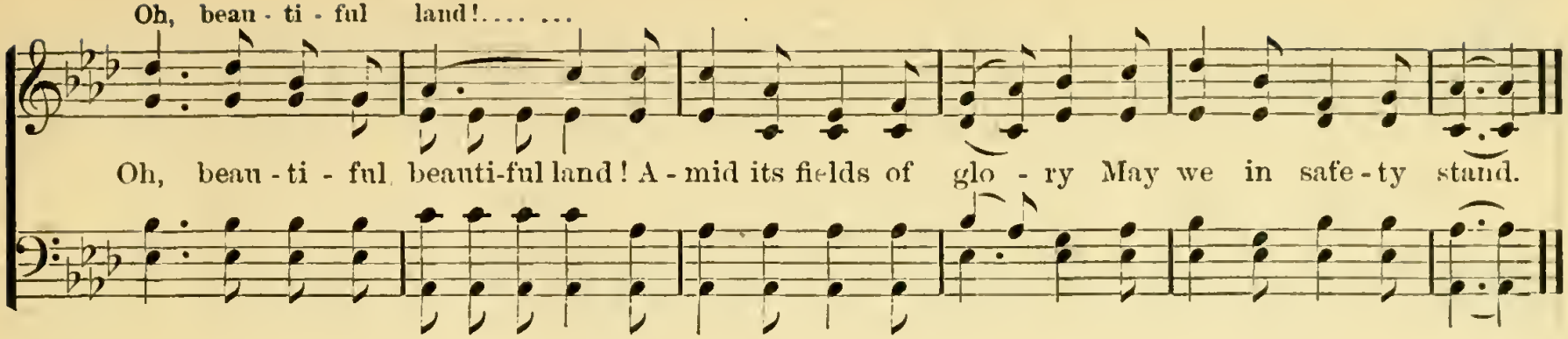
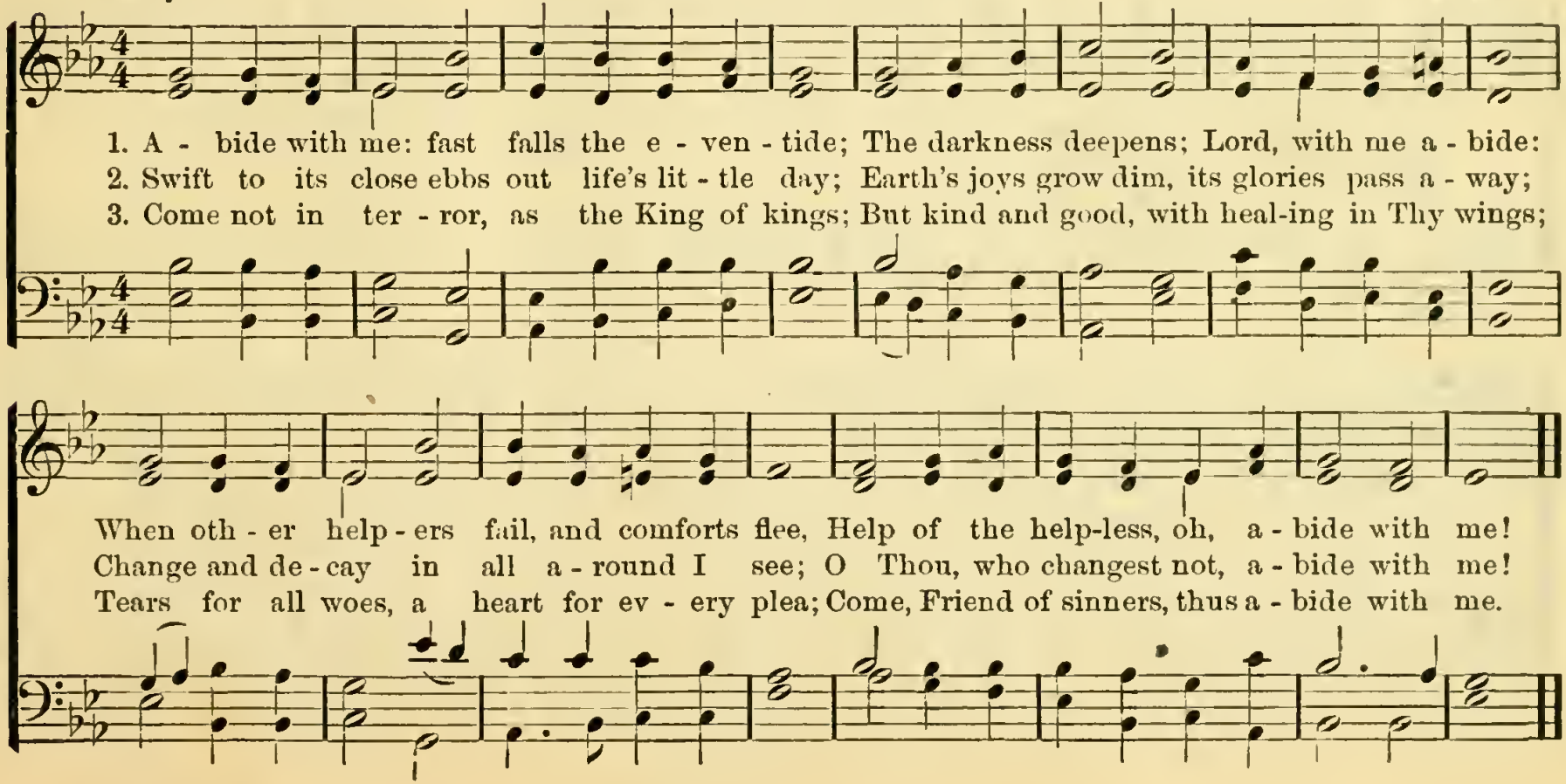


Abide with Me!

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

Mrs. E. R. Charles, arr. Ira D. Sankey

1. Is thy cruse of com - fort fail - ing? Rise and share it with a friend, And thro'
2. For the heart grows rich in giv - ing; All its wealth is liv - ing grain; Seeds, which
3. Lost and wea - ry on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep a - midst the snow? Chafe that

all the years of fam - ine It shall serve Thee to the end. Love di - vine will fill thy
mil-dew in the gar - ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain. Is thy bur - den hard and
froz-en form be - side thee, And to - geth - er both shall glow. Art thou wounded in life's

store-house, Or thy hand-ful still re - new, Scan - ty fare for one will oft - en Make a
heav - y? Do thy steps drag wea - ri - ly? Help to lift thy brother's bur-den, God will
bat - tle? Ma - ny strick-en round thee moan; Give to them thy precious ointment. And that

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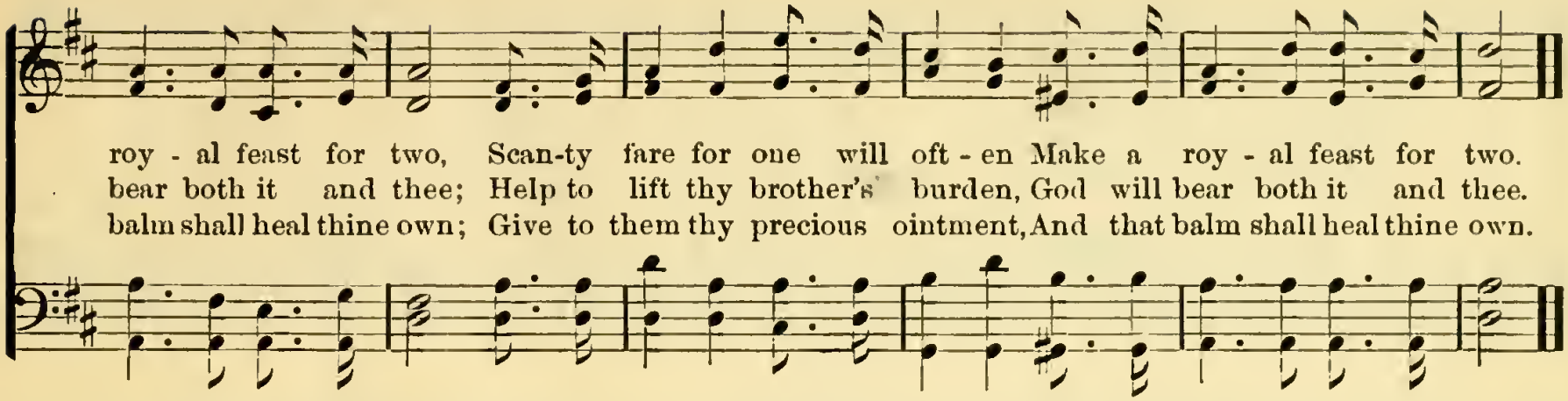
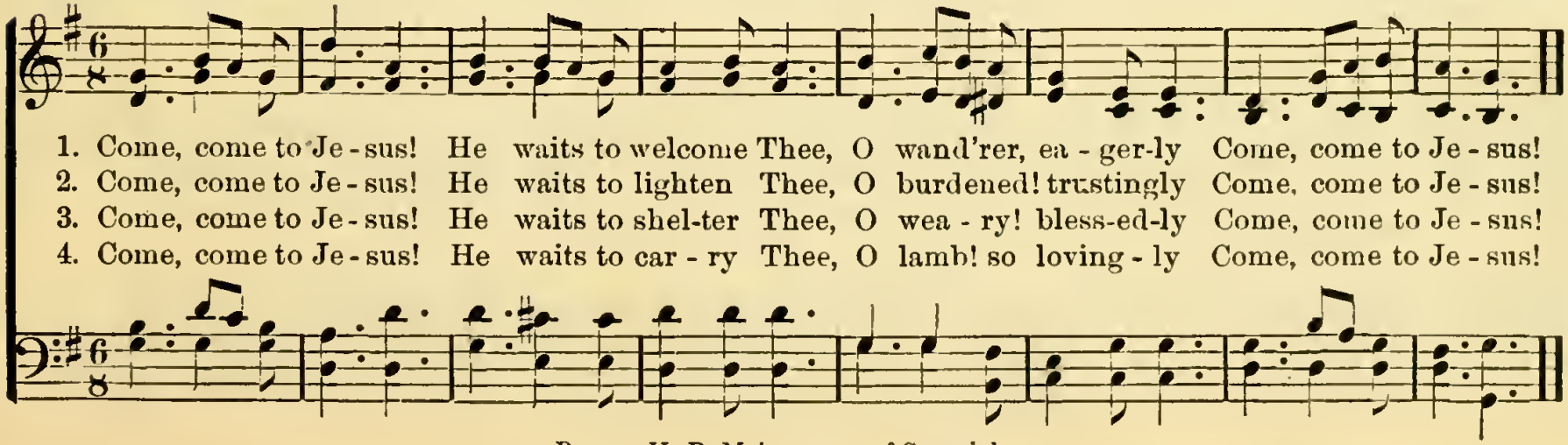


4 Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is thy heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
‖: It can only live by loving,
And by serving love will grow. :‖

Come, Come to Jesus!

Rev. Geo. B. Peck. Hubert P. Main.



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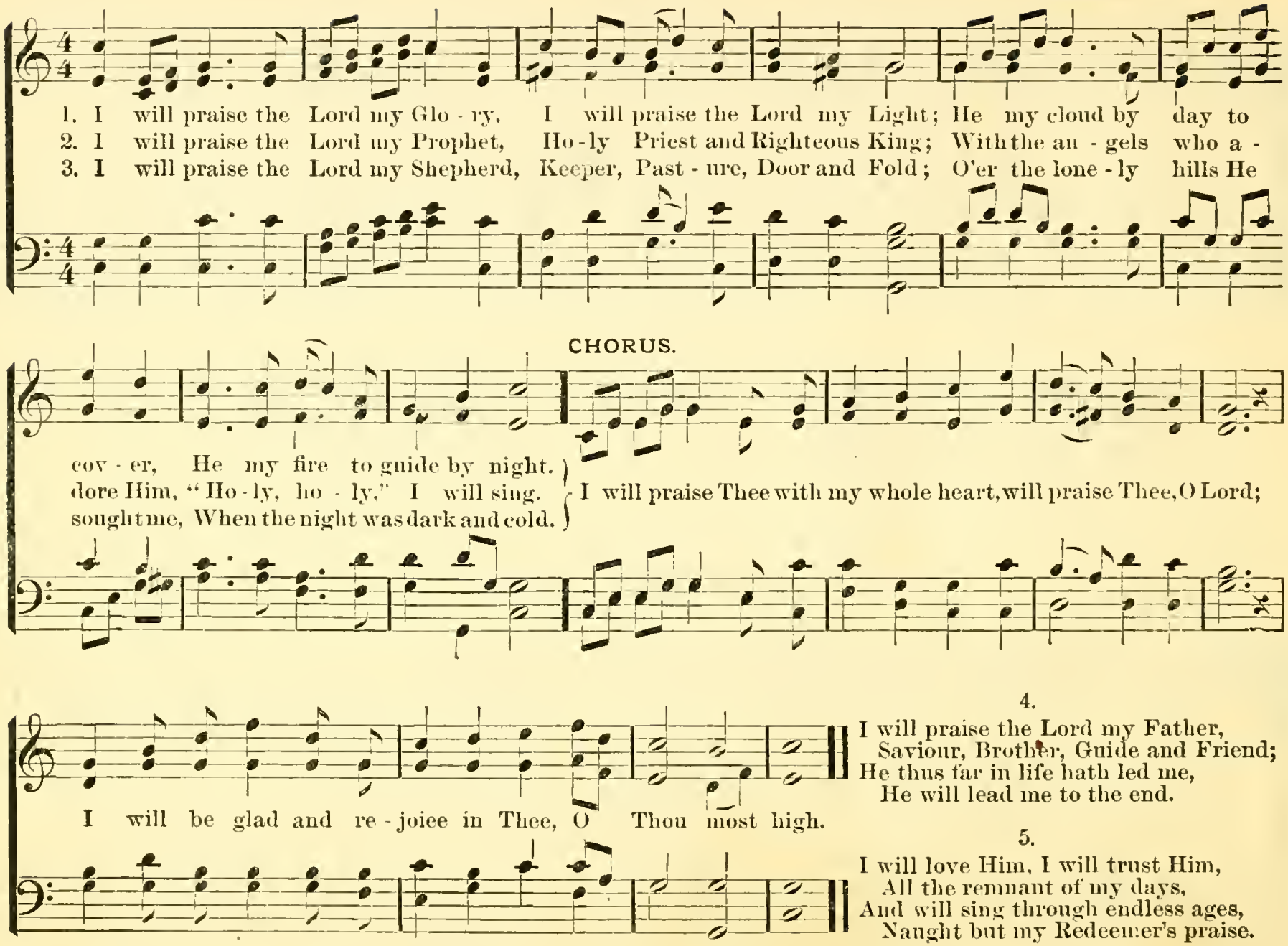
I will Praise Thee.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.



4.

I will praise the Lord my Father,
Saviour, Brother, Guide and Friend;
He thus far in life hath led me,
He will lead me to the end.

5.

I will love Him, I will trust Him,
All the remnant of my days,
And will sing through endless ages,
Naught but my Redeemer's praise.

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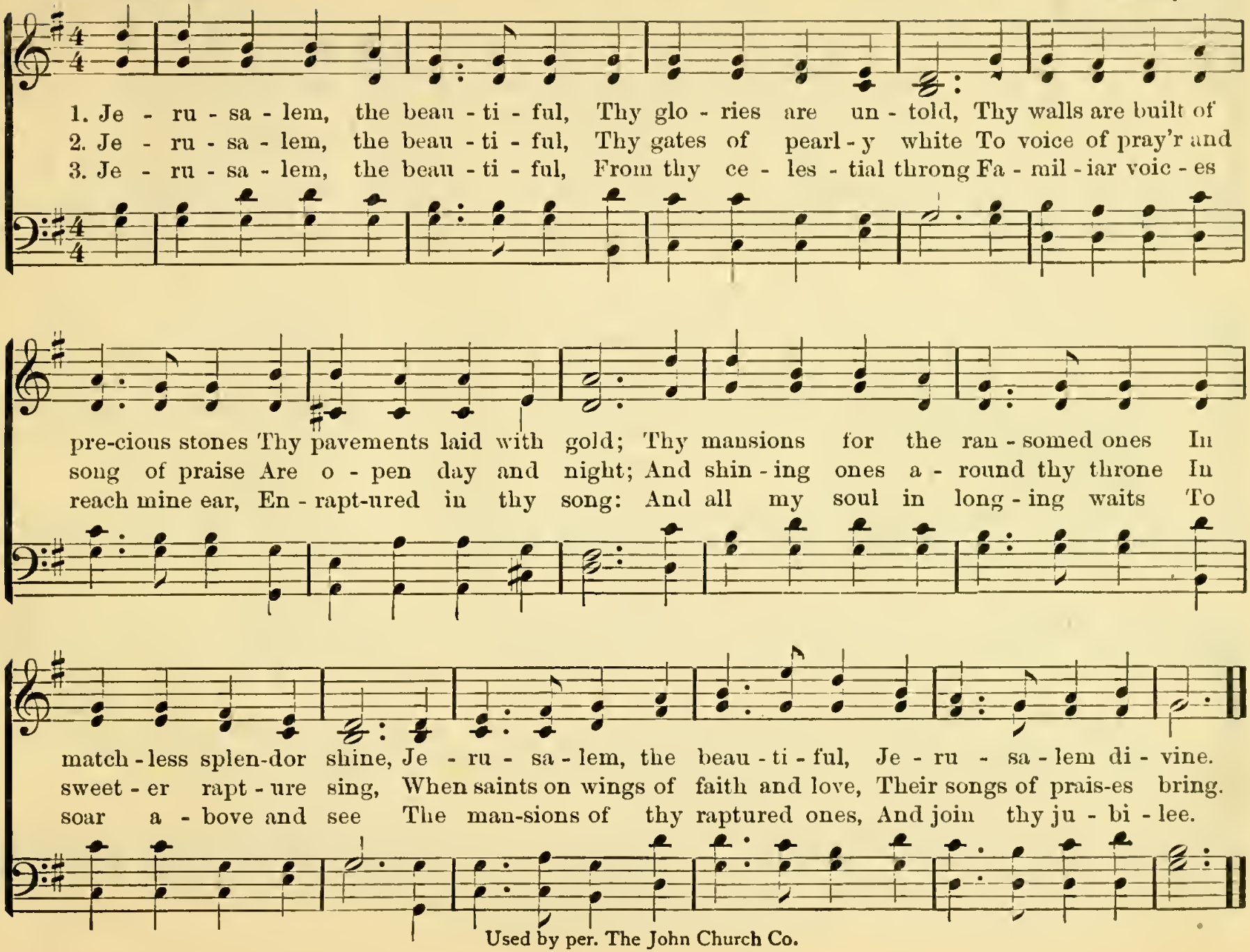
Jerusalem, the Beautiful.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. J. R. Murray.



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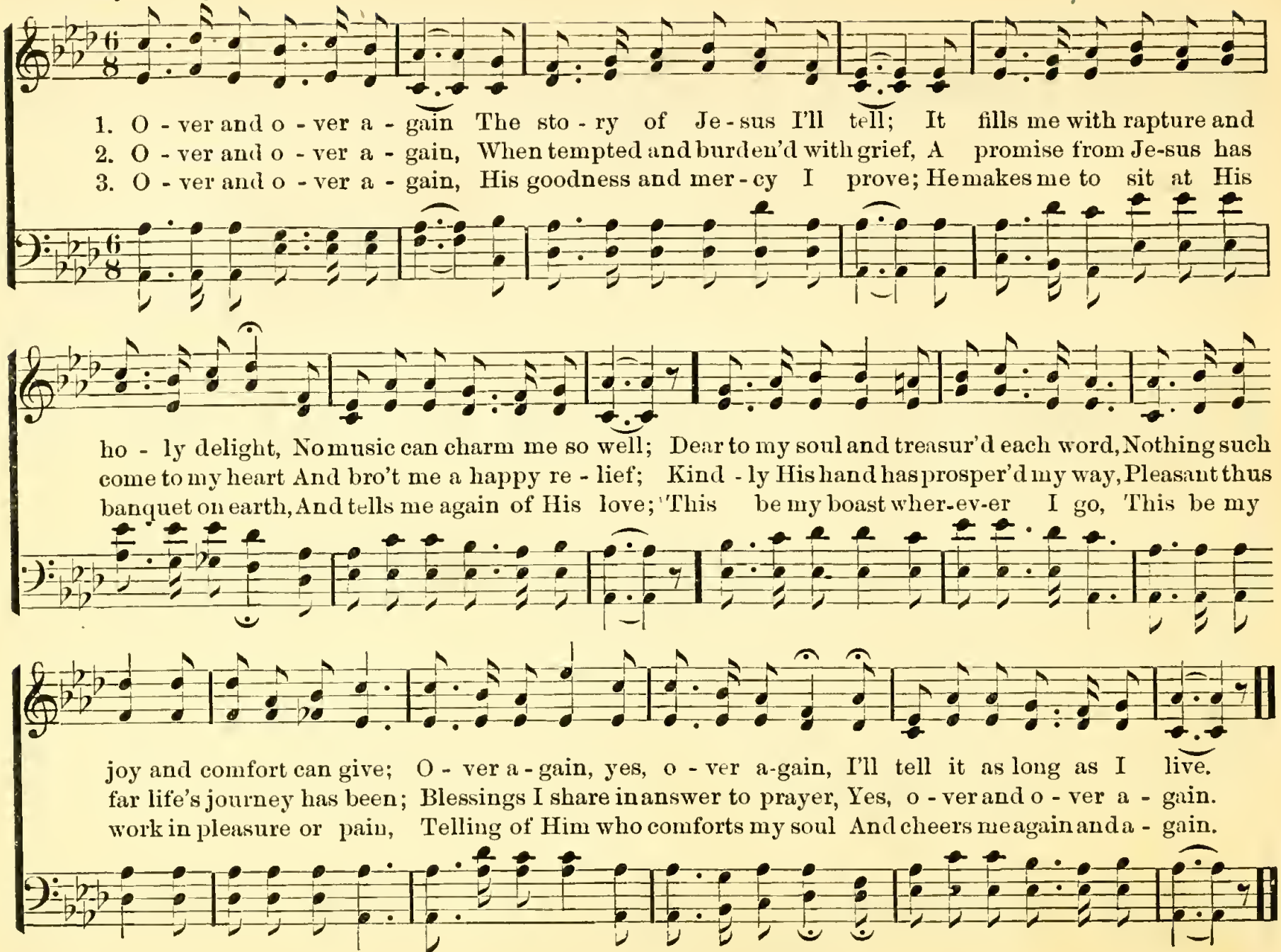
Over and Over Again.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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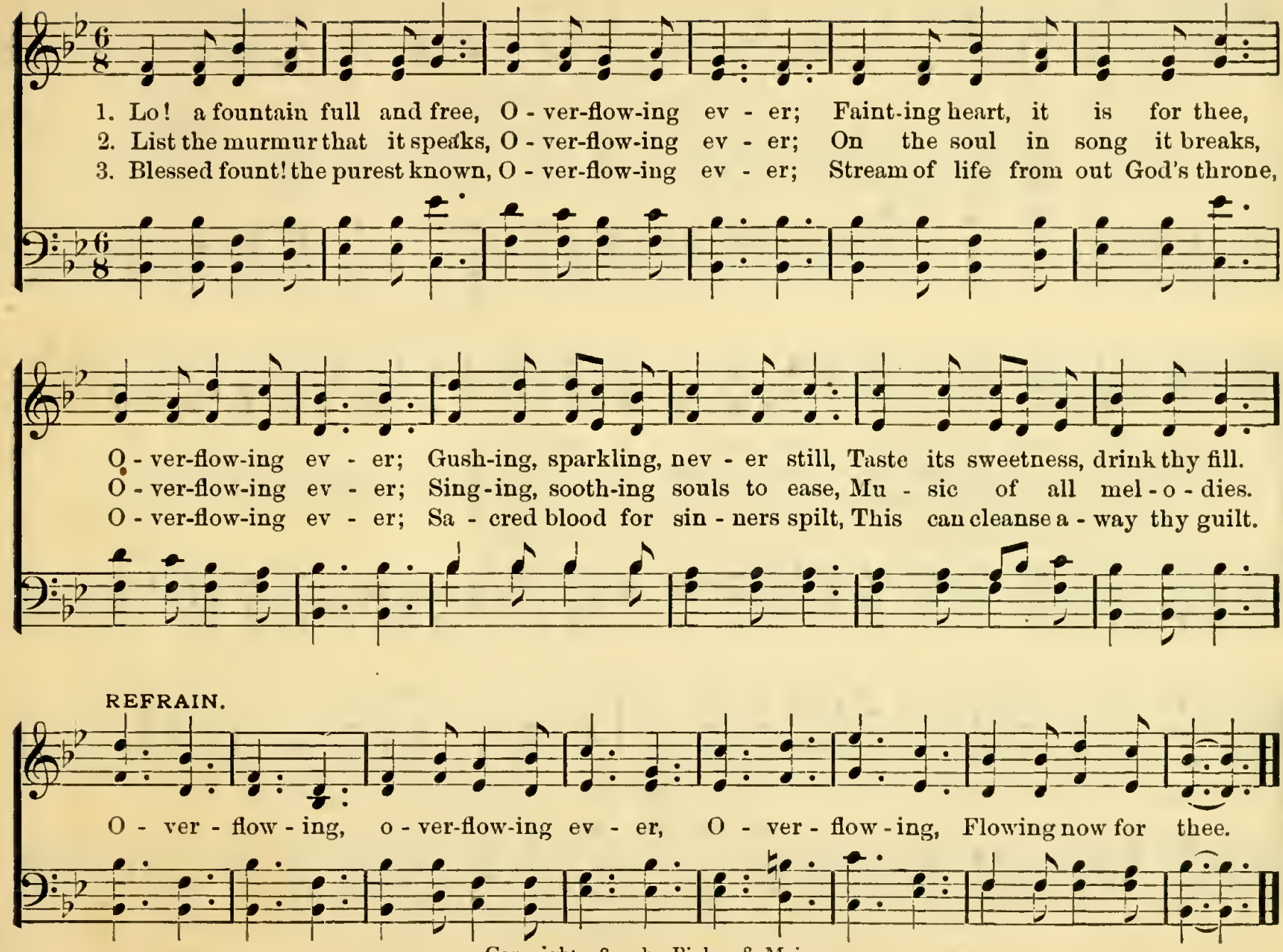
Overflowing Ever.

E. F. C. Husted. Rev. R. Lowry.



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As Flies the Bird.

Geo. F. Root.

1. As flies the bird on ea - ger wing, To mountains far a - way, So takes my
2. I see the mount where Je - sus taught! The mount of glo - ry, too! And there—most
3. I see the mount from which the law By Mo - ses' hand was given: I see the
4. I see the mount where-on the wall Of Zi - on's cit - y stands— The gold - en

CHORUS.

soul its up-ward flight, In lov - ing tho'ts to - day.
pre - cious of them all— Comes Cal-v'ry in - to view.
mount from which the Lord As - cend - ed in - to heaven.
streets and man-sions fair, Not made with hu - man hands.

} The mountains, the mountains, So high, so sweet, so pure, Where far a - bove the taint of earth, The ransomed dwell se - cure.

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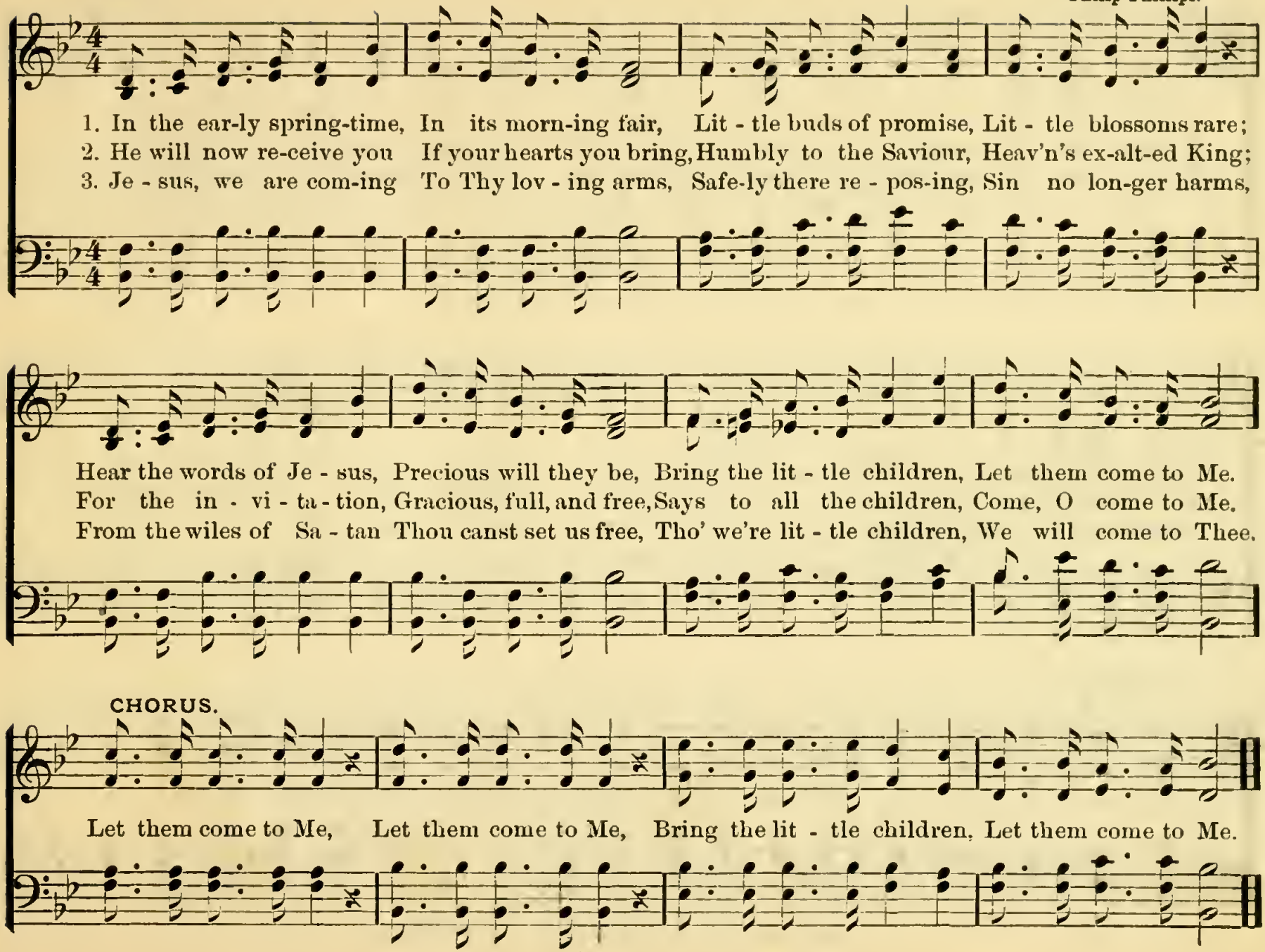
Let the Children Come.

Dr. Helmer. Philip Phillips.



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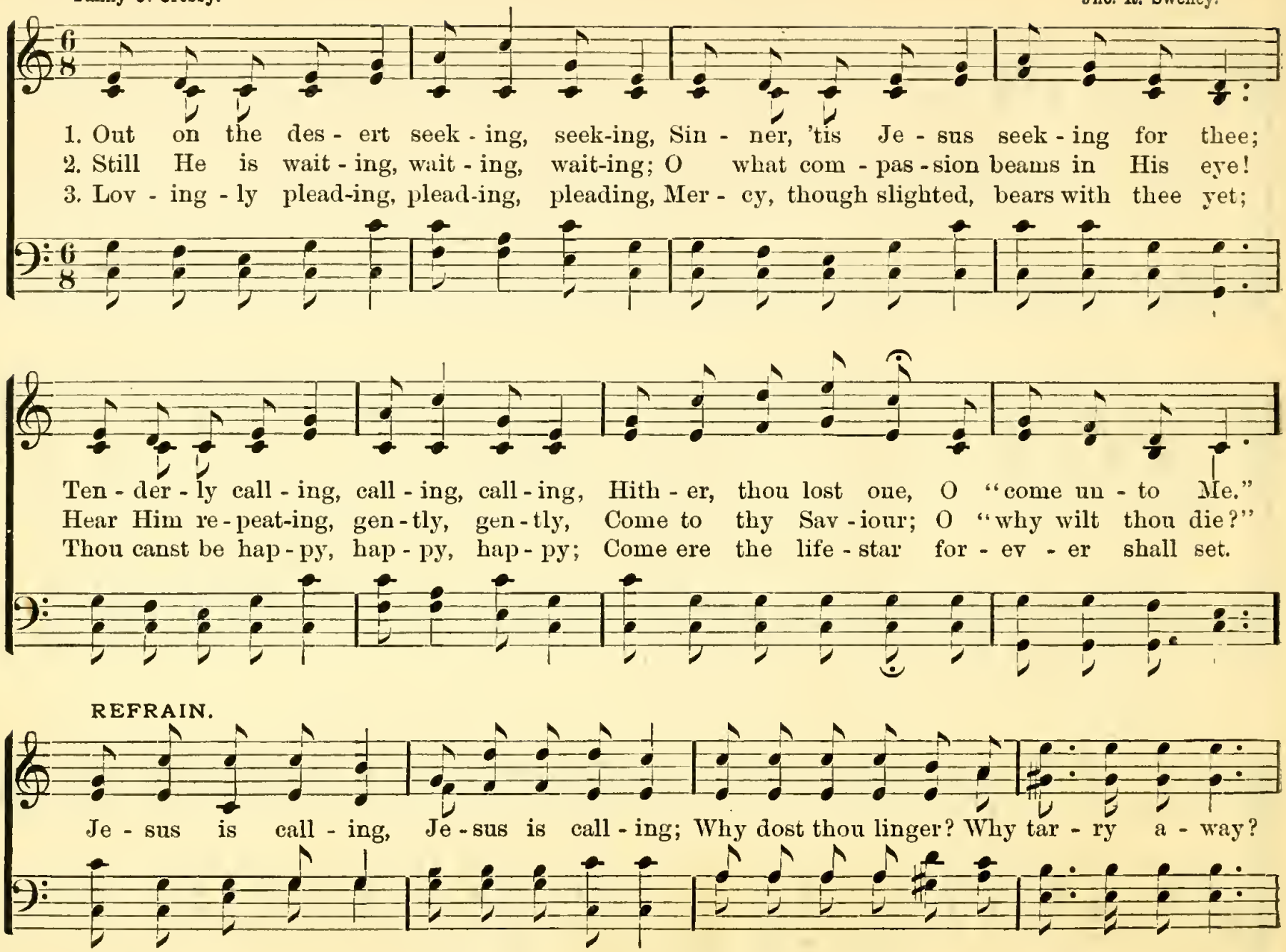
Coming To-Day.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.



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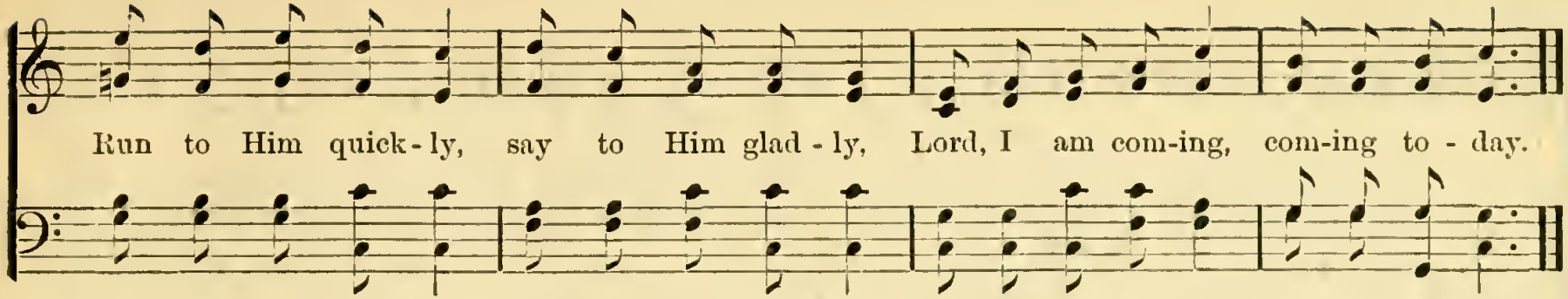
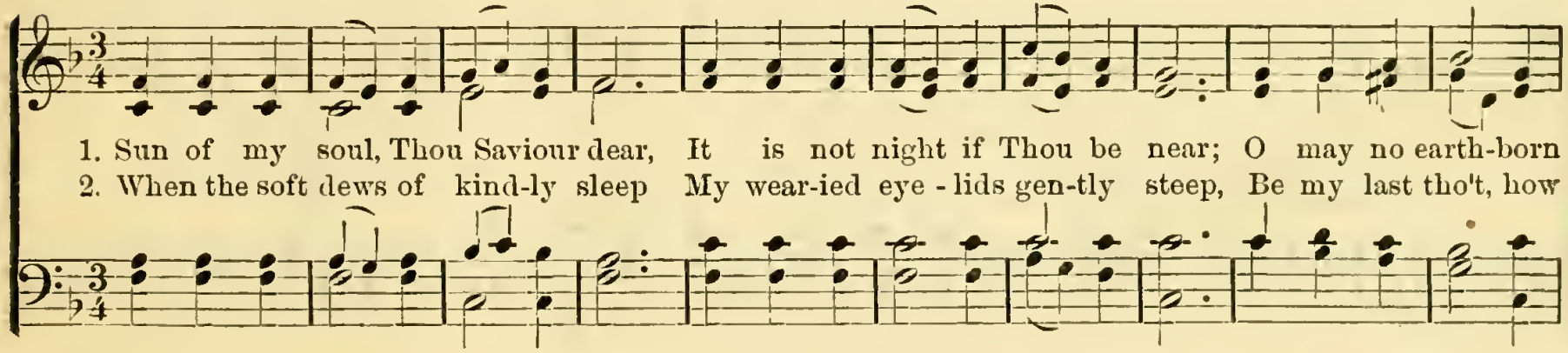
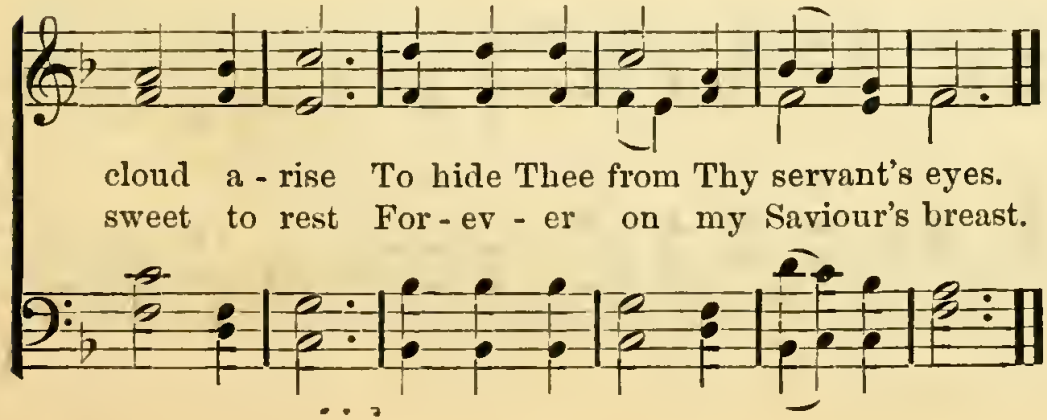


Sun of my Soul.

Rev. John Keble. Peter Ritter.



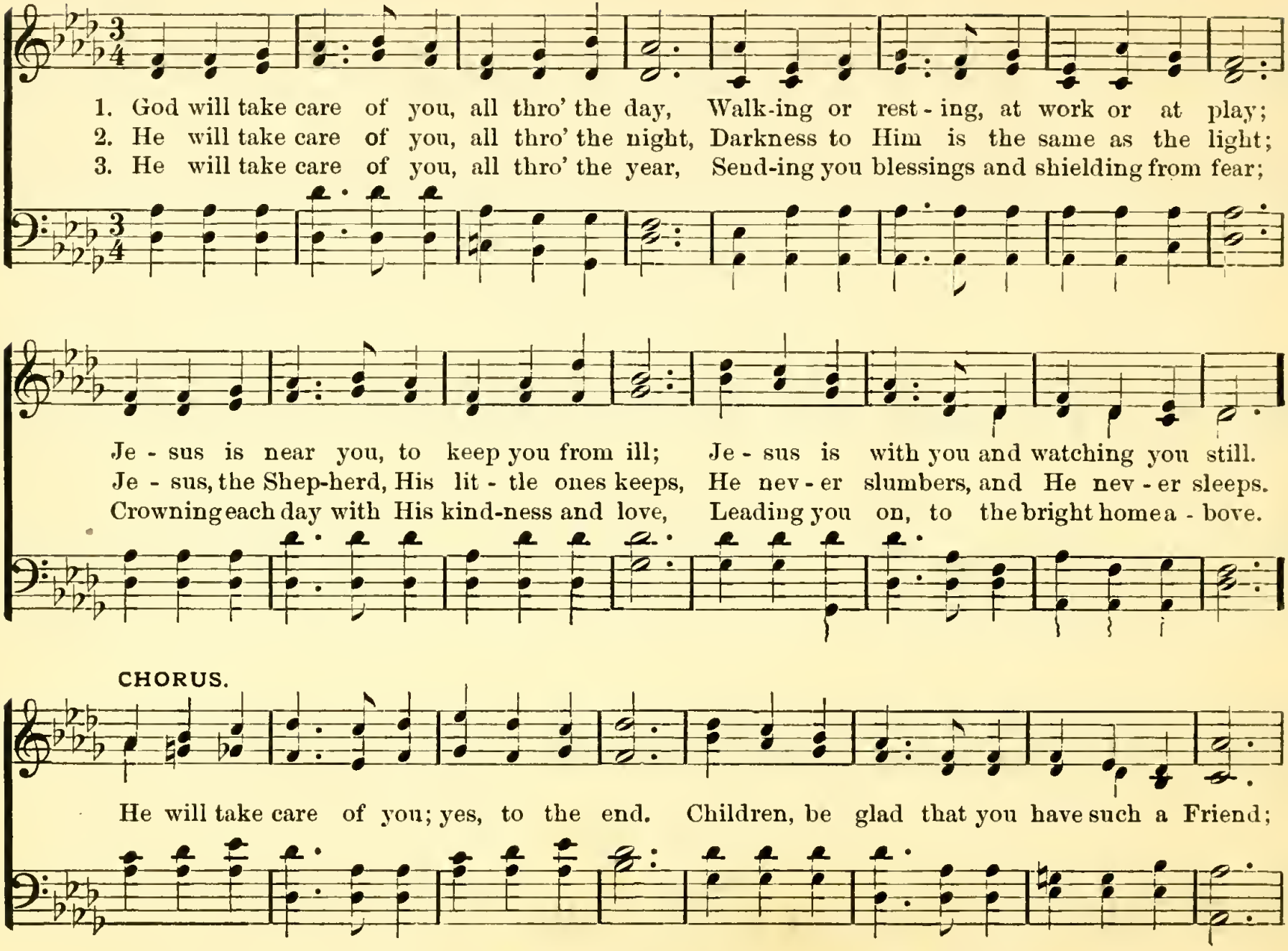


3 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let Him no more lie down in sin.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

God will take Care of You.

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.



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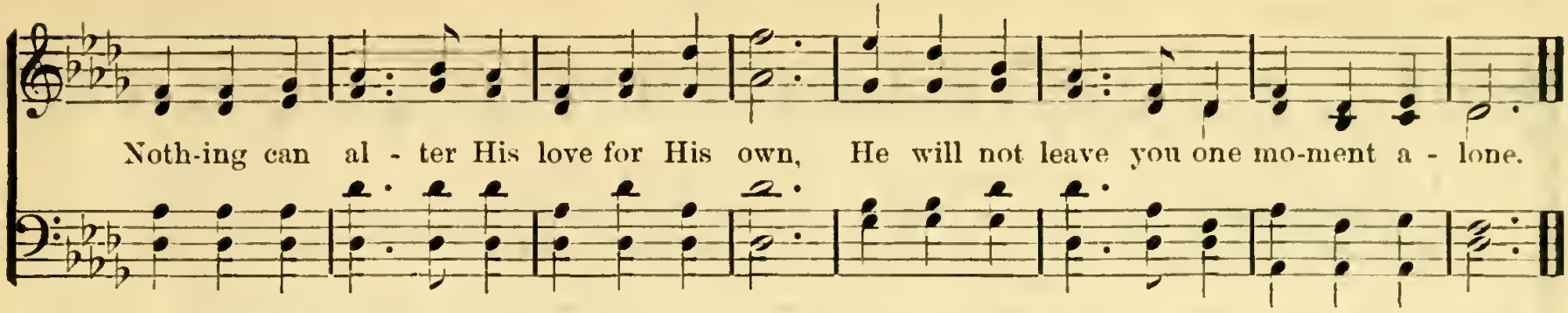
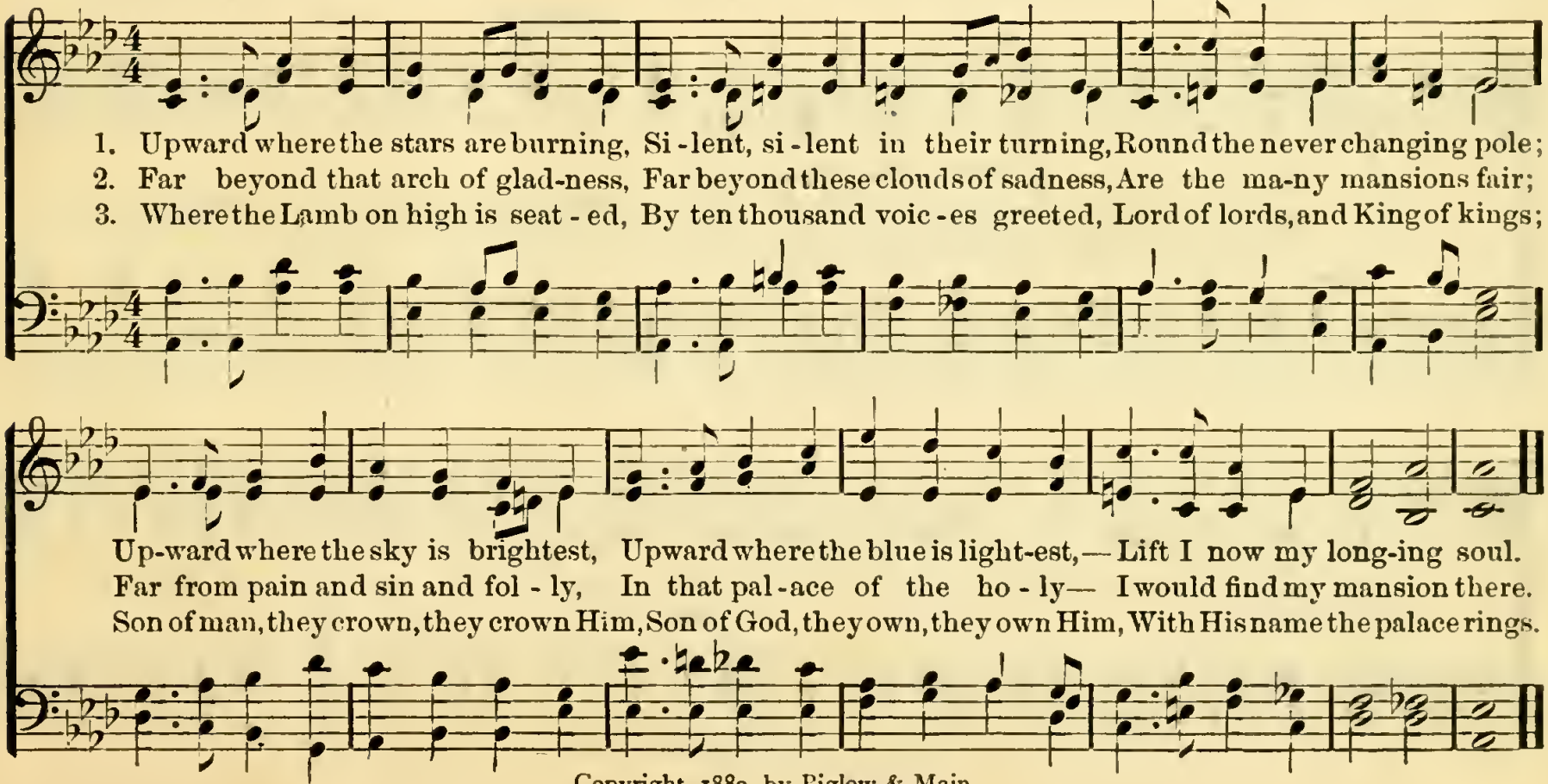


Upward where the Stars are Burning.

Horatius Bonar, D. D. John B. Calkin, arr.



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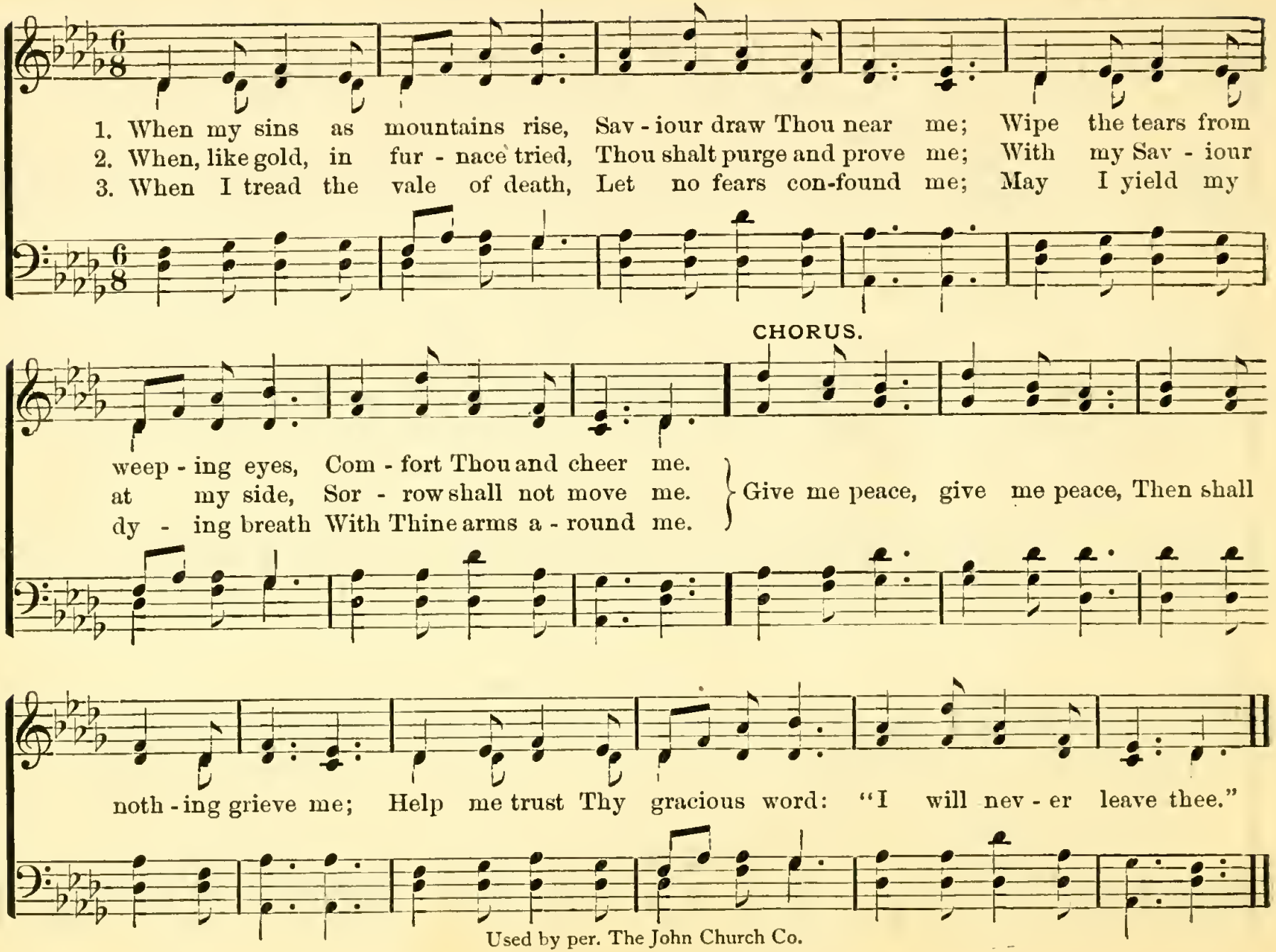
I will Never Leave Thee.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. James McGranahan.



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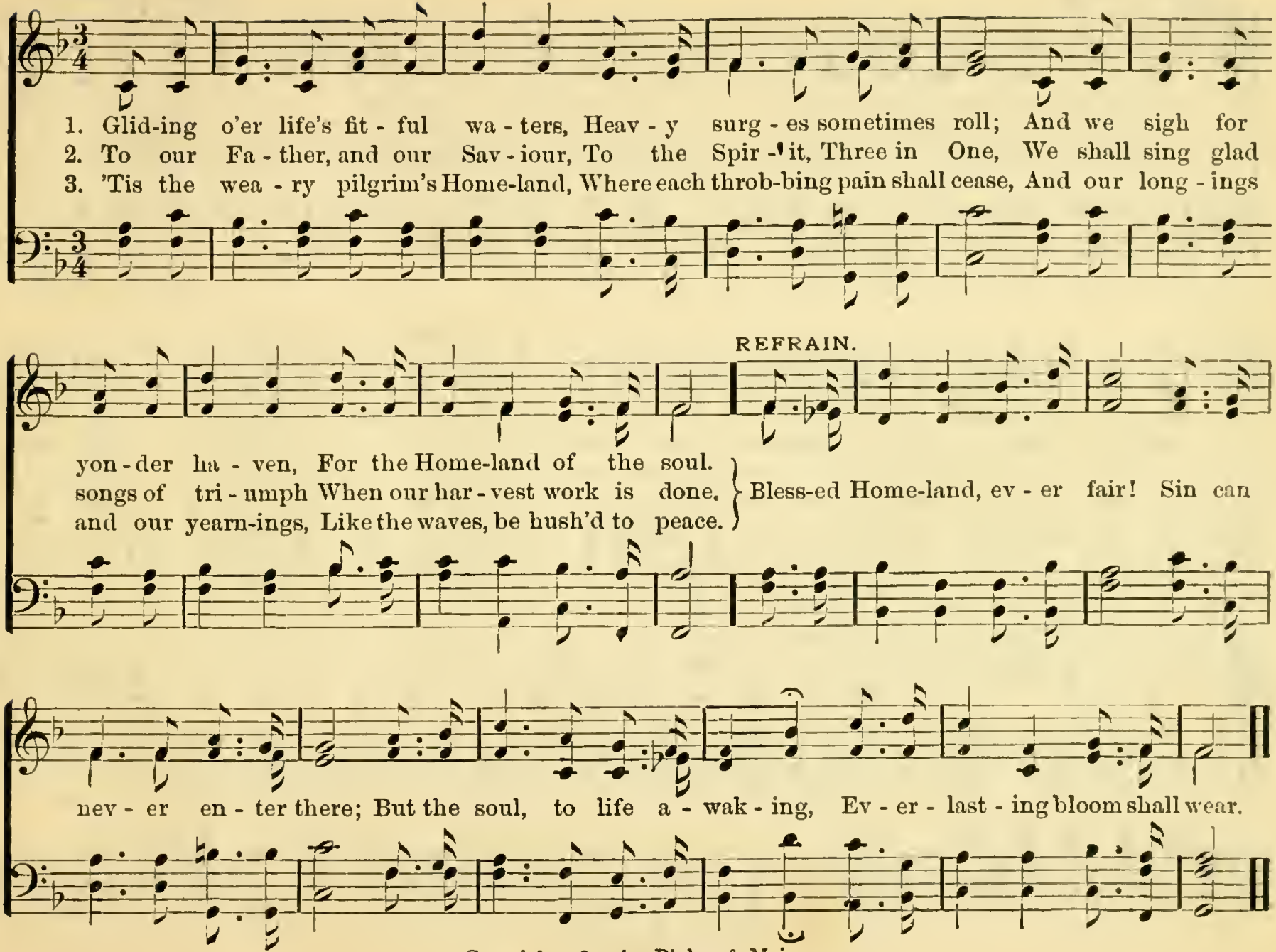
Blessed Home-land.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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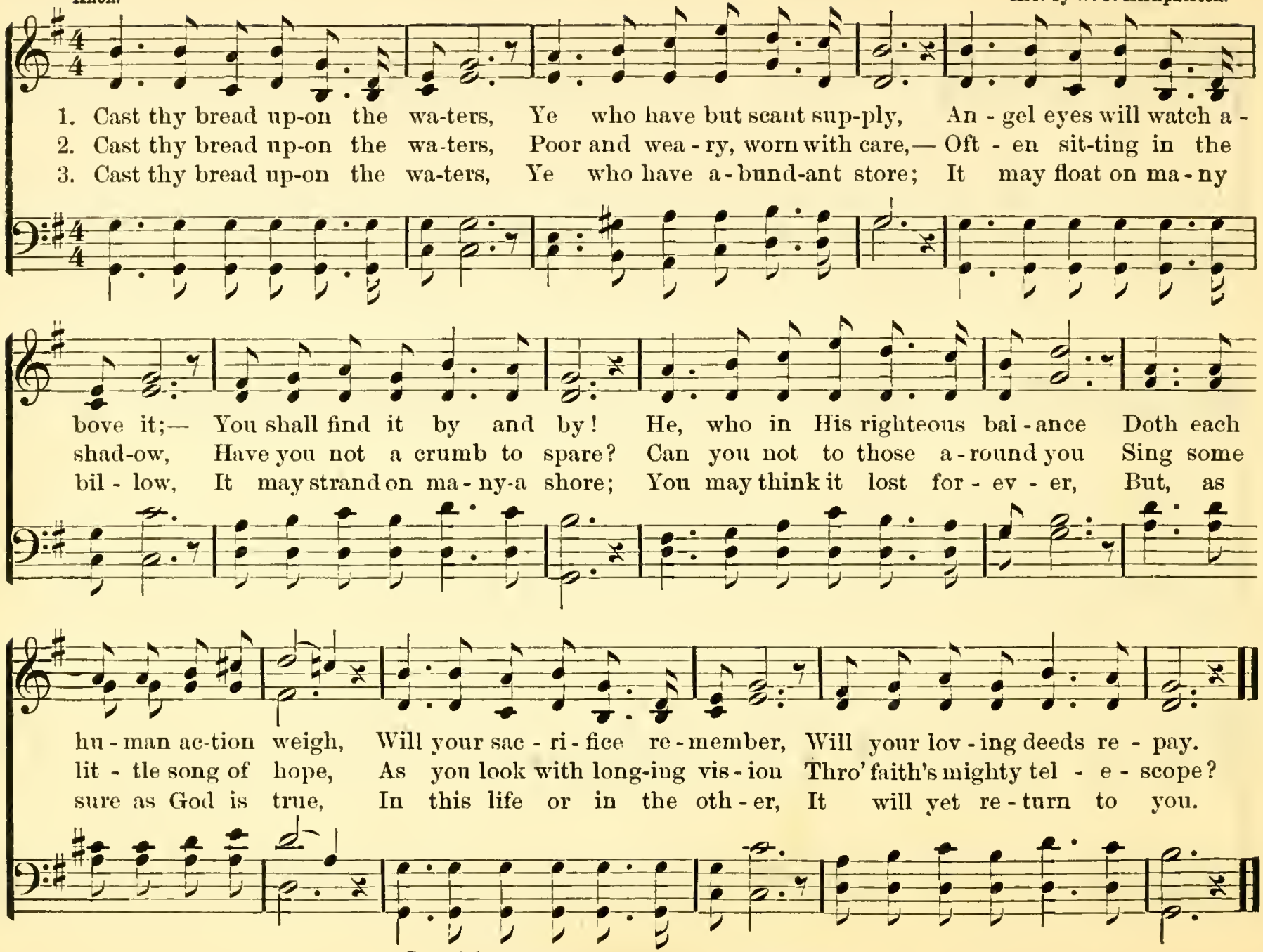
Cast thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Anon. Arr. by W. J. Kirkpatrick.



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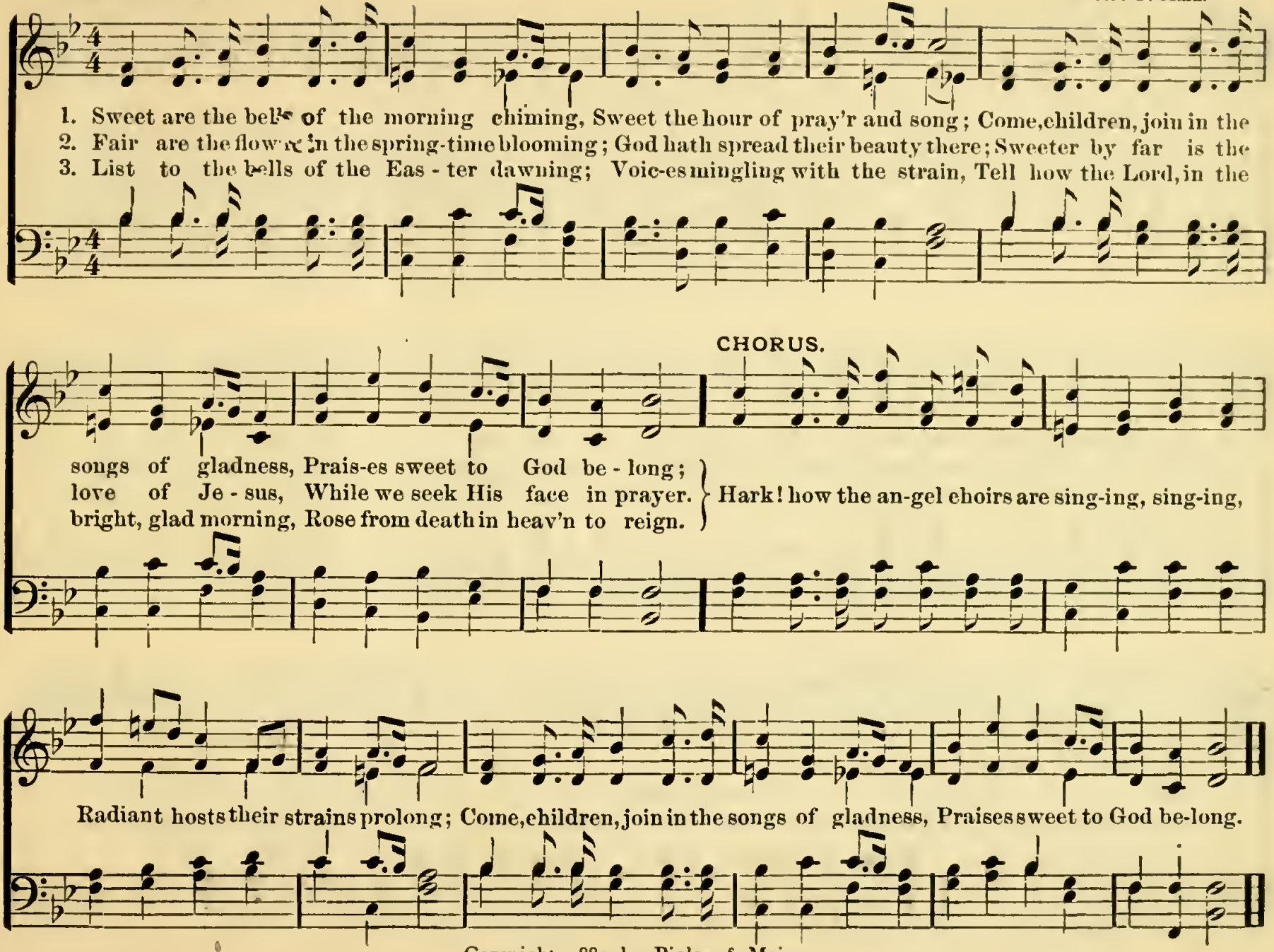
Sweet are the Bells.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Hubert P. Main.



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Morning on the Mountains.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. Henry C. Work.

1. Morning on the mountains In its beau - ty break-ing, Morning in the val - leys Thousand
2. Morning on the mountains Changing night and sad - ness, Morning in the val - leys Bring - ing
3. Morning on the mountains Gold - en light is streaming, Morning in the val - leys Soft - er

tongues a-wak - ing, Songs of prais-es bring-ing To the throne a-bove; Hal - le - lu - jahs sing - ing
light and gladness, Songs of prais-es wing-ing Their triumphant way, Notes of rapt-ure ring - ing
radiance beam - ing, Joy - ful - ly as - cend-ing To the throne a-bove, Mingled voic-es blend-ing

CHORUS.

To the God of love.
O'er the break of day.
Fill the air with love.
} Chil - - - dren, join the cho - - rus, While.....your day is
Children, join the cho - rus, While the morn is nigh, While the day is dawn - ing

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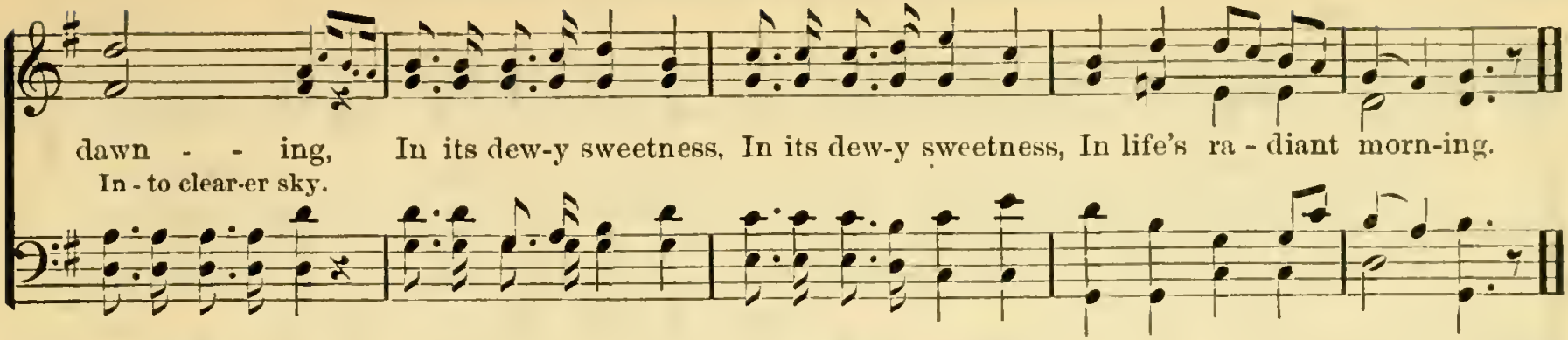
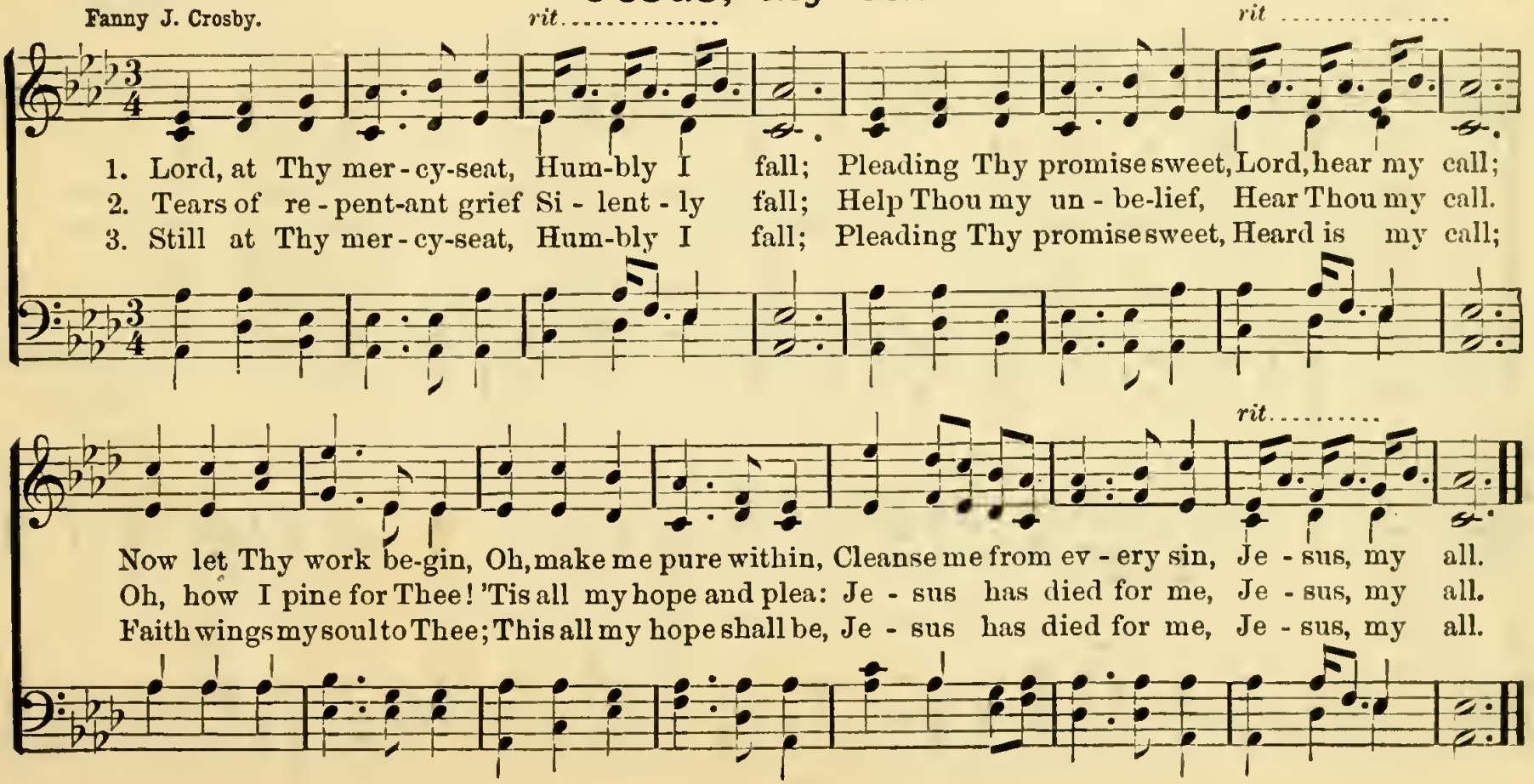


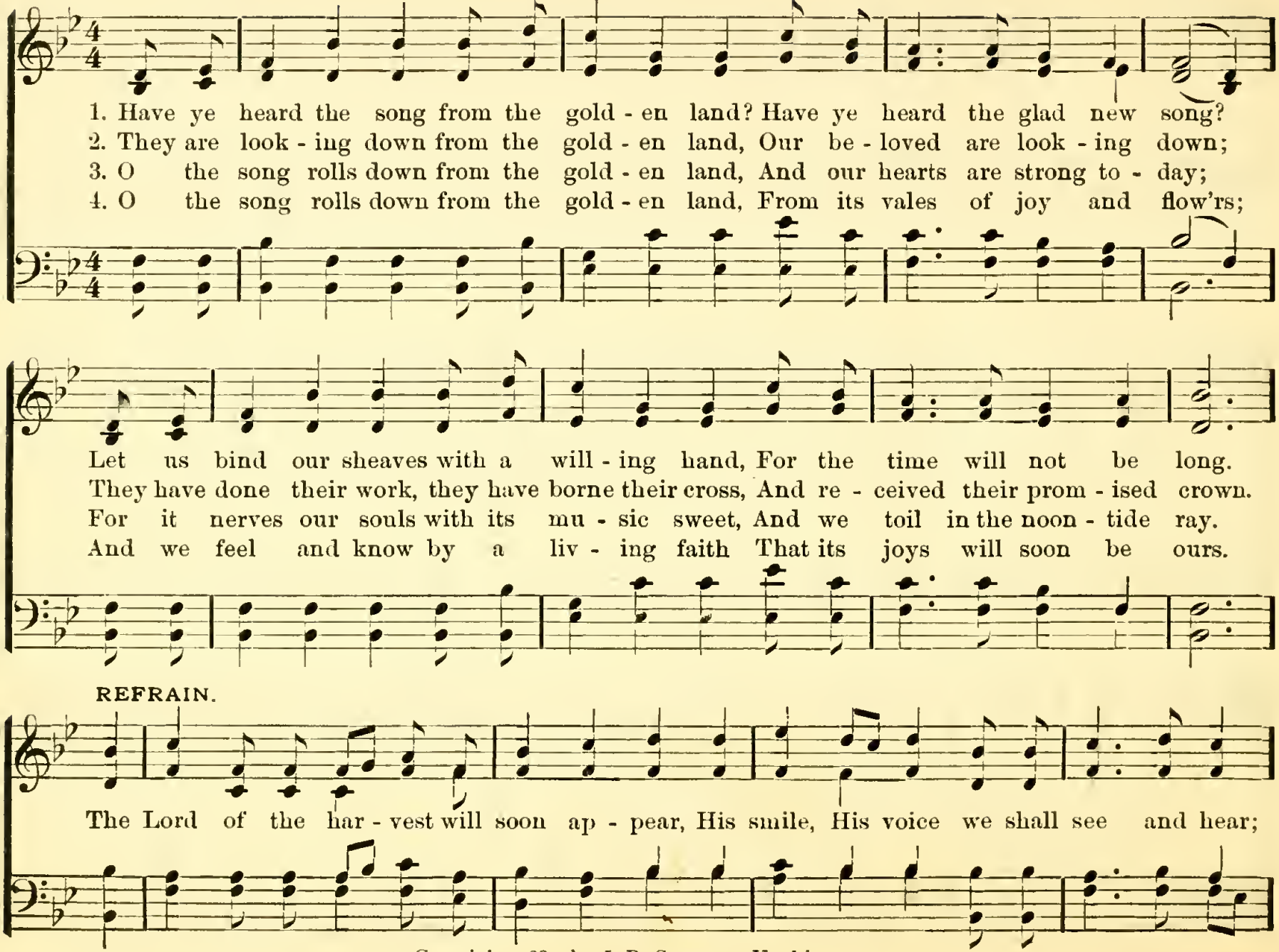
Jesus, My All.

Fanny J. Crosby.



Gather the Reapers Home.

Jennie Johnson. Jno. R. Sweney.



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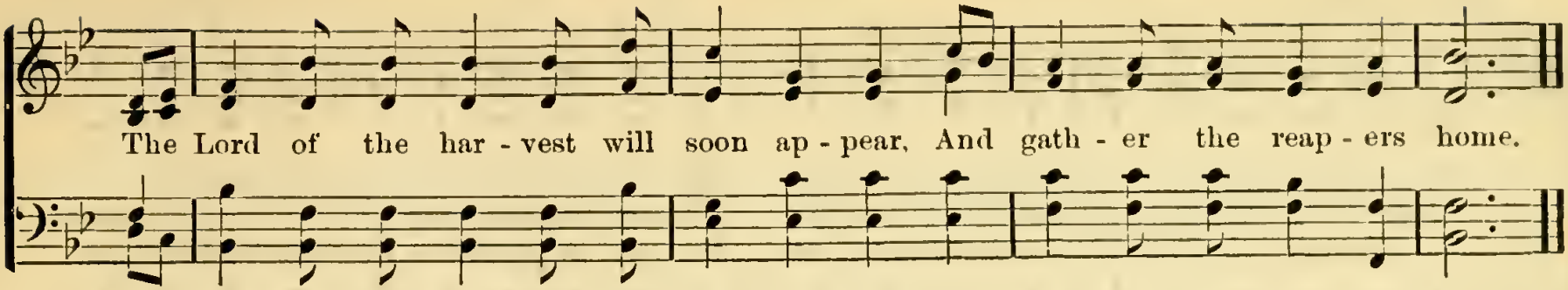
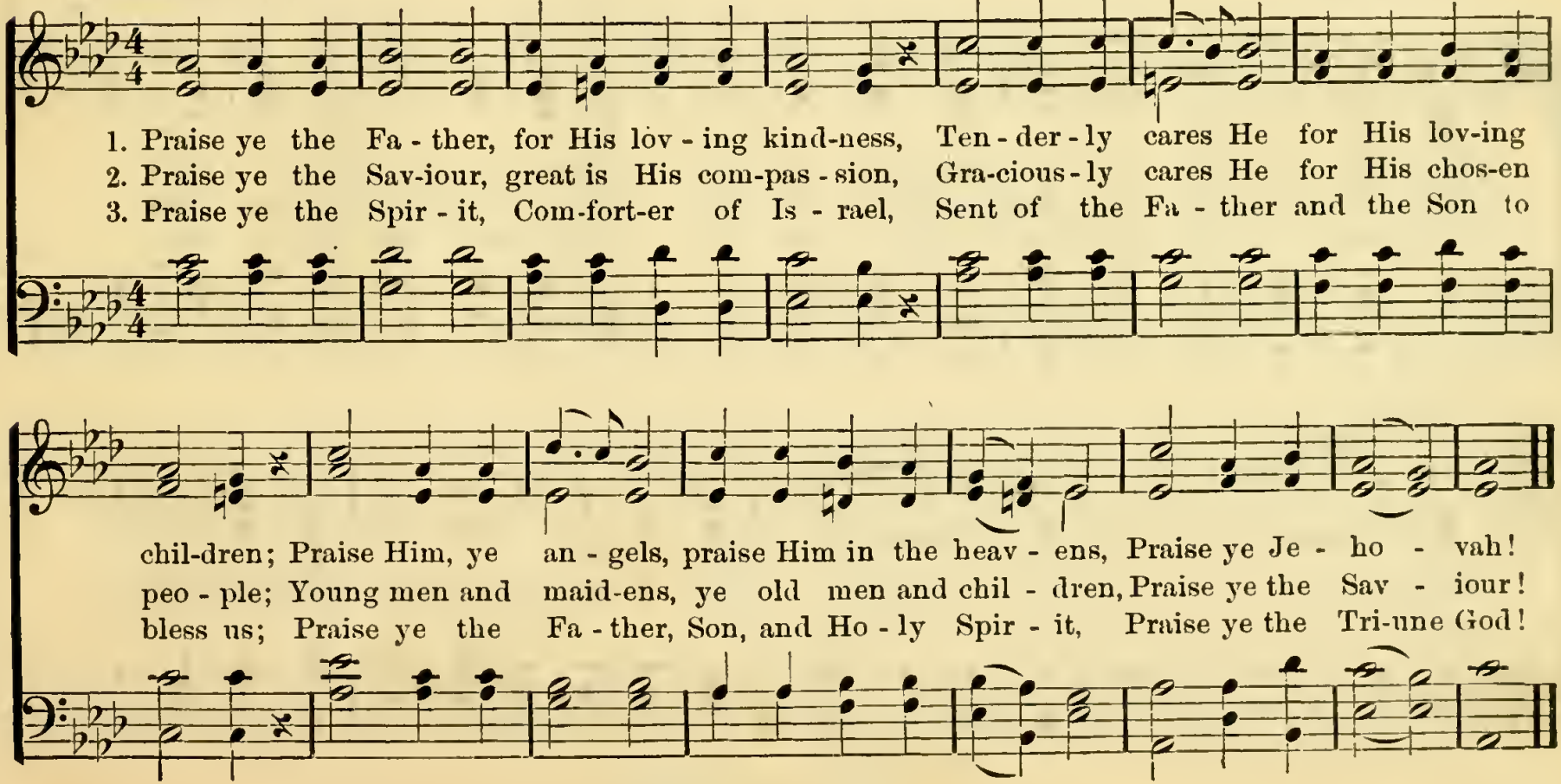


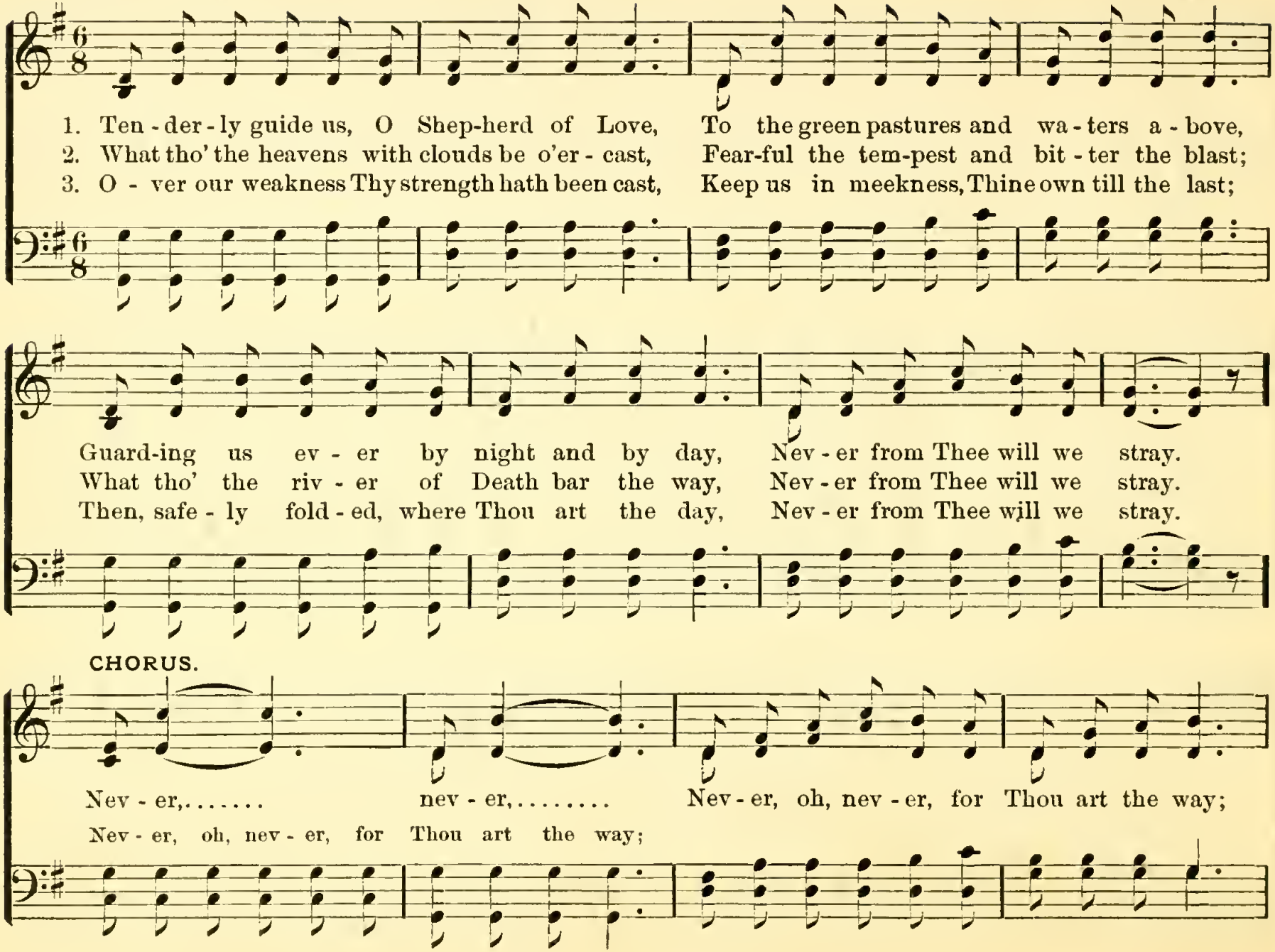
Praise Ye the Father.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles. F. F. Flemming.



Tenderly Guide Us.

Mrs. W. R. Griswold. Geo. F. Root.



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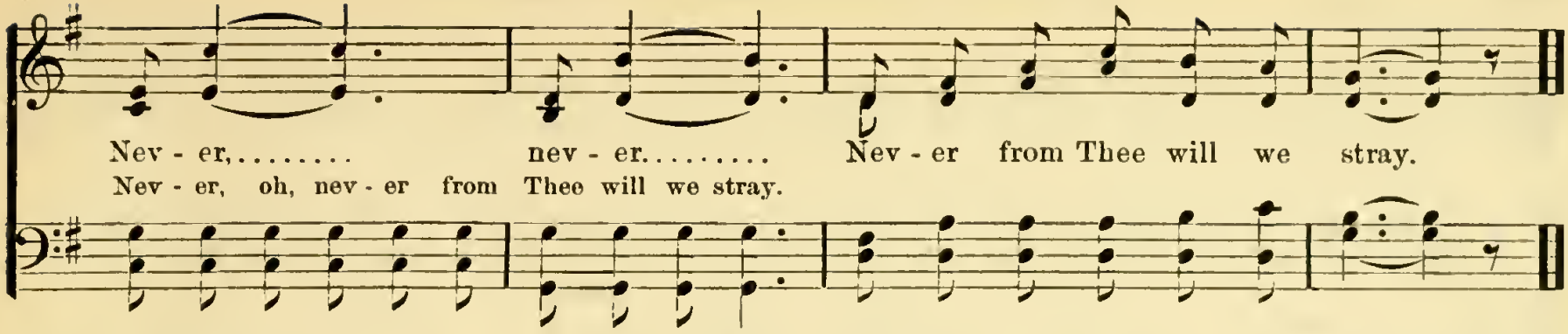
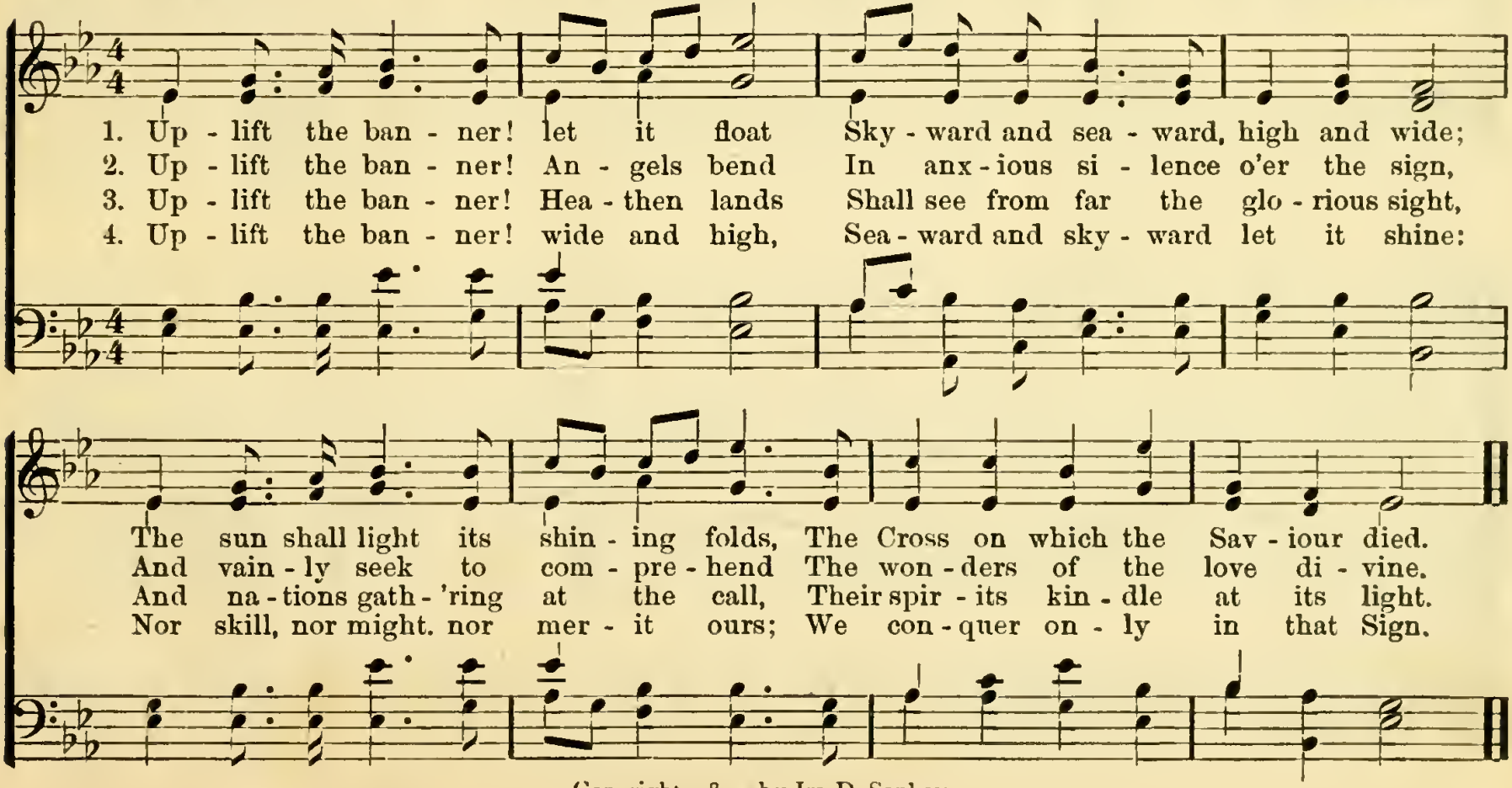


Uplift the Banner.

Geo. W. Doane, D. D. Ira D. Sankey.



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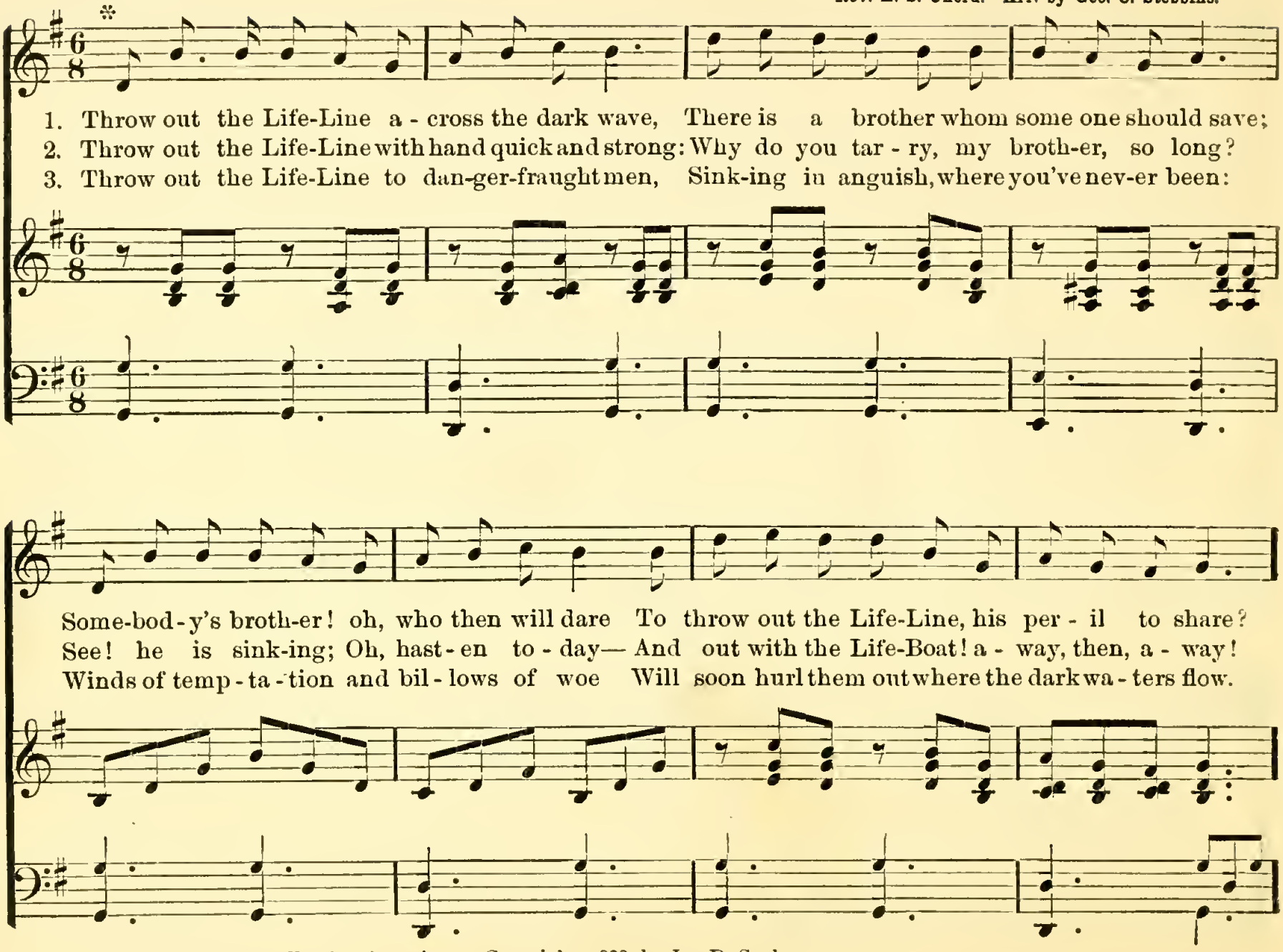
Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



* *Solo may be sung by all voices in unison.*

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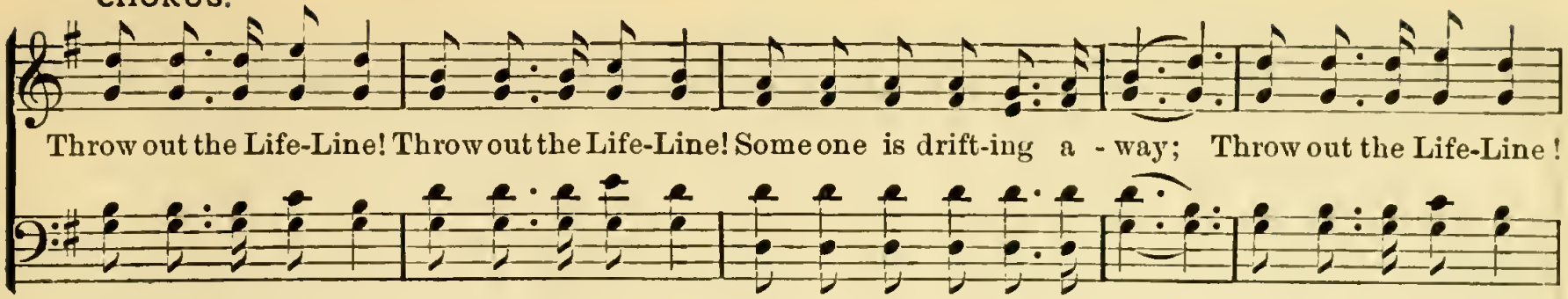
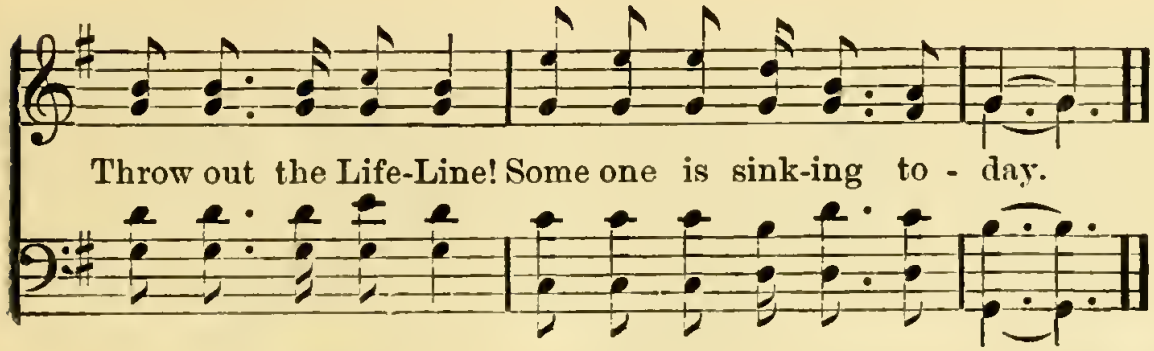
Throw Out the Life-Line.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

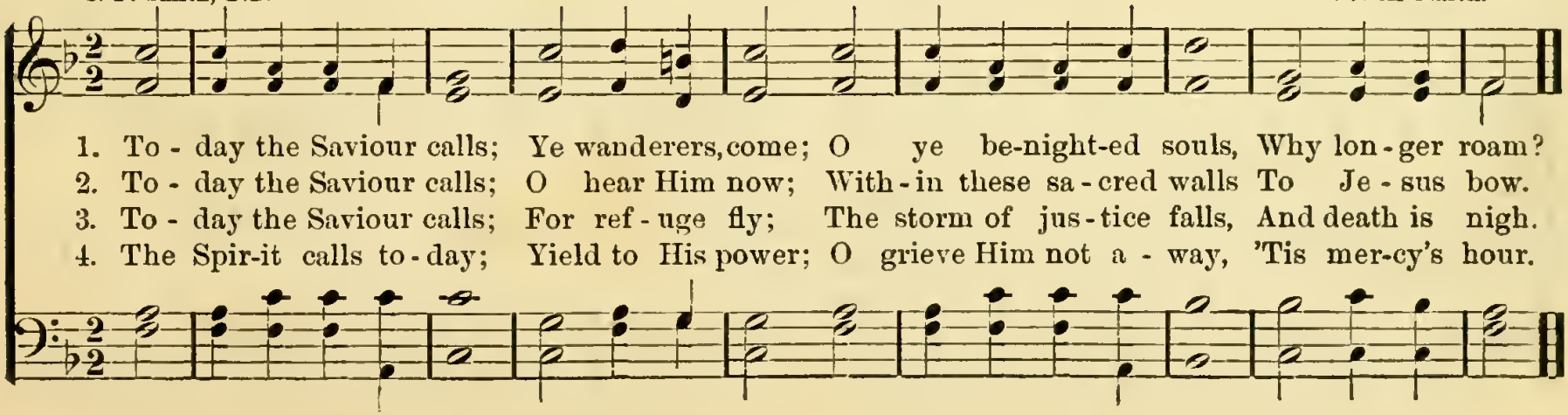




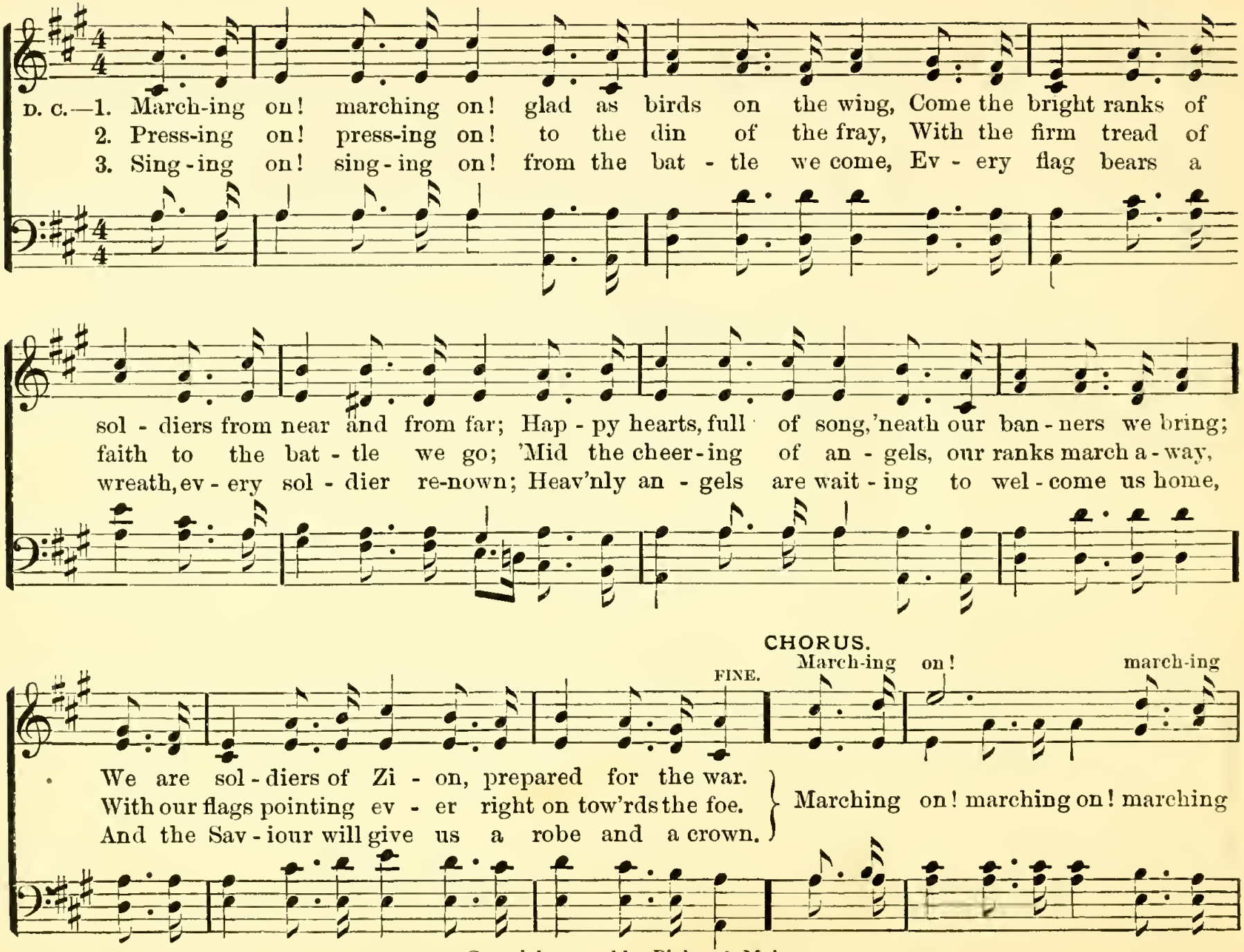
4 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will we drift to the fair Eden-shore;
Then, in the dark hour of death may it be
That Jesus will throw out the Life-Line to thee.

To-day the Saviour Calls.

S. F. Smith, D.D. Lowell Mason.



132 Rev. R. Lowry. **"Marching On!"** Wm. B. Bradbury.



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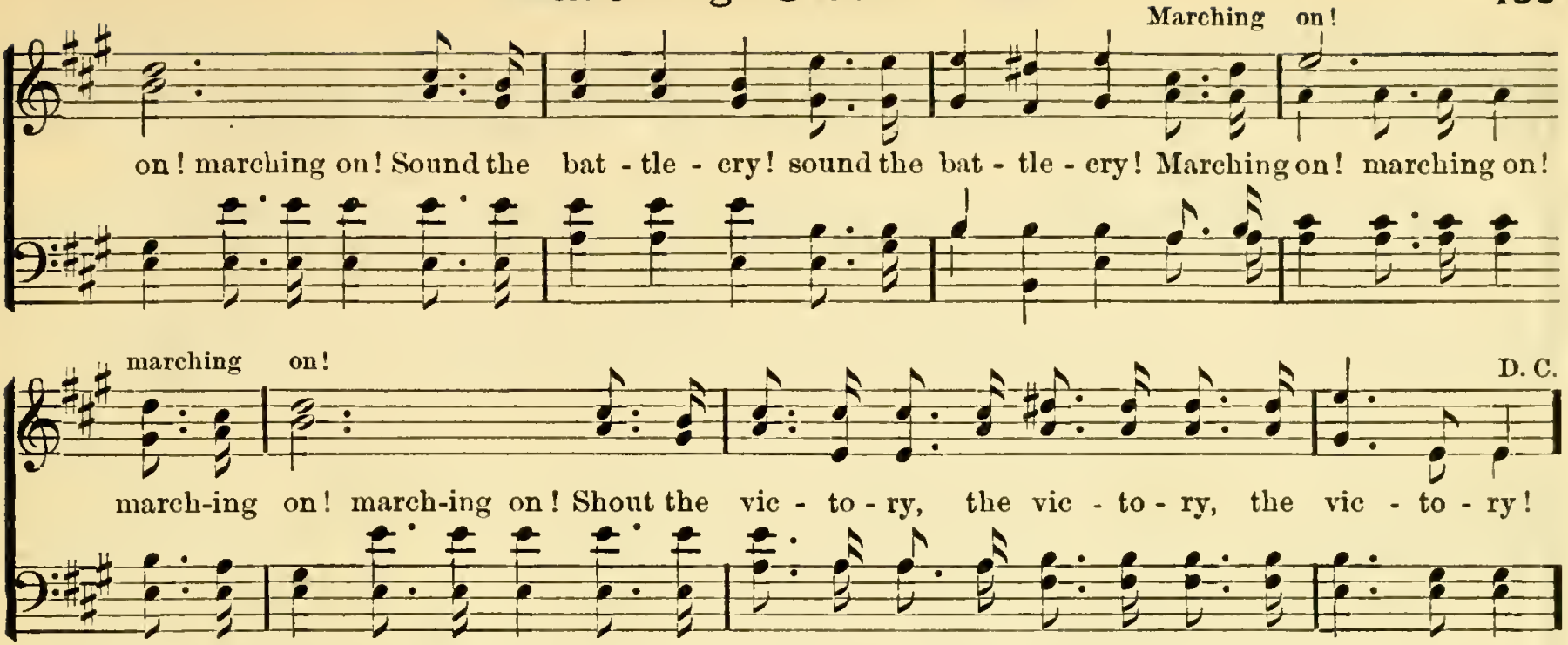
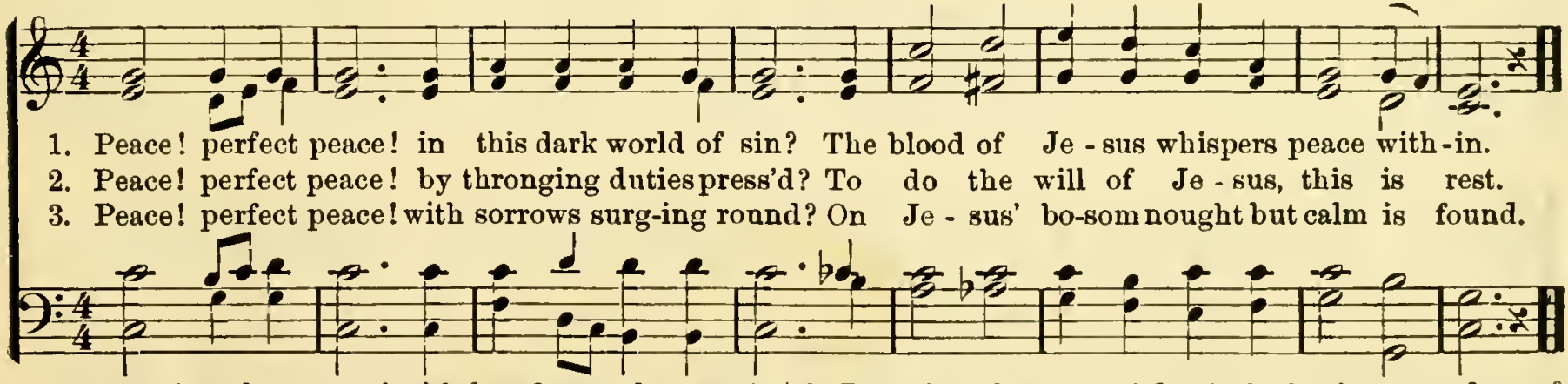


Bp. E. H. Bickersteth.

Peace! Perfect Peace!

G. T. Caldbeck.



4. Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

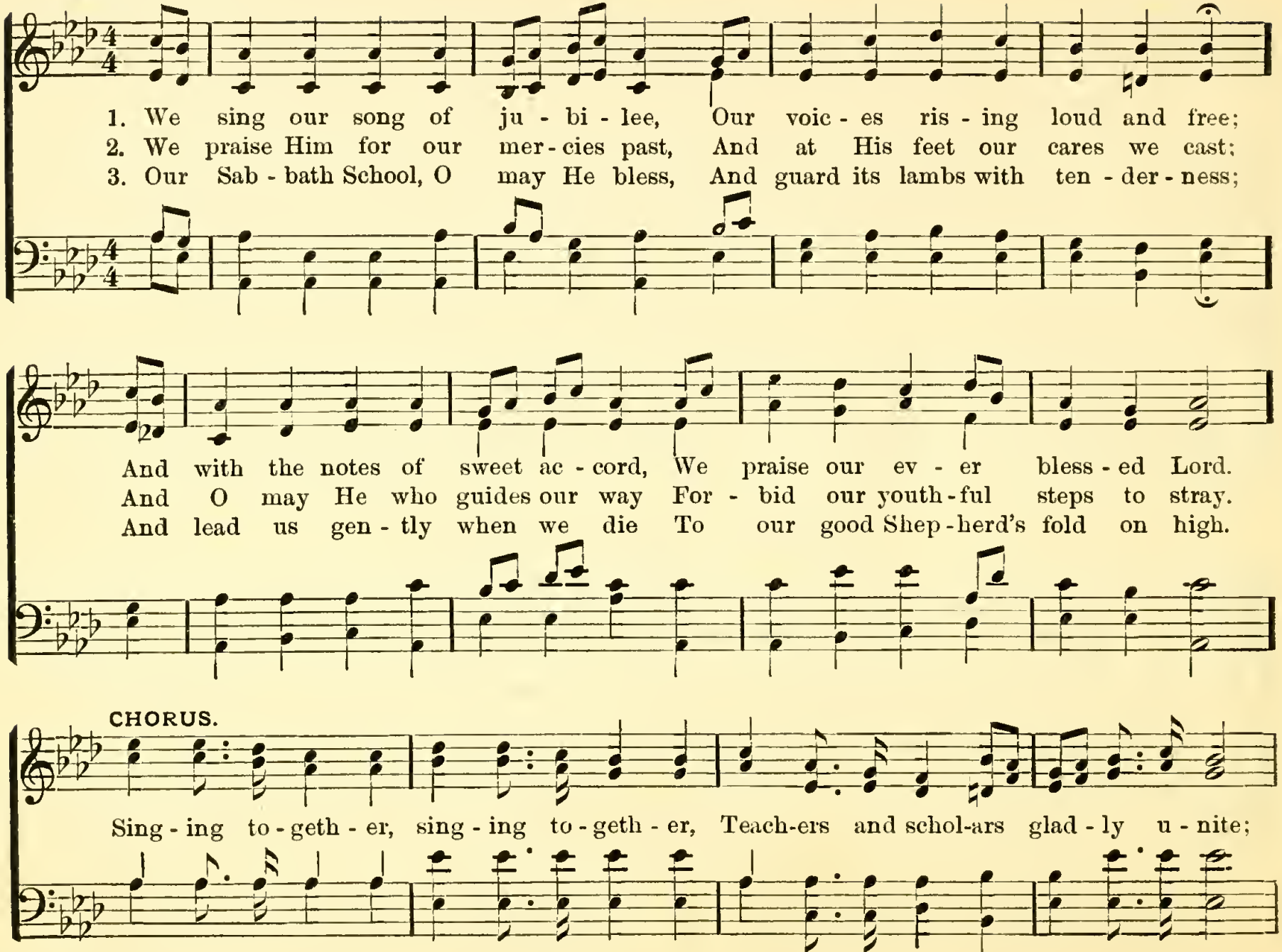
5. Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6. Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7. It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace!

Our Song of Jubilee.

Mrs. Maria B. Barnes. Wm. F. Sherwin.



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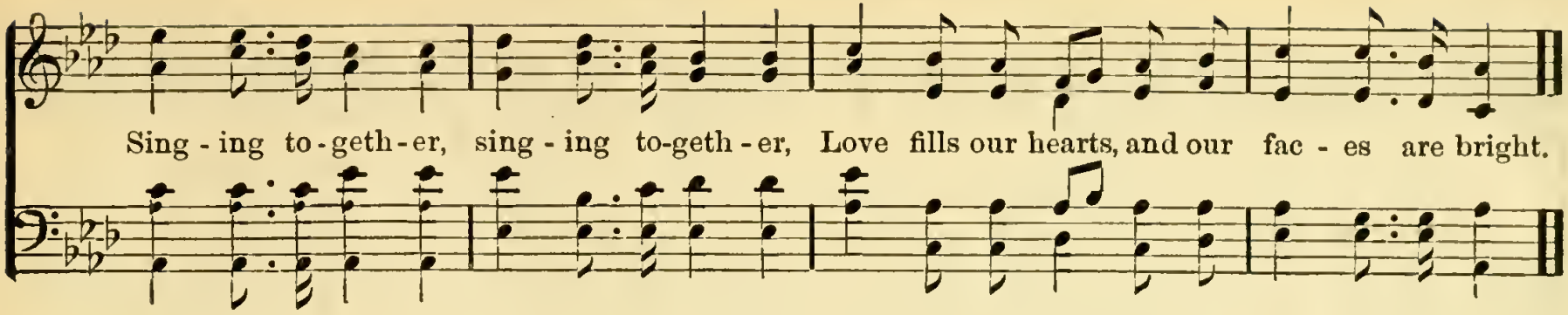
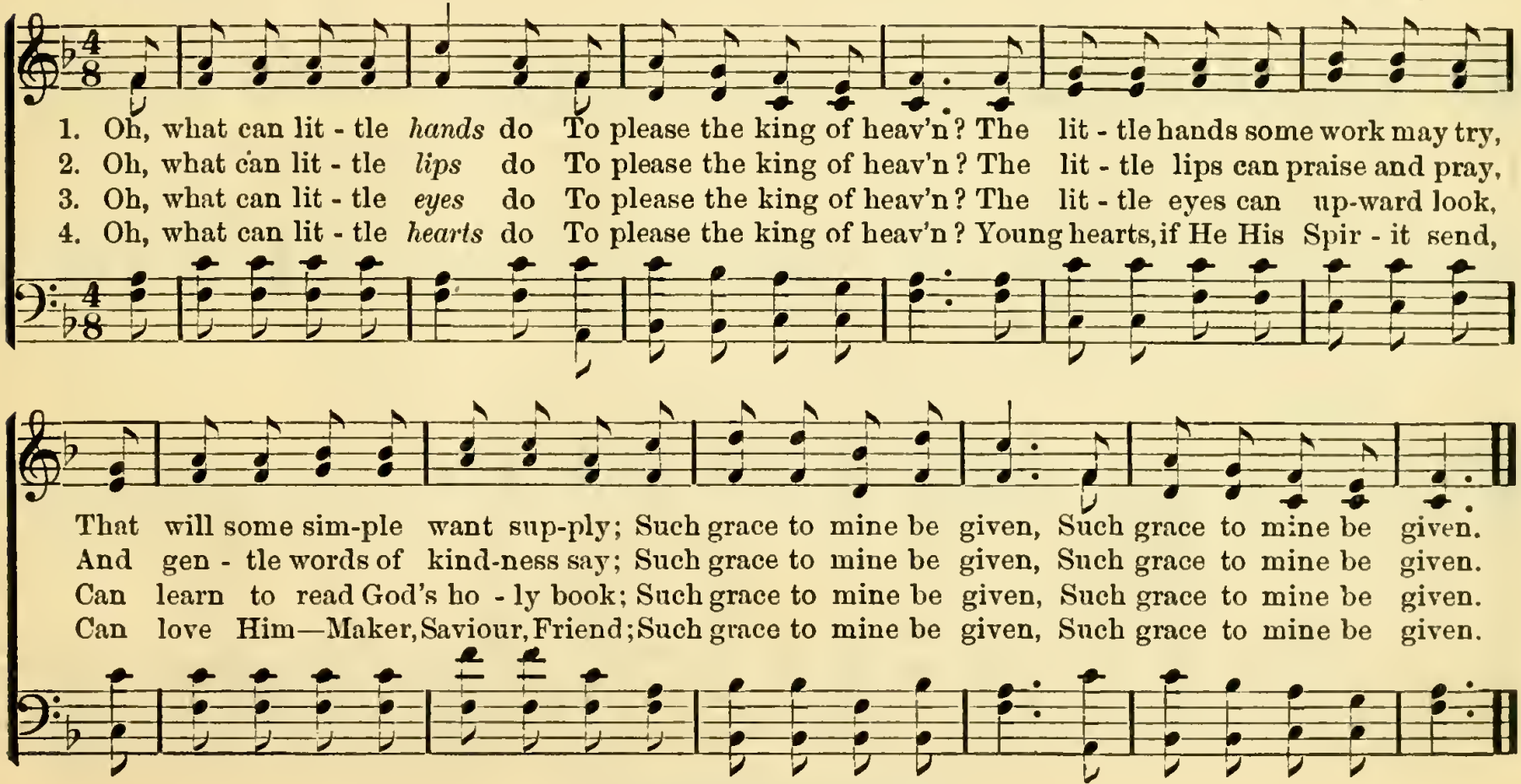


Grace W. Hinsdale.

What can Little Hands do?

Ira D. Sankey.



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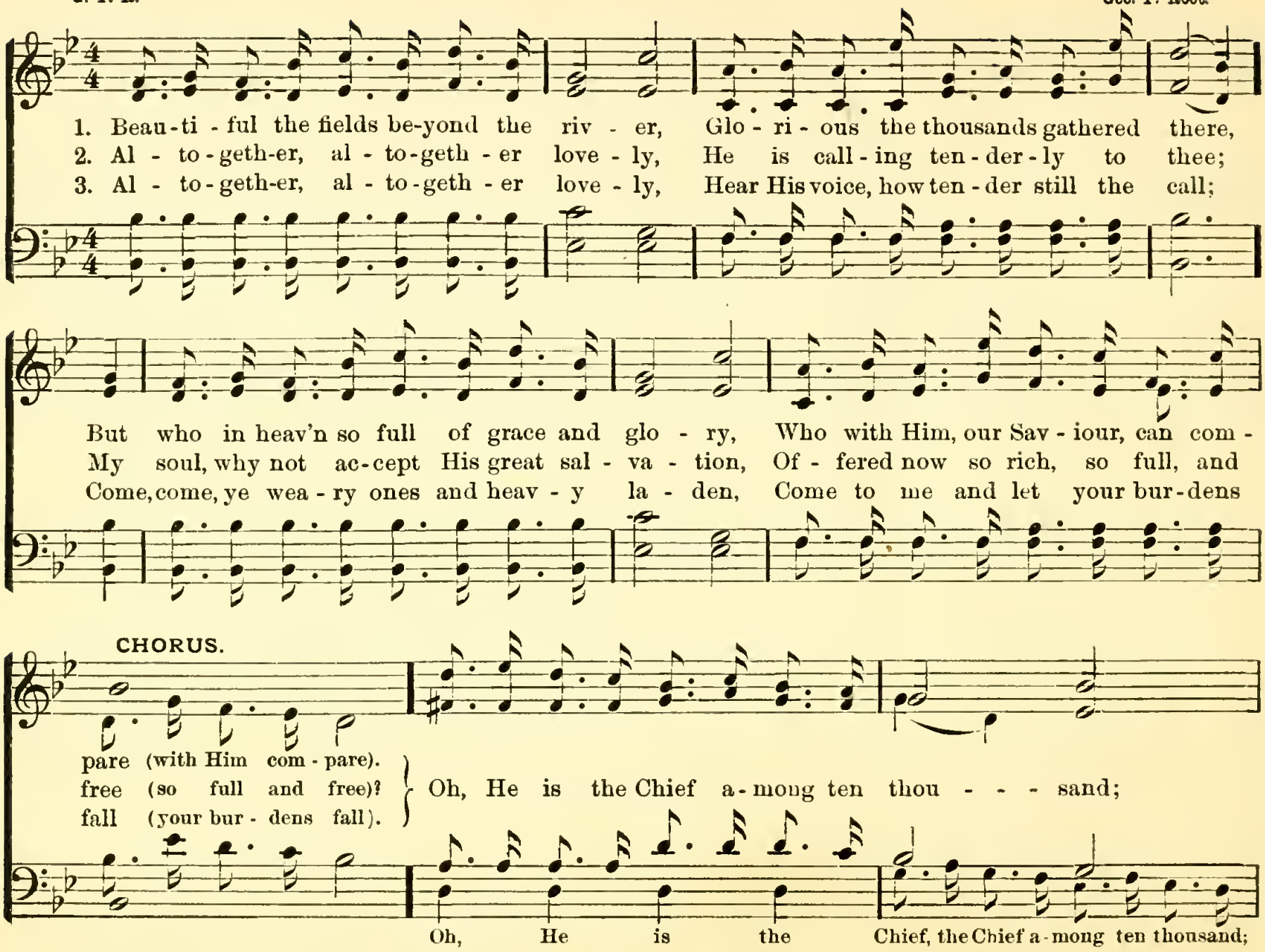
Altogether Lovely.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.



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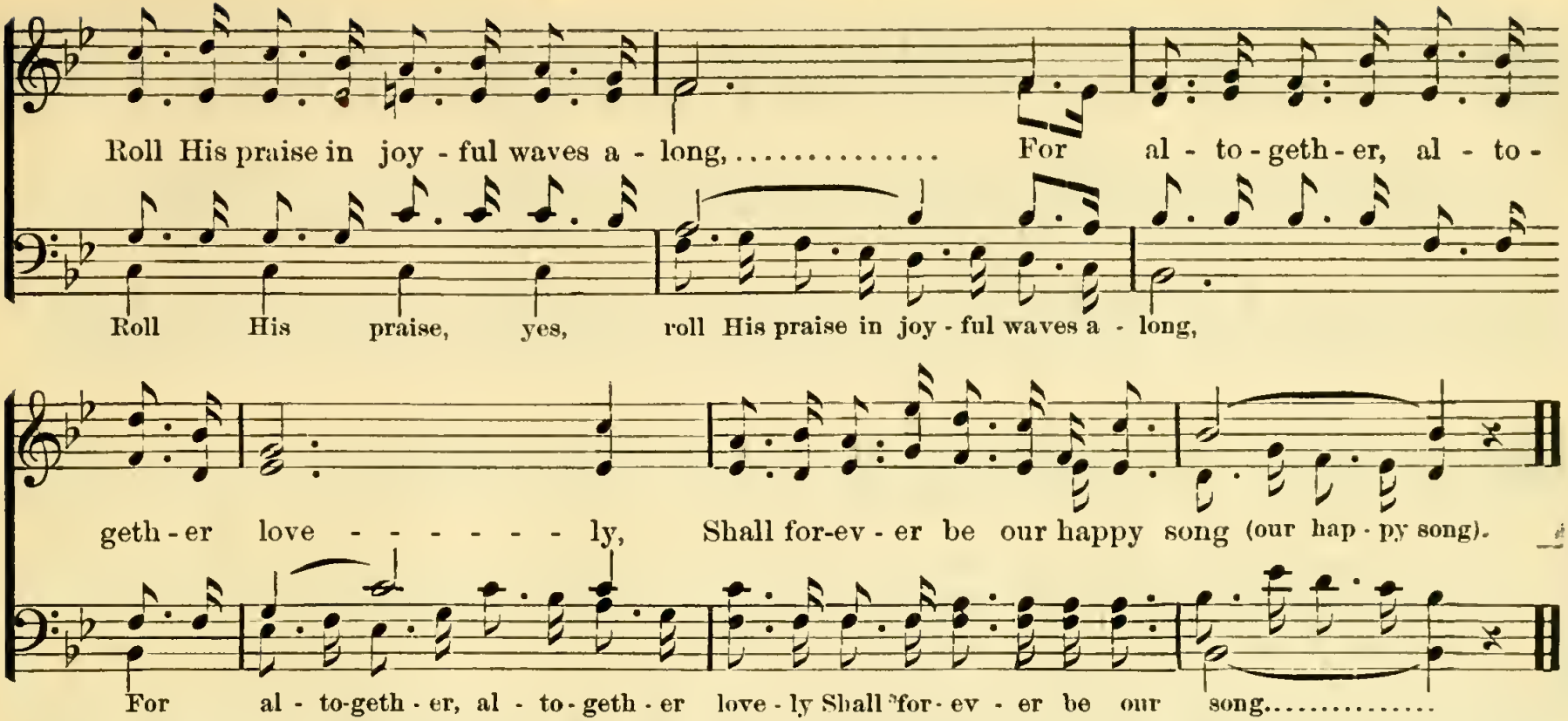
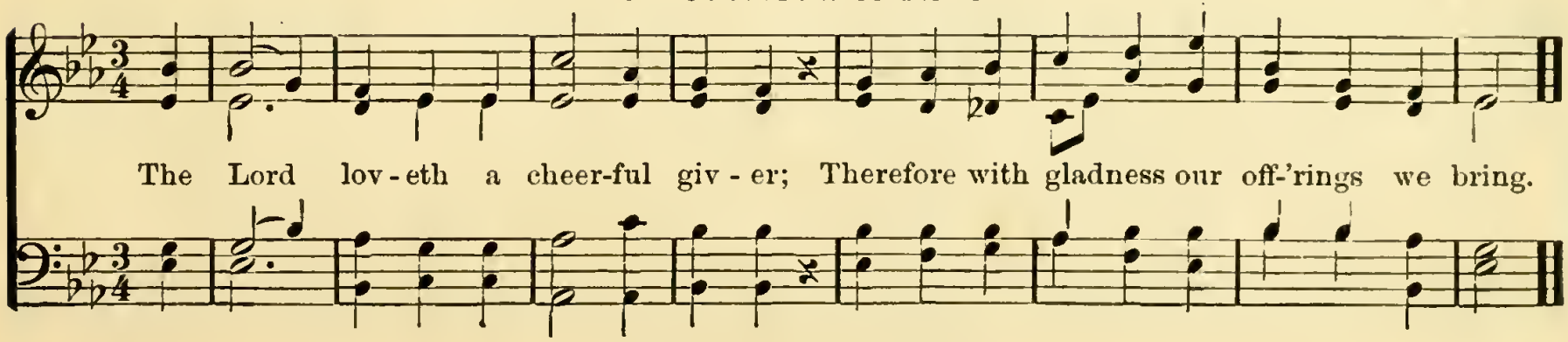


The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

W. F. S. BEFORE OR AFTER A COLLECTION. Wm. F. Sherwin.



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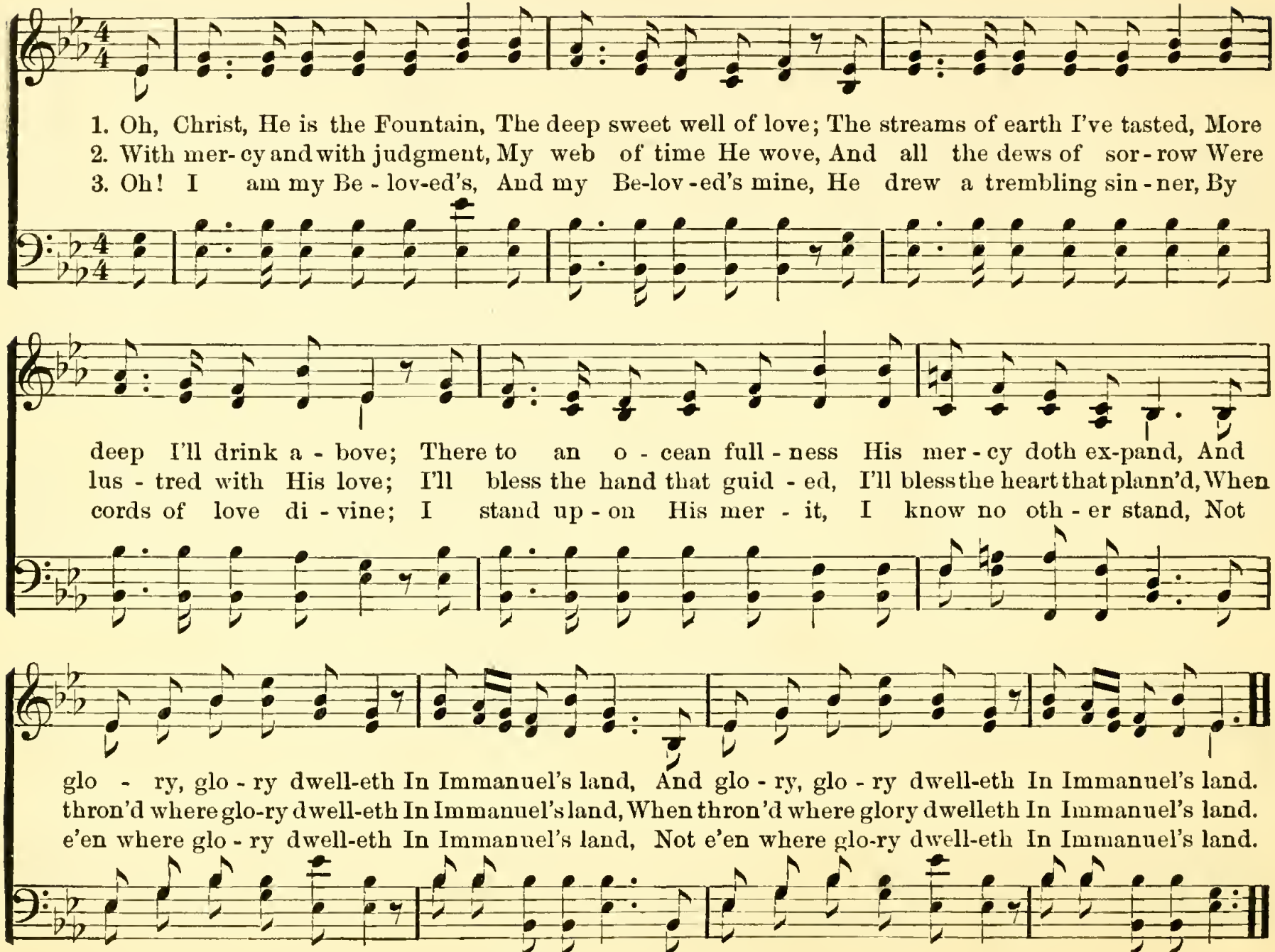
Oh, Christ, He is the Fountain.

Anne R. Cousin. Wm. B. Bradbury, arr.



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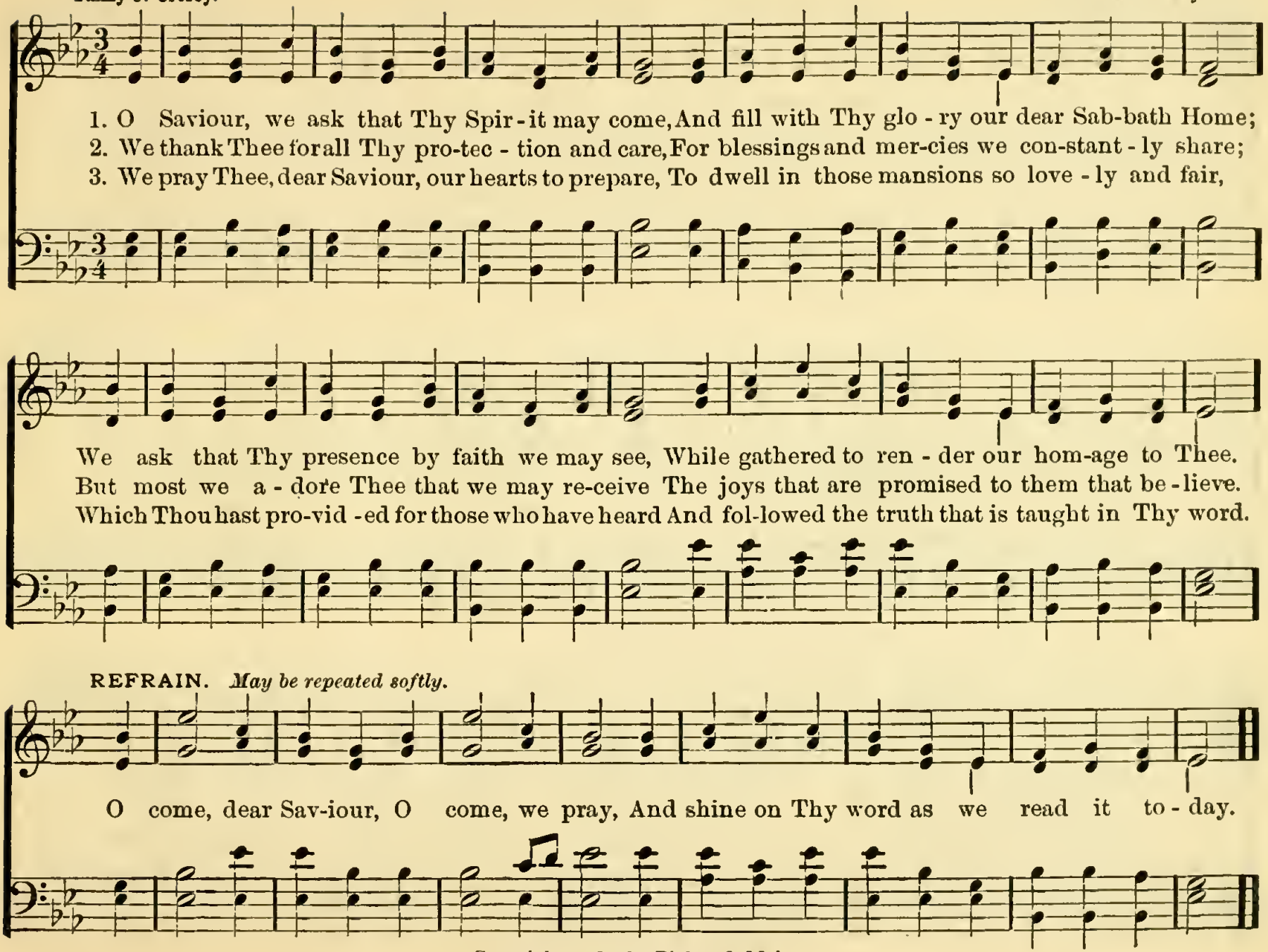
O Come, Dear Saviour.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. Robert Lowry.



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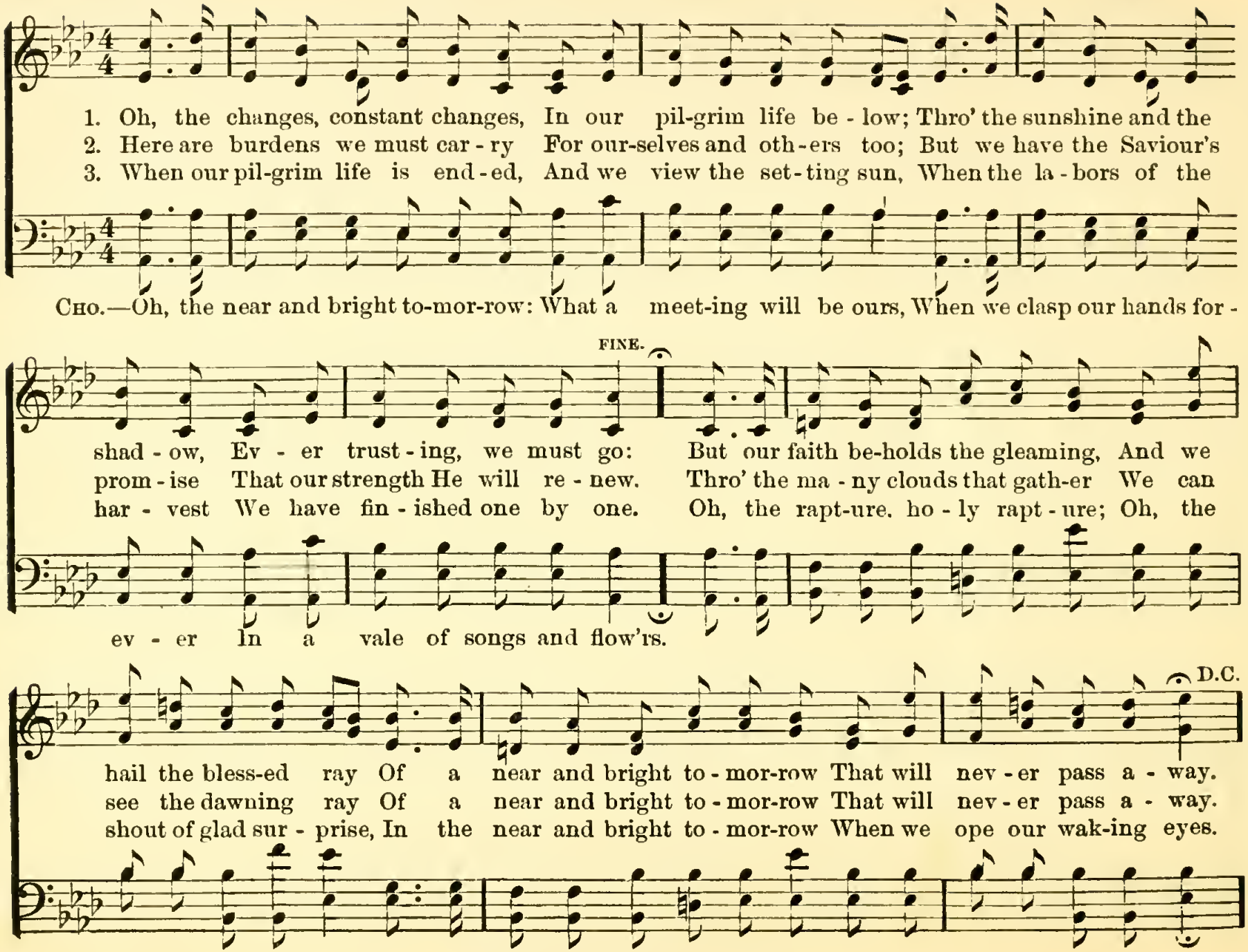
S. M. Smith.

The Near To-morrow.

Jno. R. Sweney.



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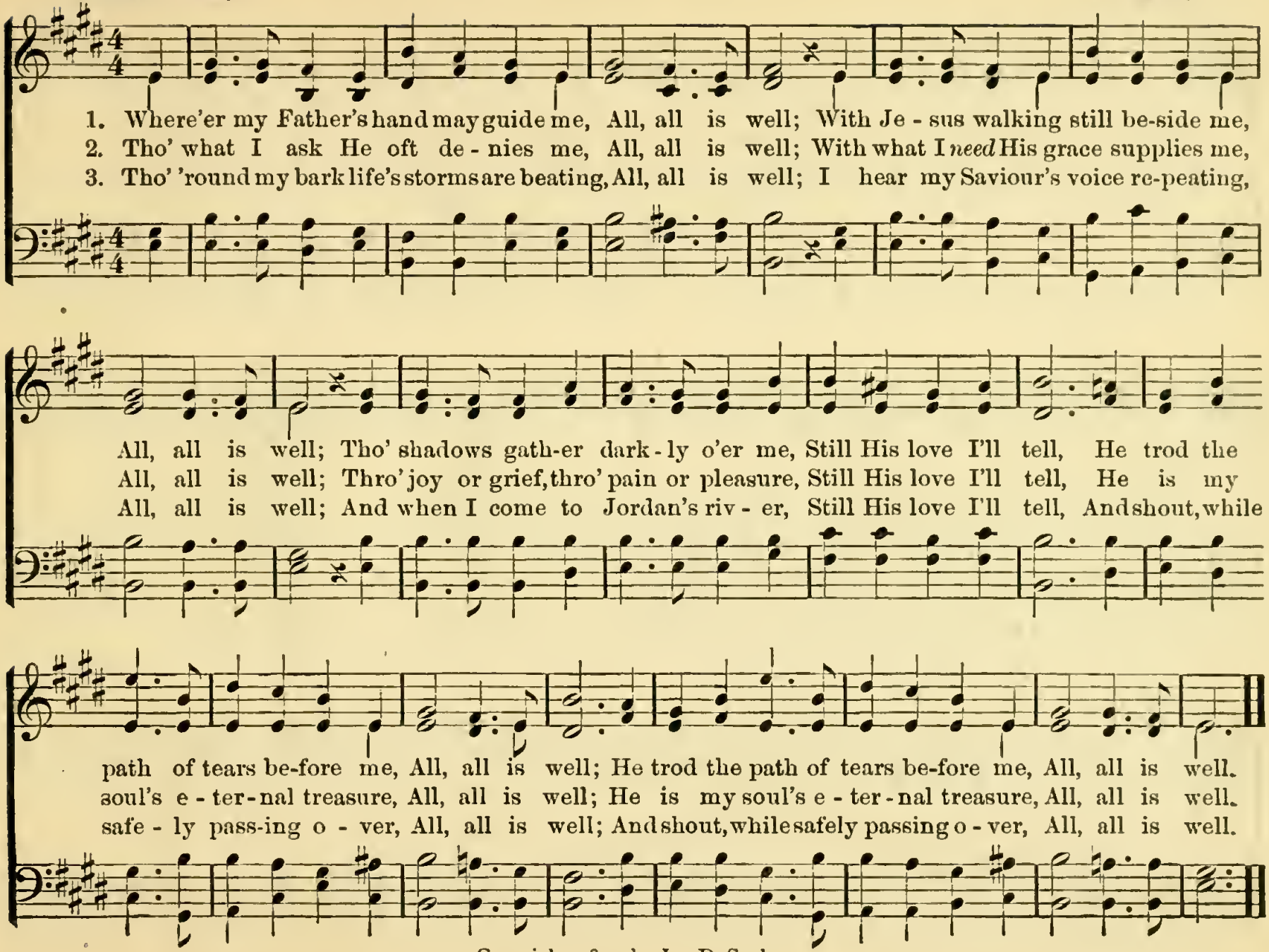
All, All is Well.

W. Robert Lindsay. Ira D. Sankey.



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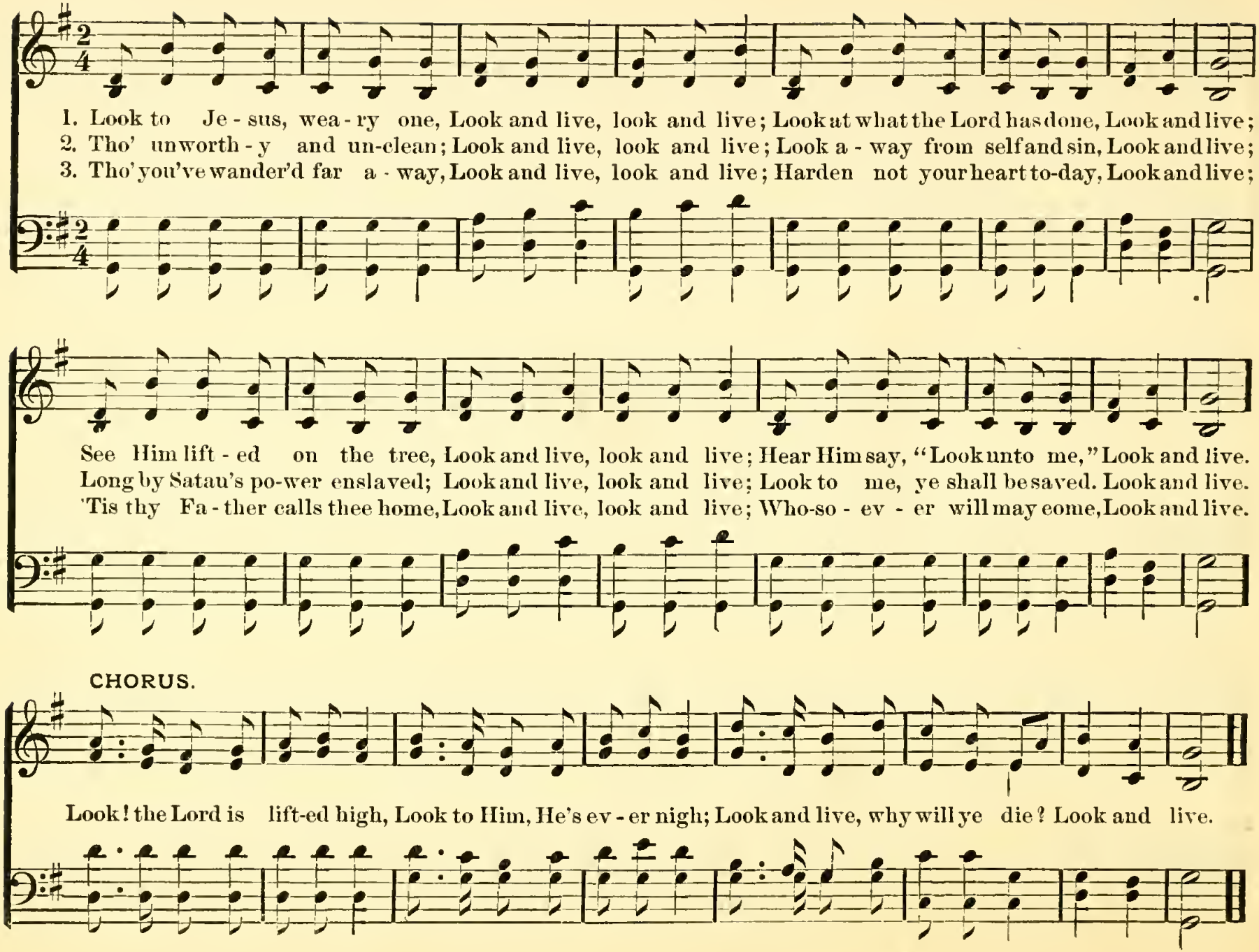
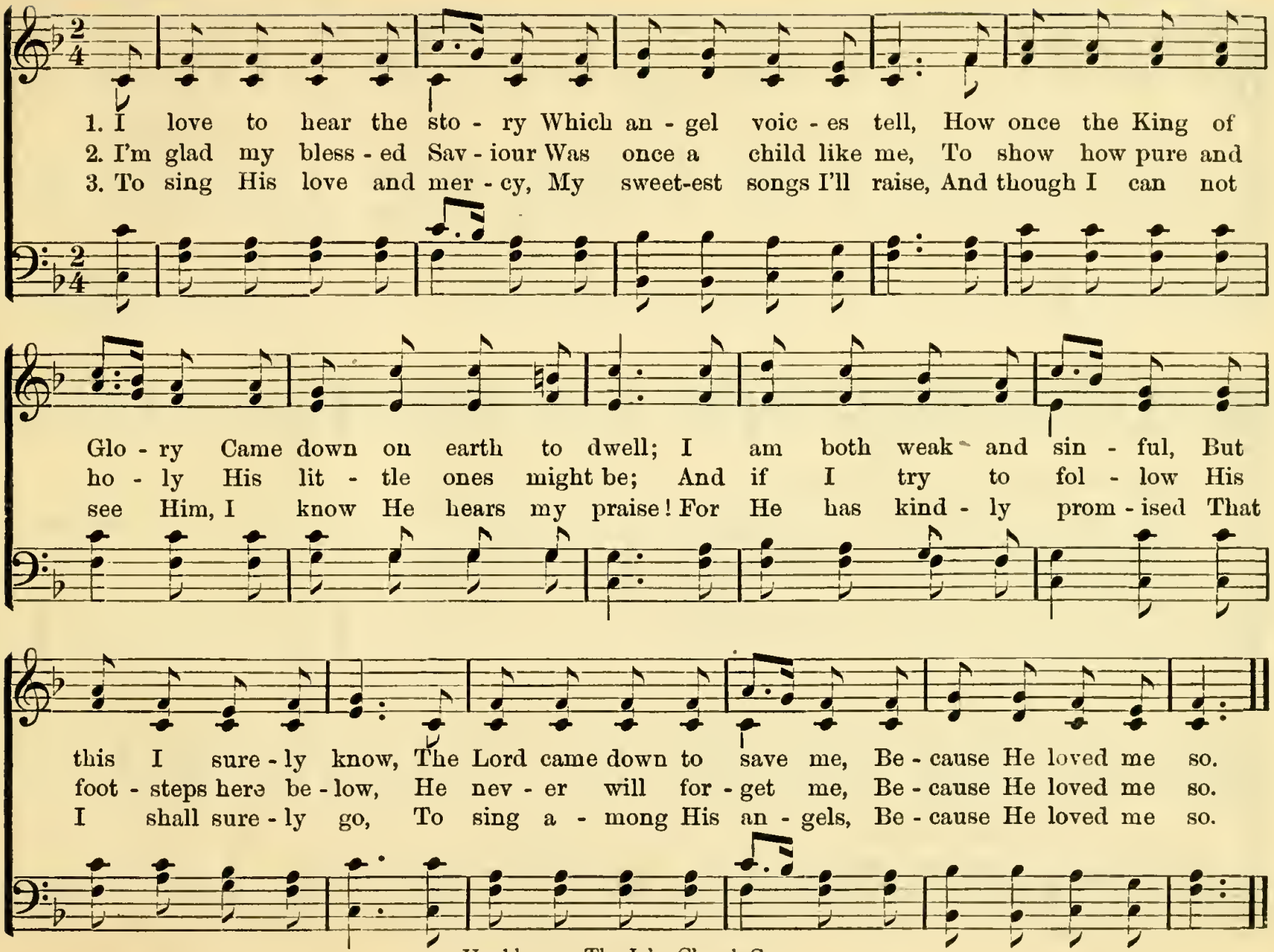
Look and Live.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



Because He Loved Me so.

Emily H. Miller. Geo. F. Root.



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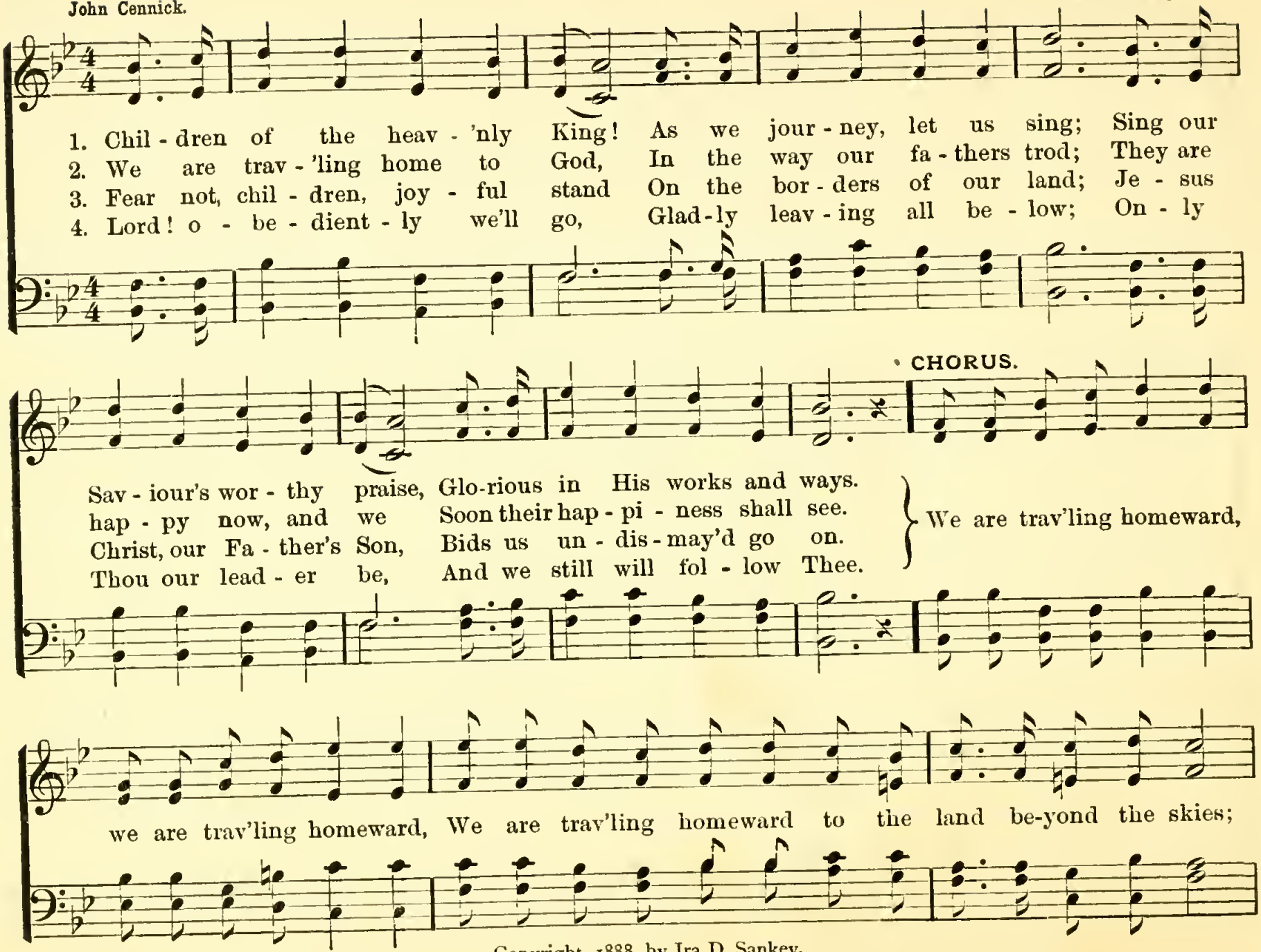
Traveling Homeward.

John Cennick. Ira D. Sankey.



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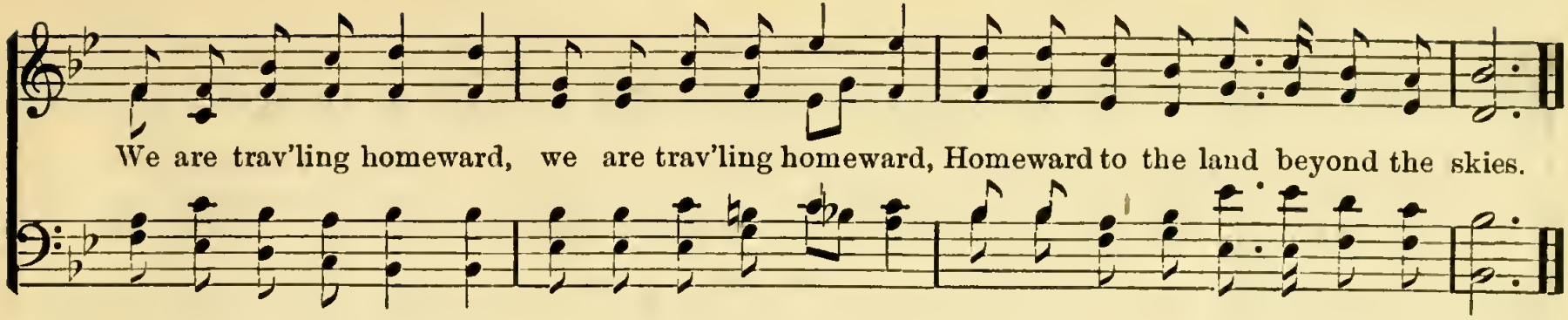
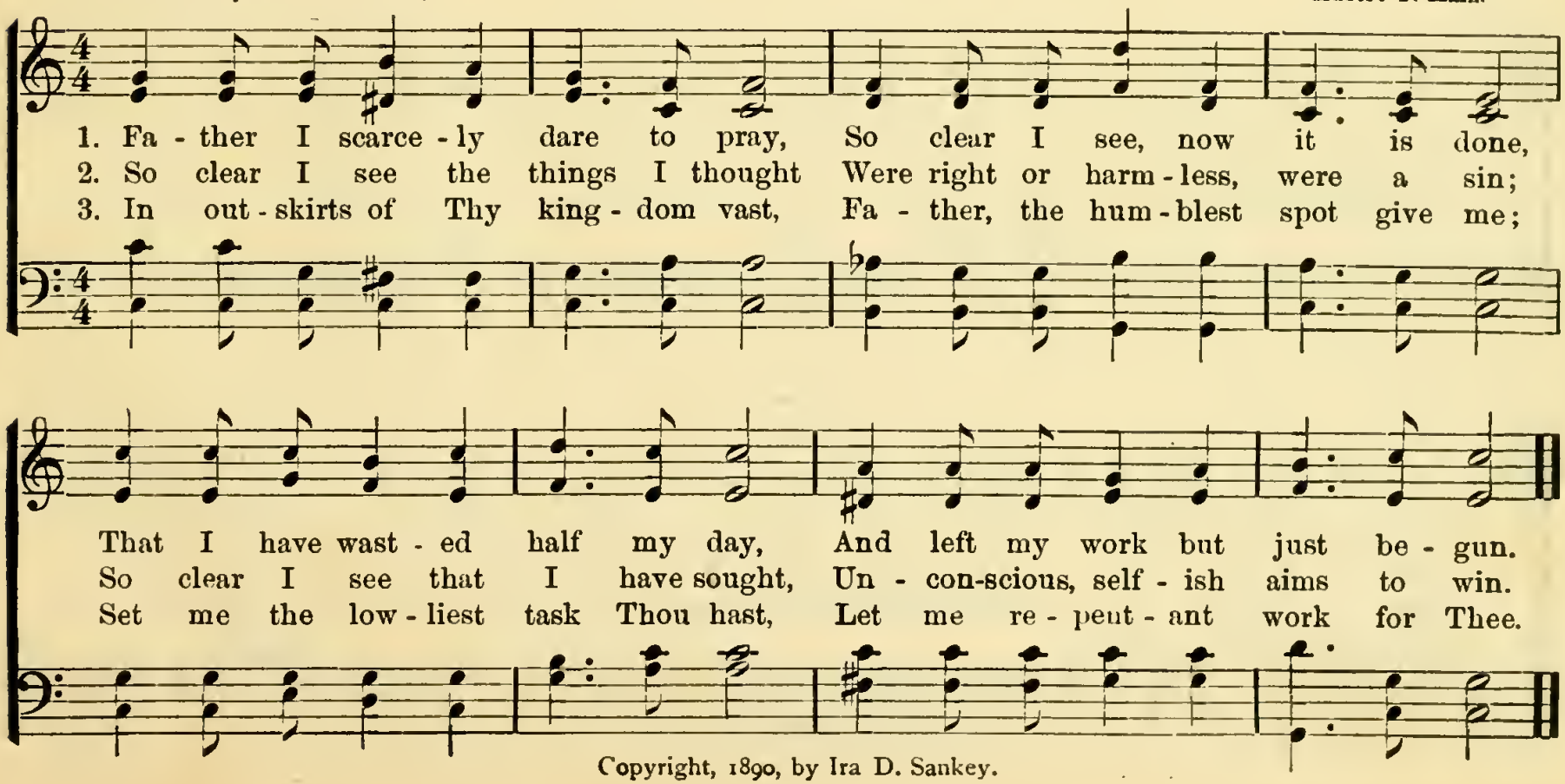


A Last Prayer.

Helen Hunt Jackson.
(Written four days before her death.)

Hubert P. Main.



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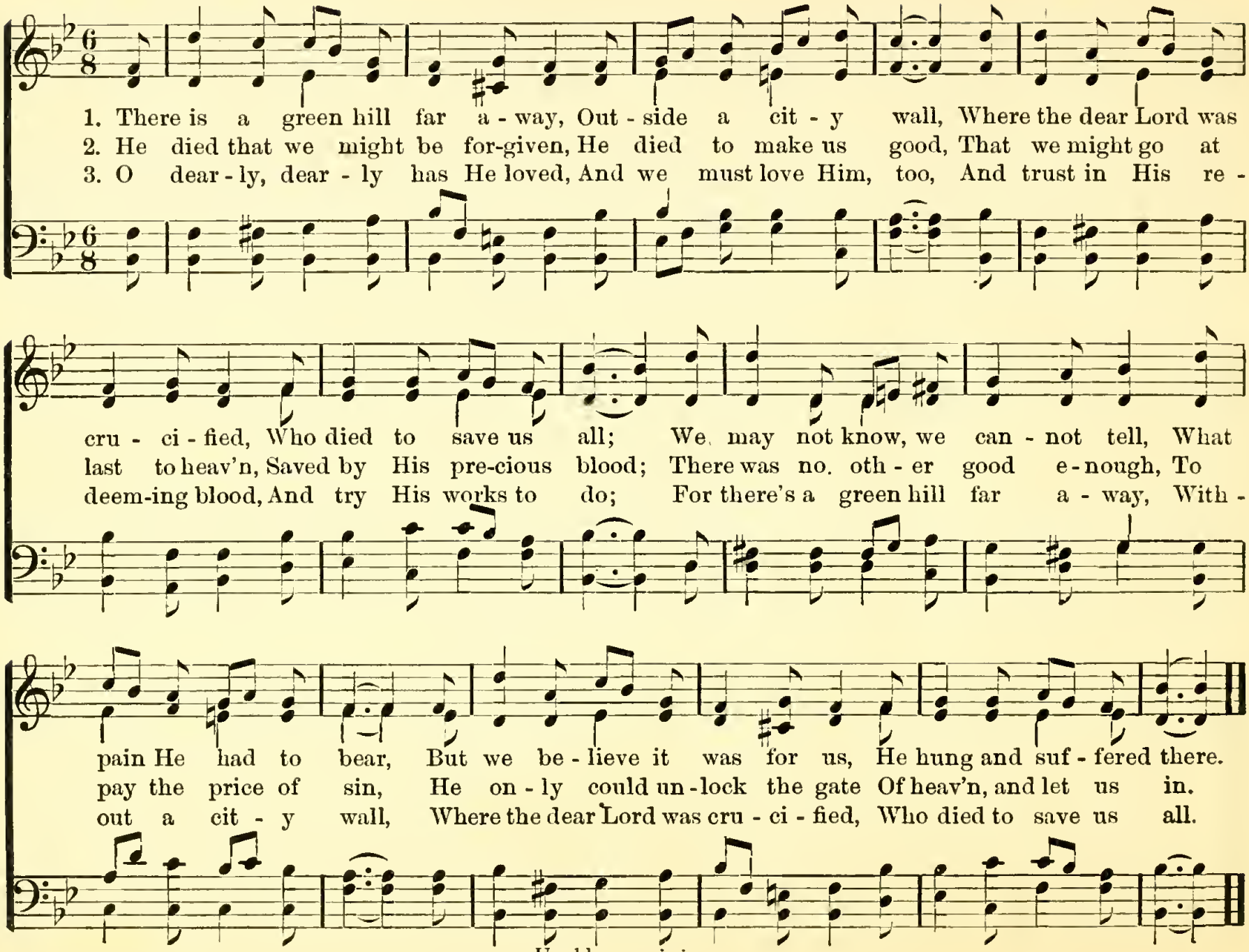
A Green Hill far Away.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. Richard S. Willis.



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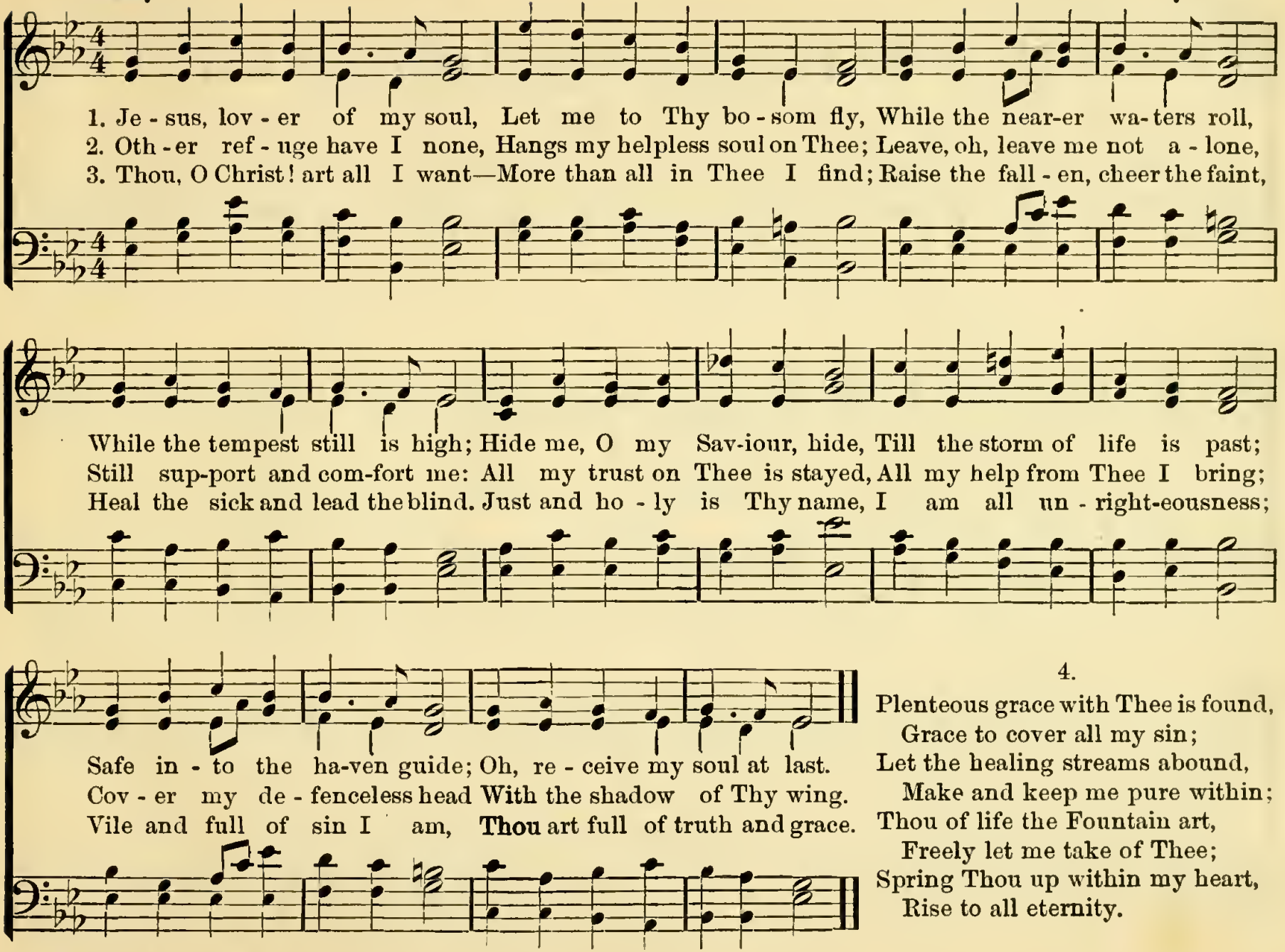
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.*

C. Wesley. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



4.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

* Tune MARTYN may also be used.

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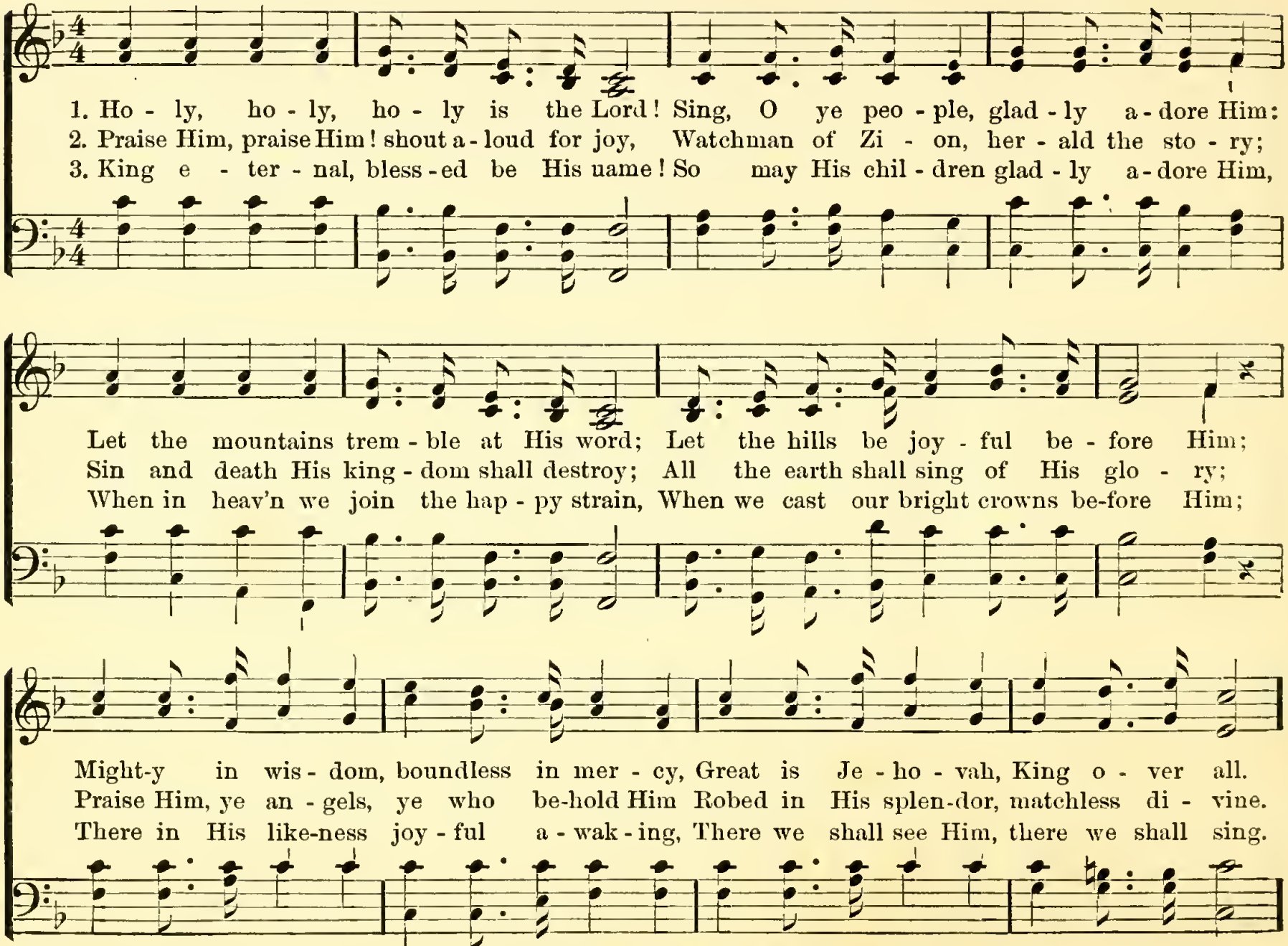
Holy, Holy is the Lord.

Frances J. Van Alstyne. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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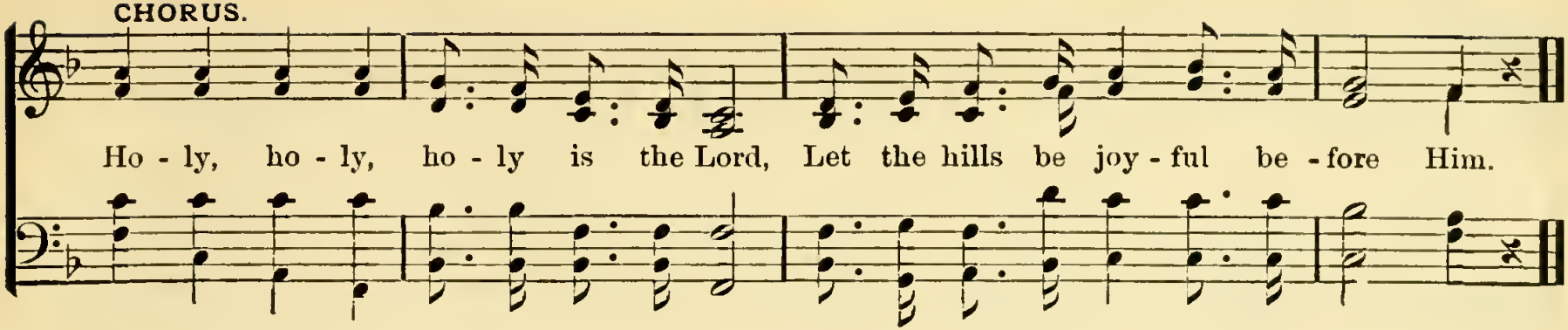
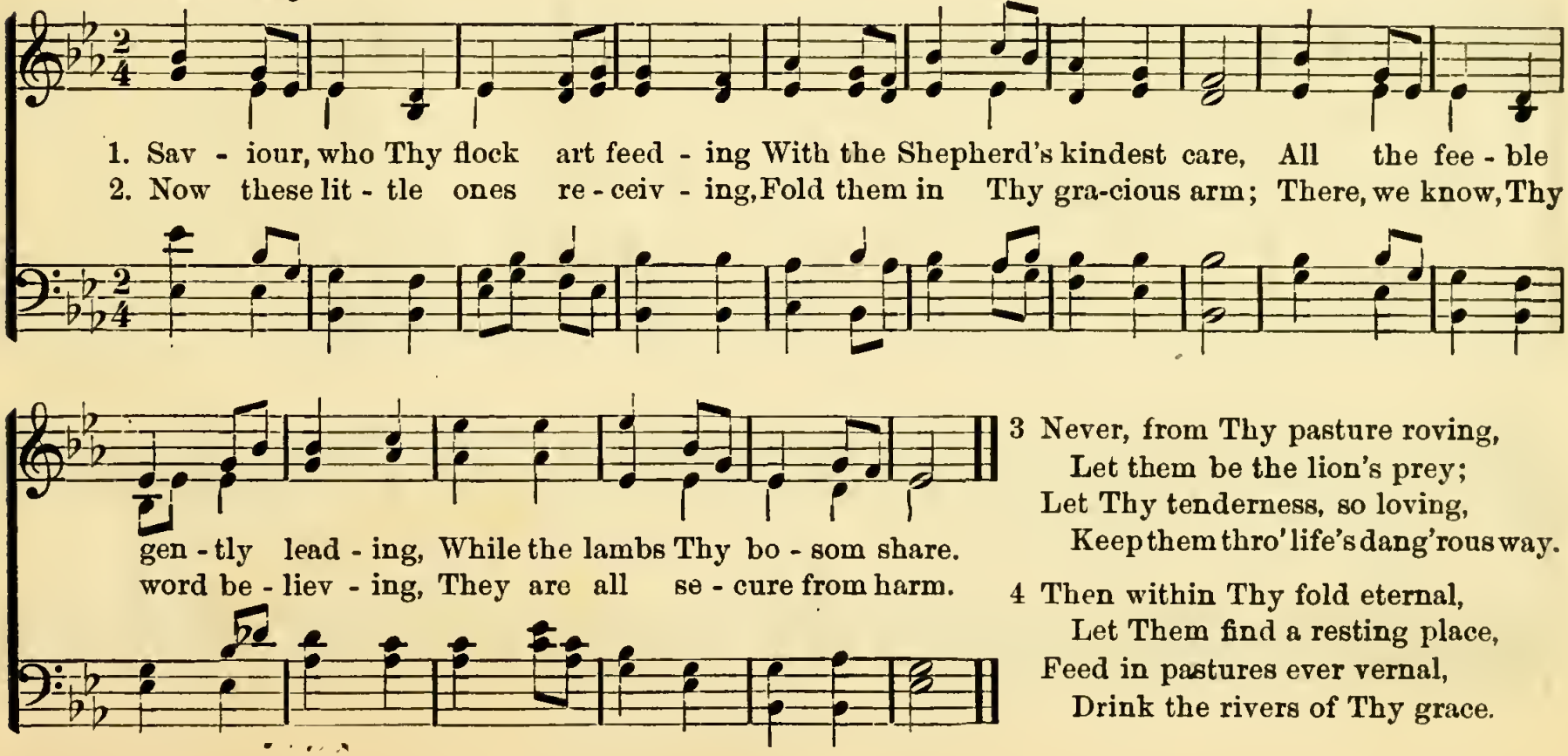
Holy, Holy is the Lord.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Saviour, who Thy Flock art Feeding.

Wm. A. Muhlenberg. John Zundel.



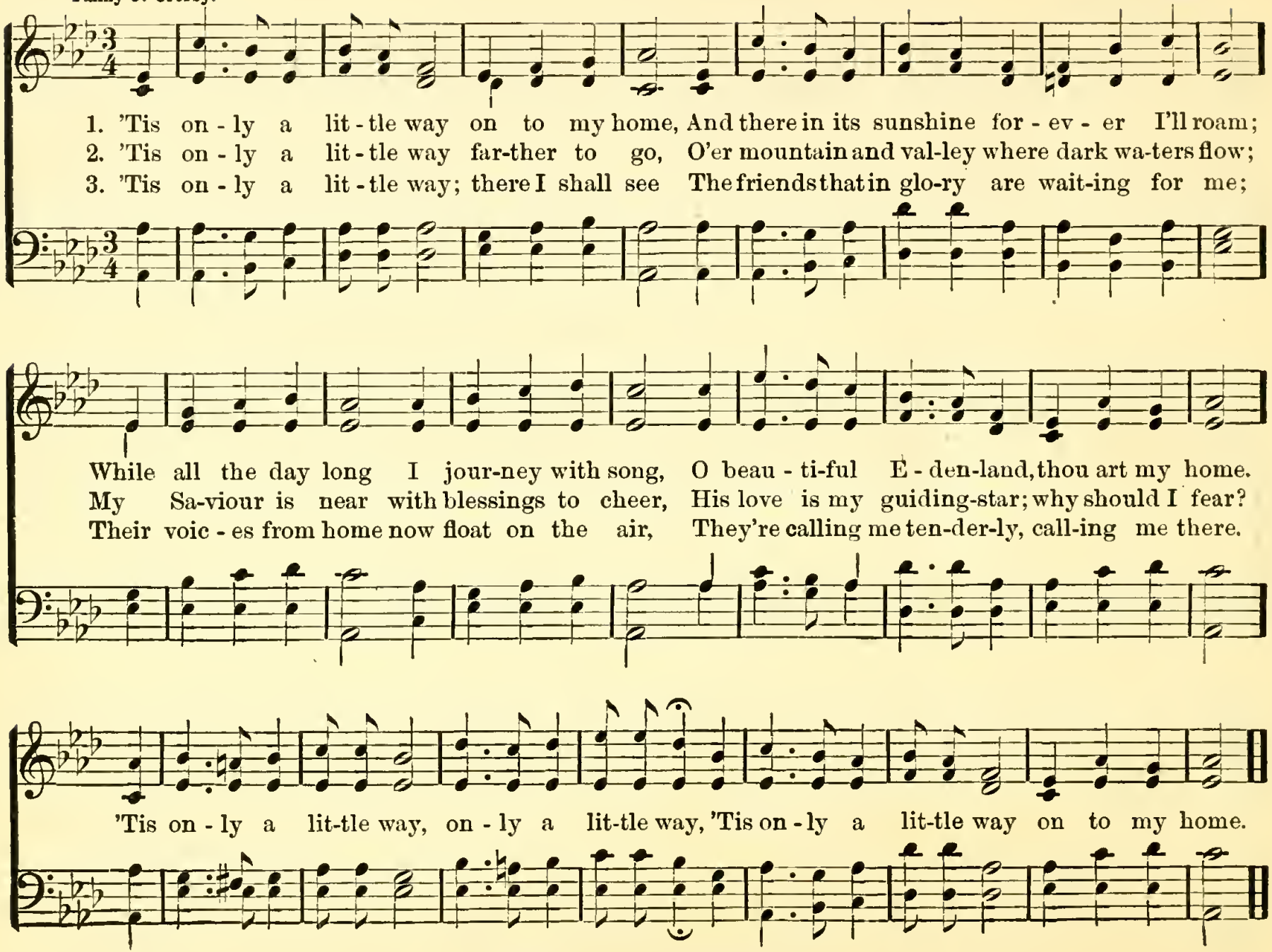
3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's dang'rous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let Them find a resting place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

150

Only a Little Way.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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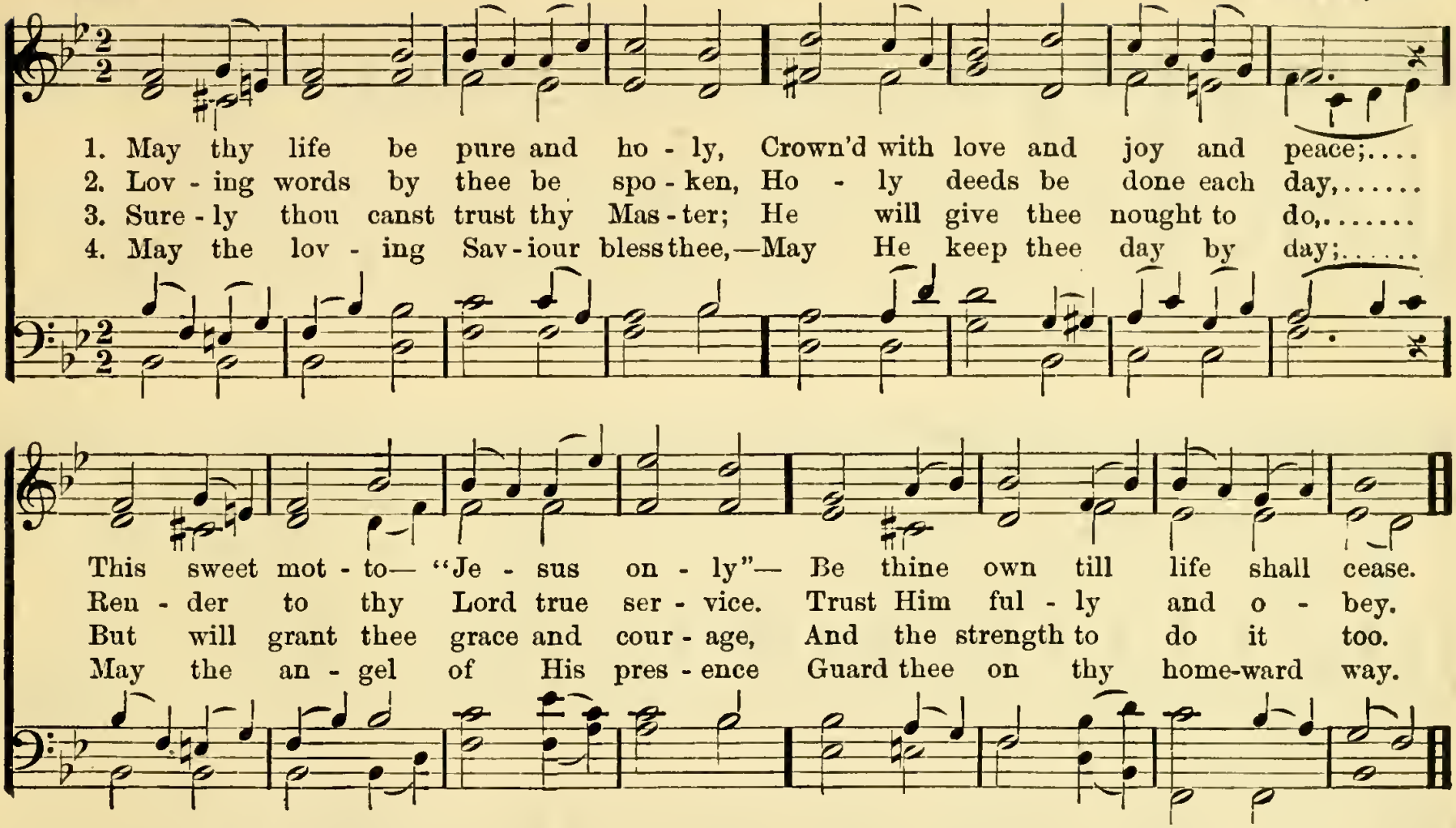
My Prayer for Thee.

M. E. B. Ira D. Sankey



5 Lean thy whole weight on thy Saviour,
Cling to His dear, loving hand;
Very gently may He lead thee
To the bright and better land.

6 Look to Him in days of darkness
As thy Helper, Friend, and Guide:
Jesus, never, never faileth;
Trust in Him whate'er betide.

7 When the evening shadows lengthen,
At the close of life's short day,
May His presence cheer and comfort,
May He be thy strength and stay.

8 What is better than His blessing?
What is sweeter than His care?
O may these be thine for ever
Is my earnest, heartfelt prayer.

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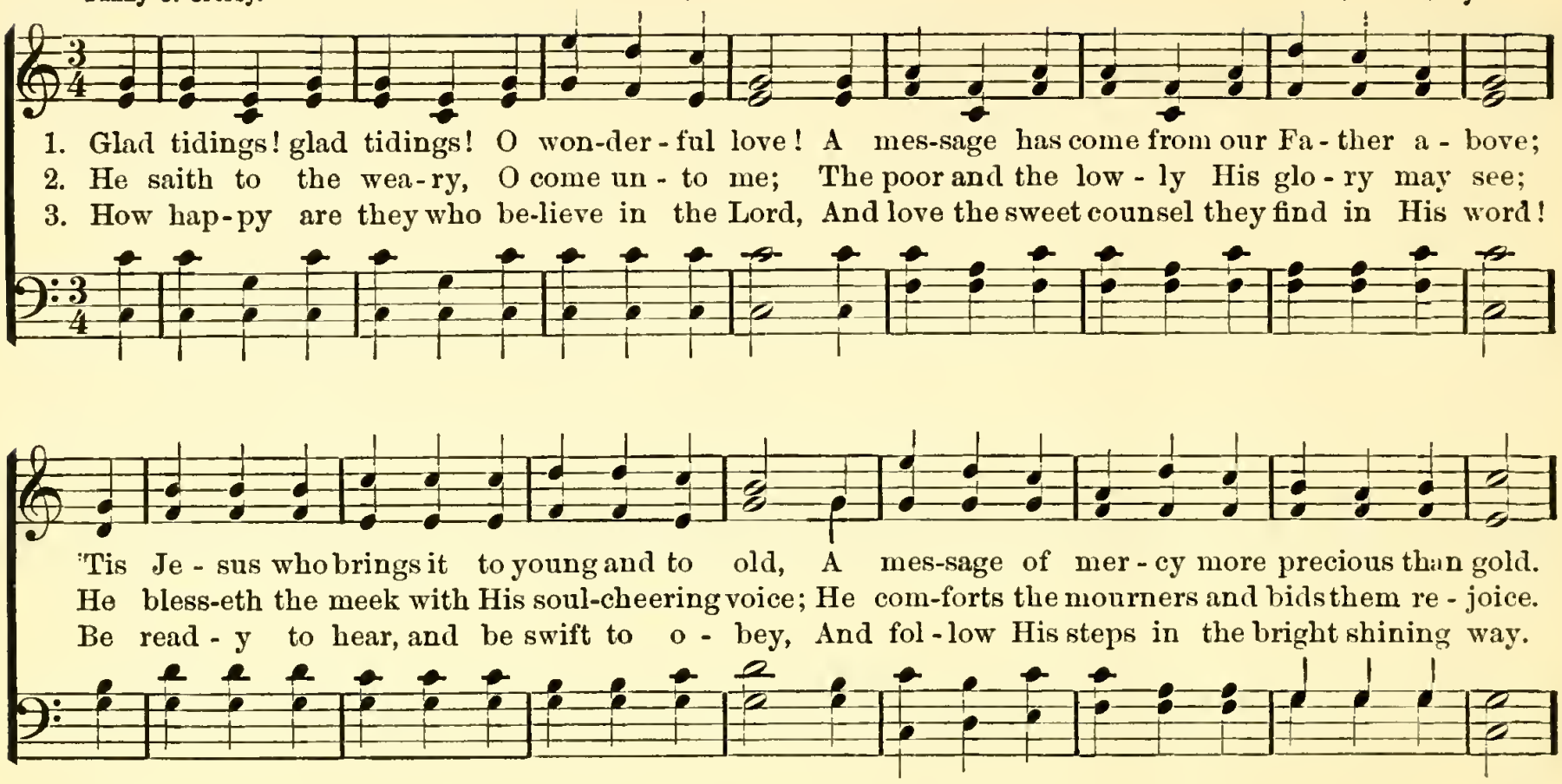
Glad Tidings.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.



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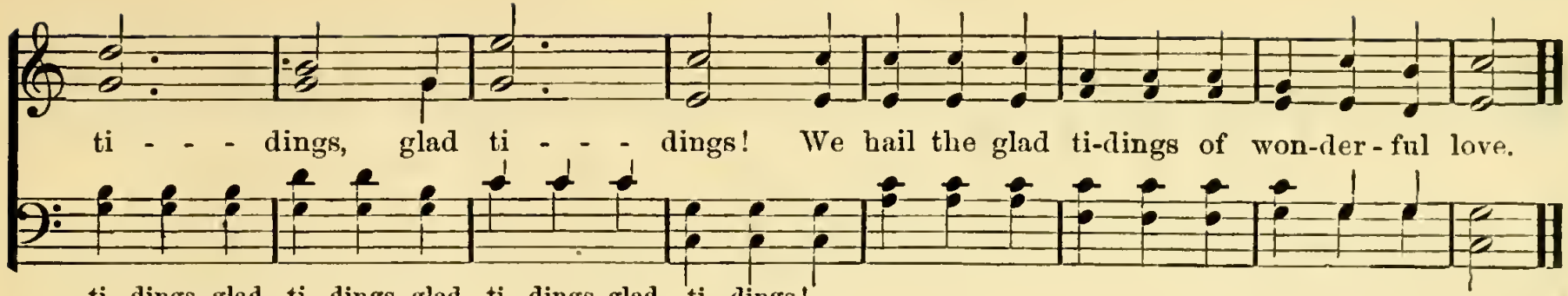
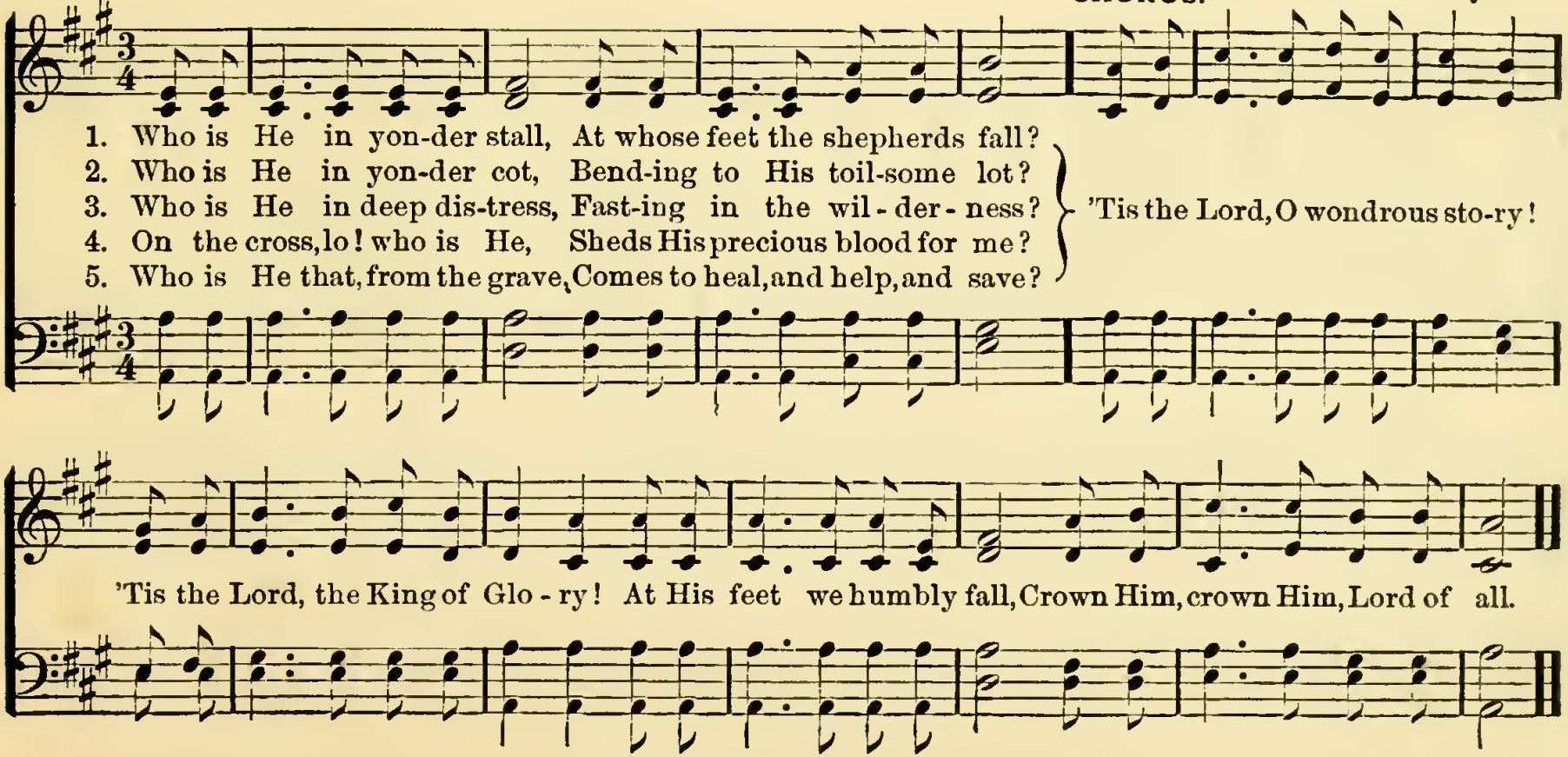


Who is He?

B. R. H.

CHORUS. B. R. Hanby.



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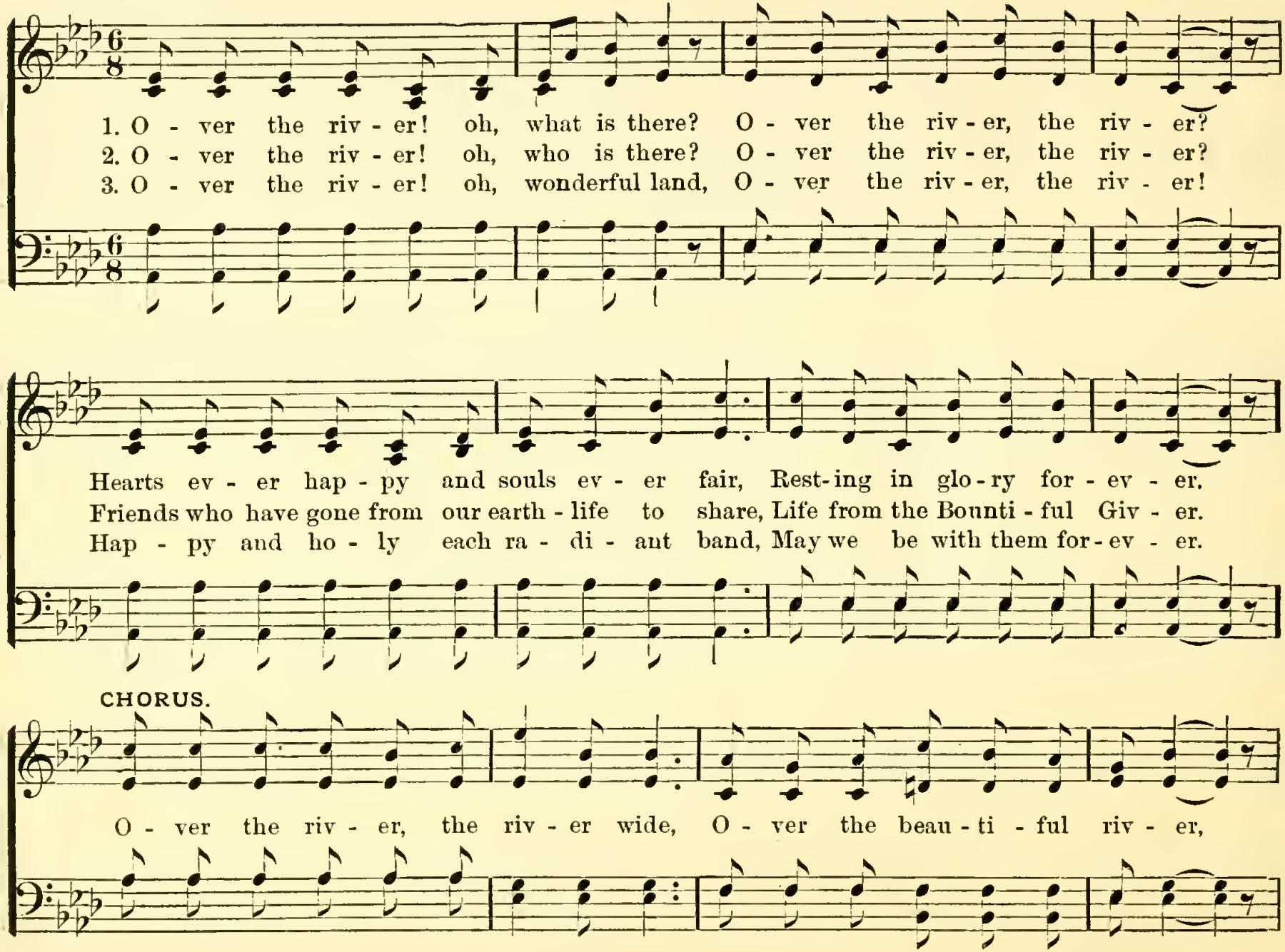
Over the River.

E. E. Rexford. Geo. F. Root.



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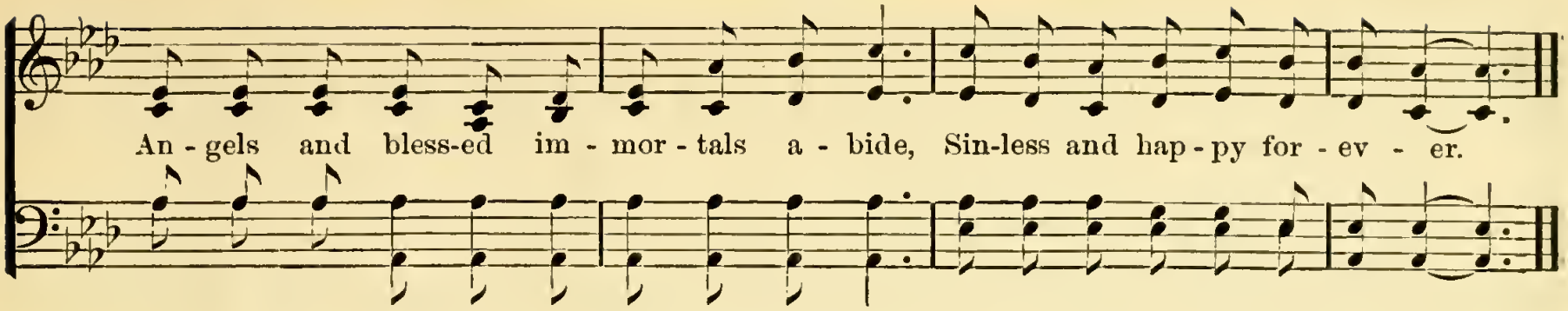
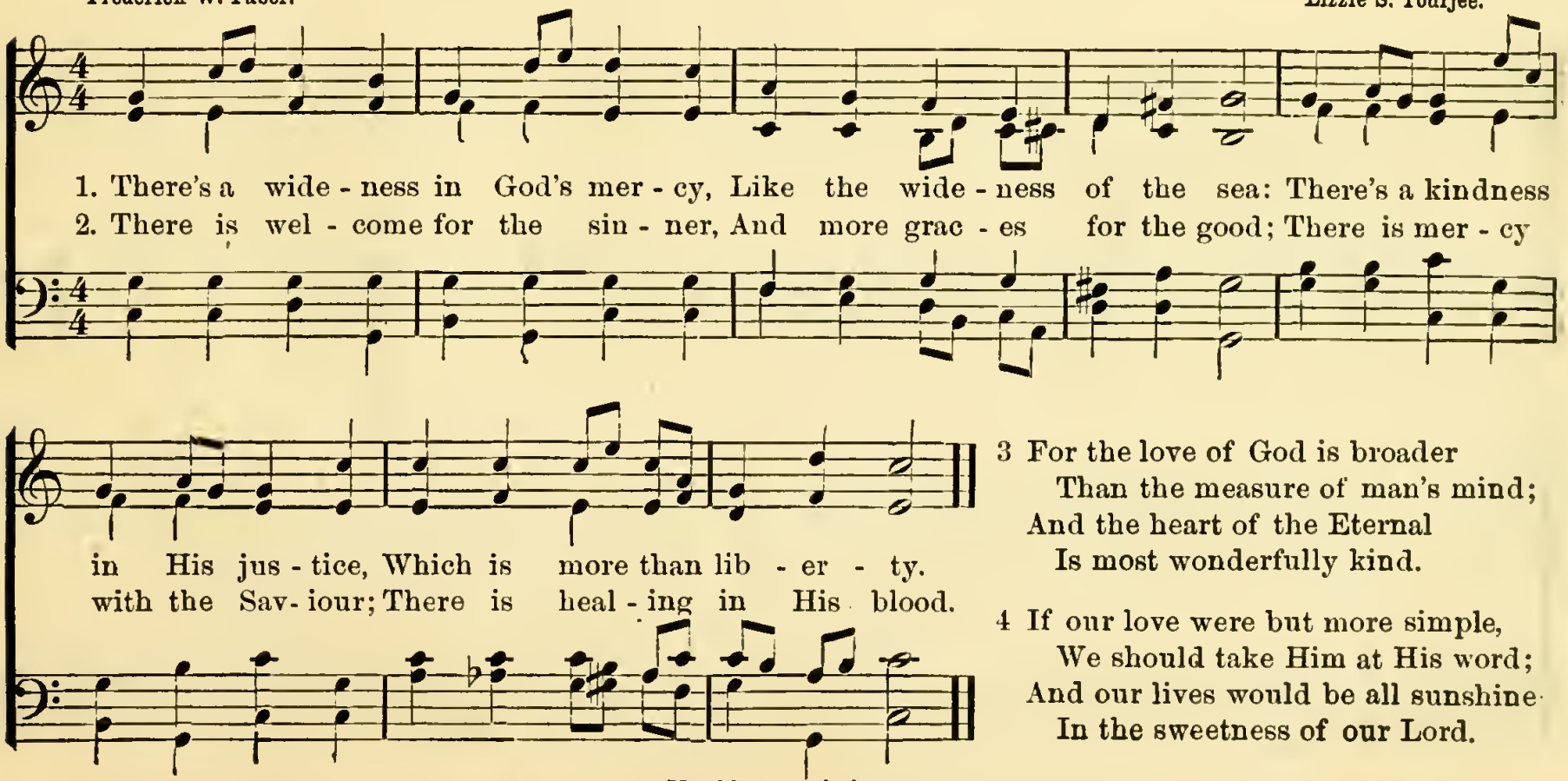


There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjeè.



3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

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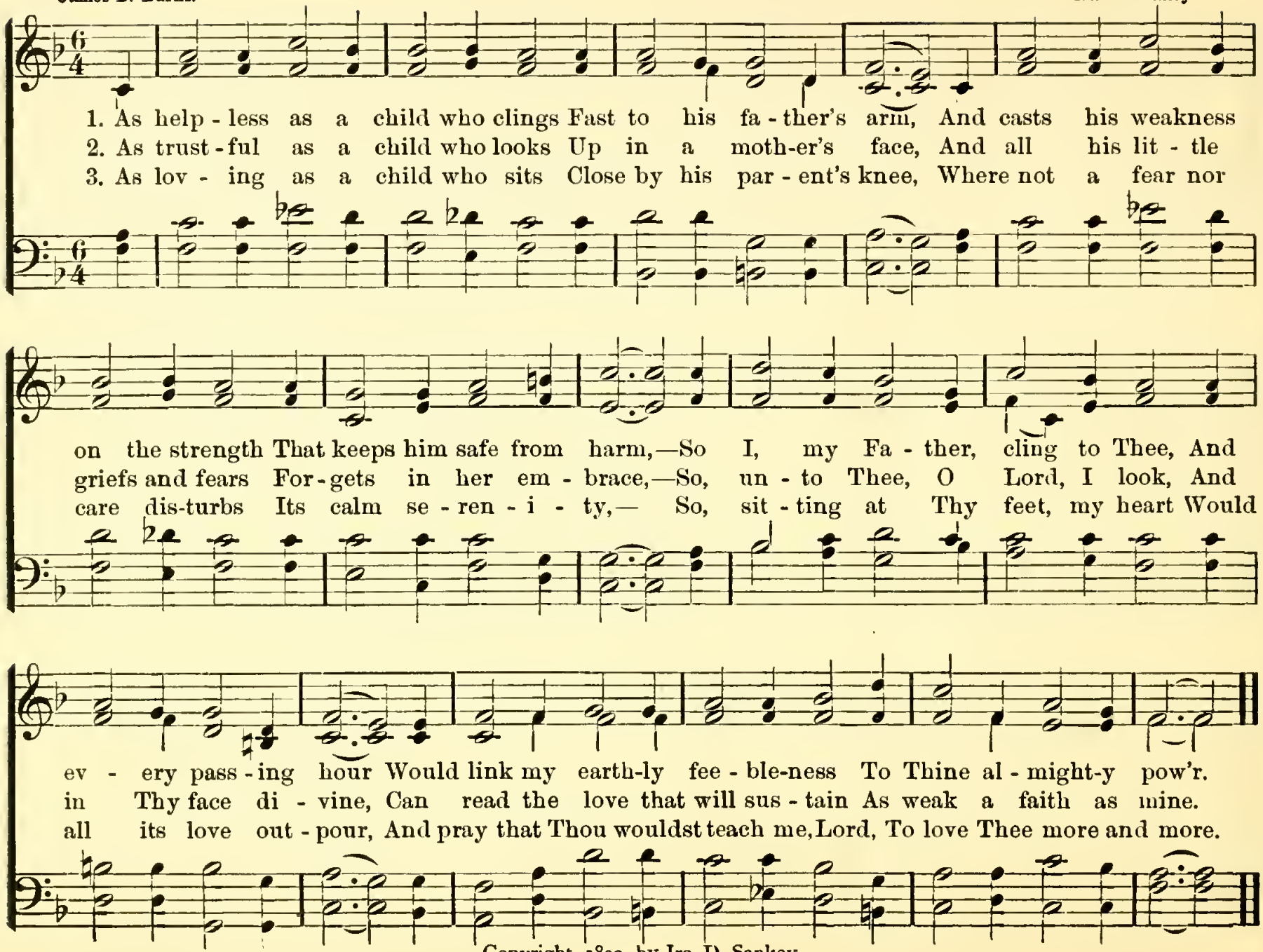
As Helpless as a Child.

James D. Burns. Ira D. Sankey.



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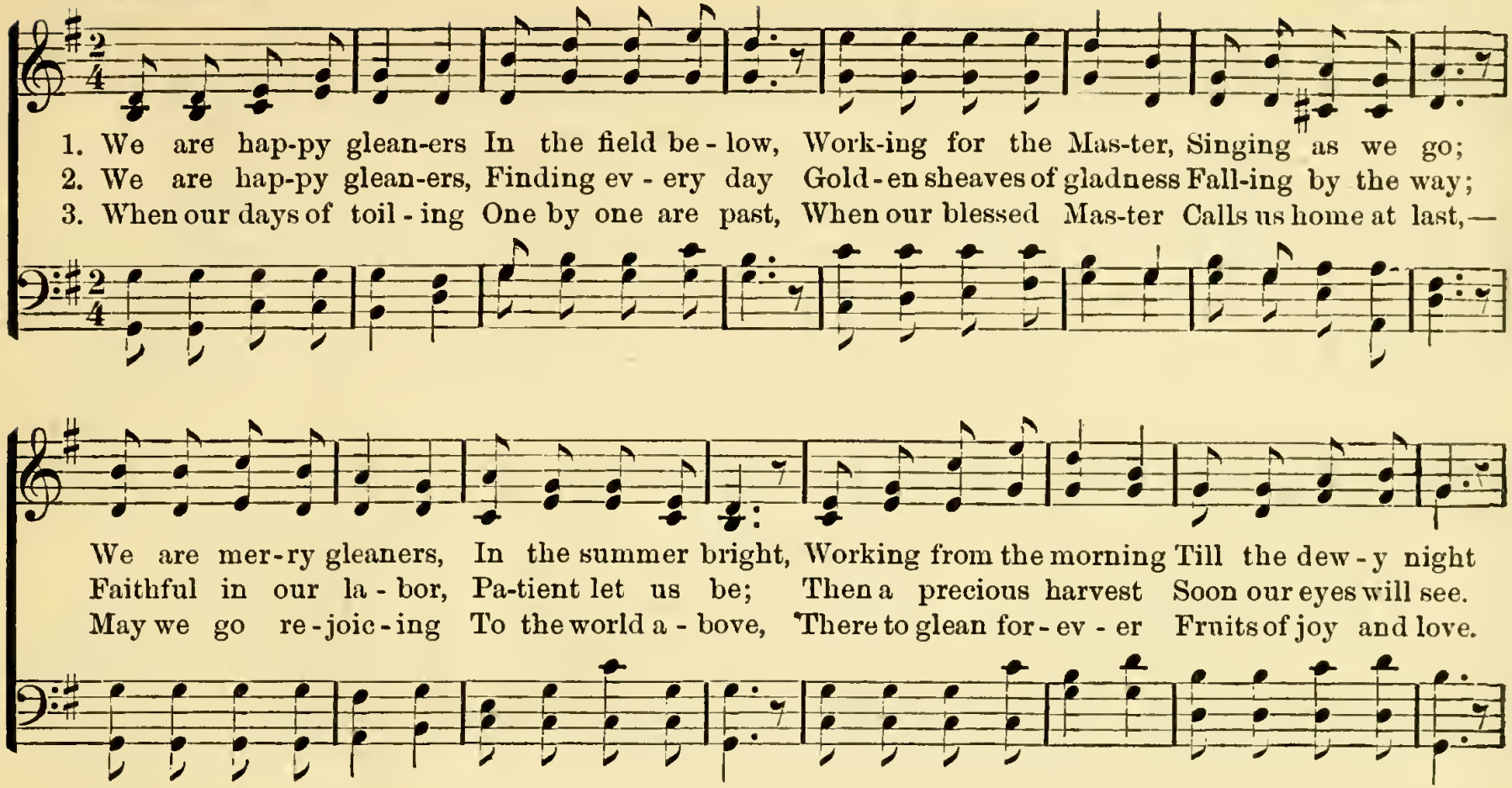
Waiting for the Harvest.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.



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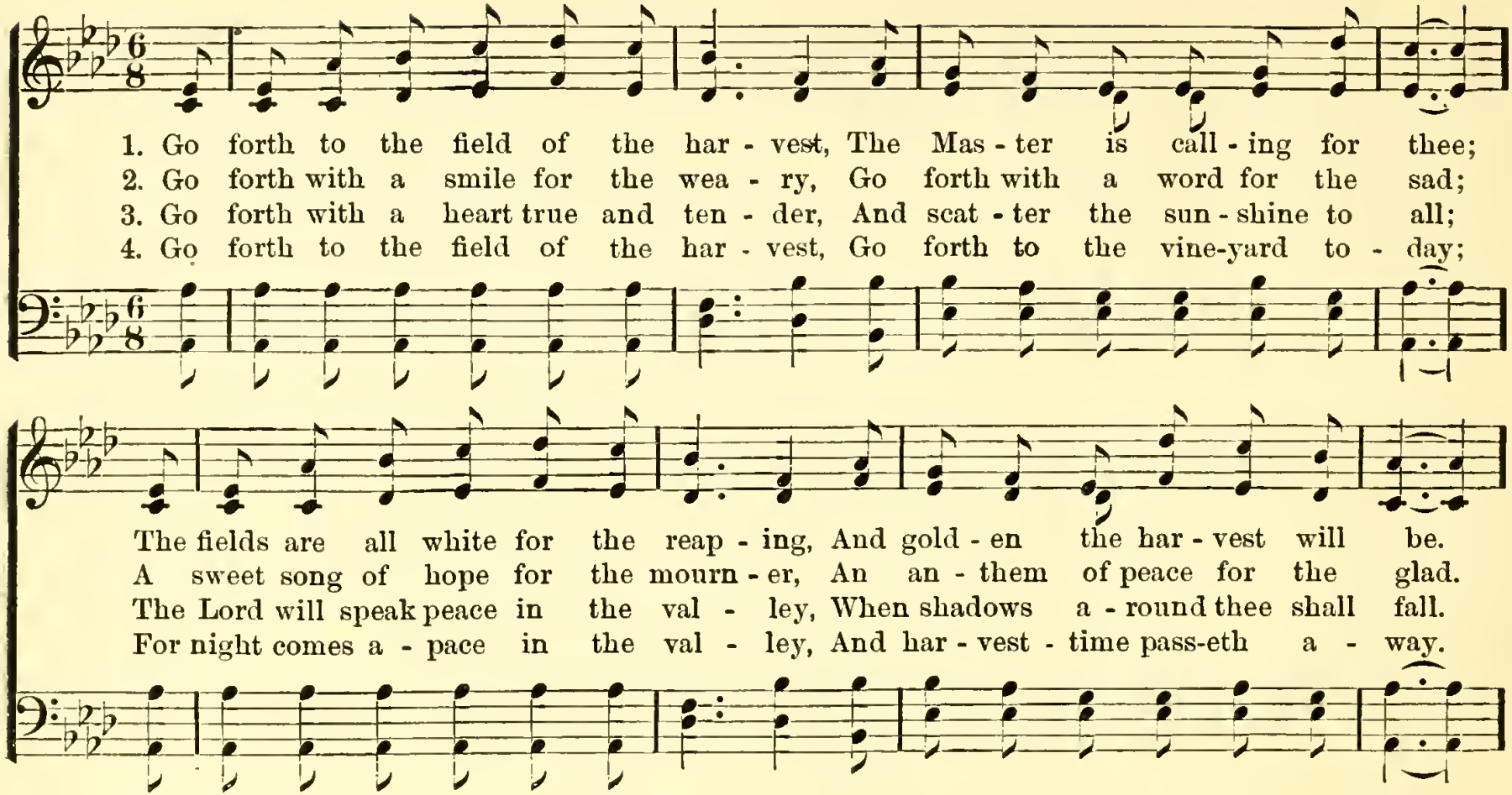
Go Forth to the Field.

Eliza M. Sherman. J. R. Murray.



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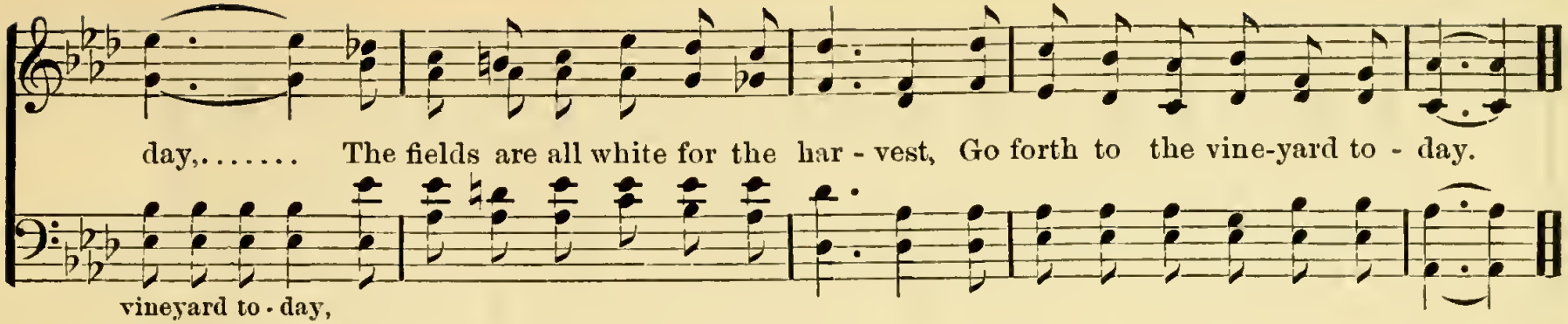
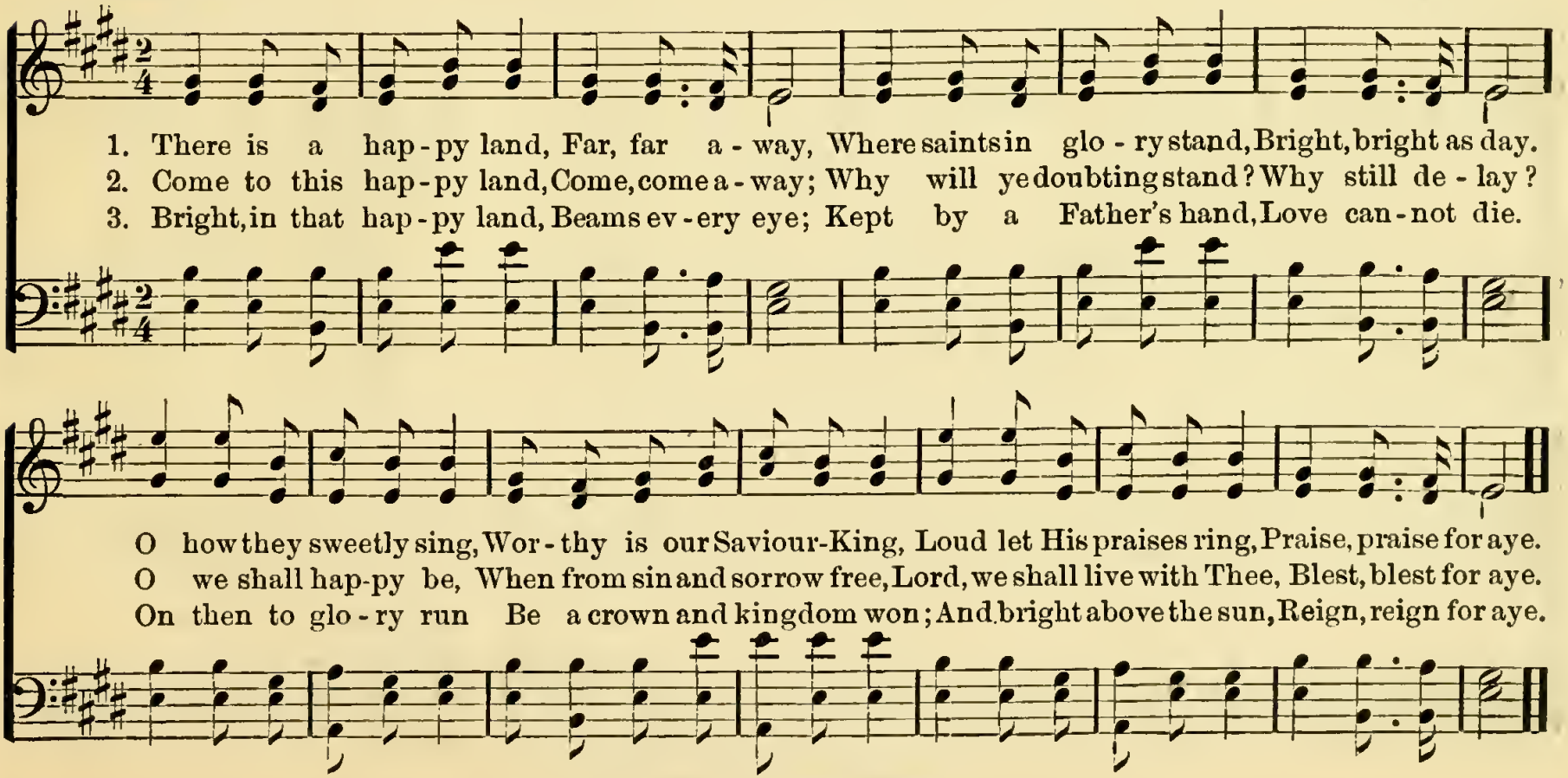


There is a Happy Land.

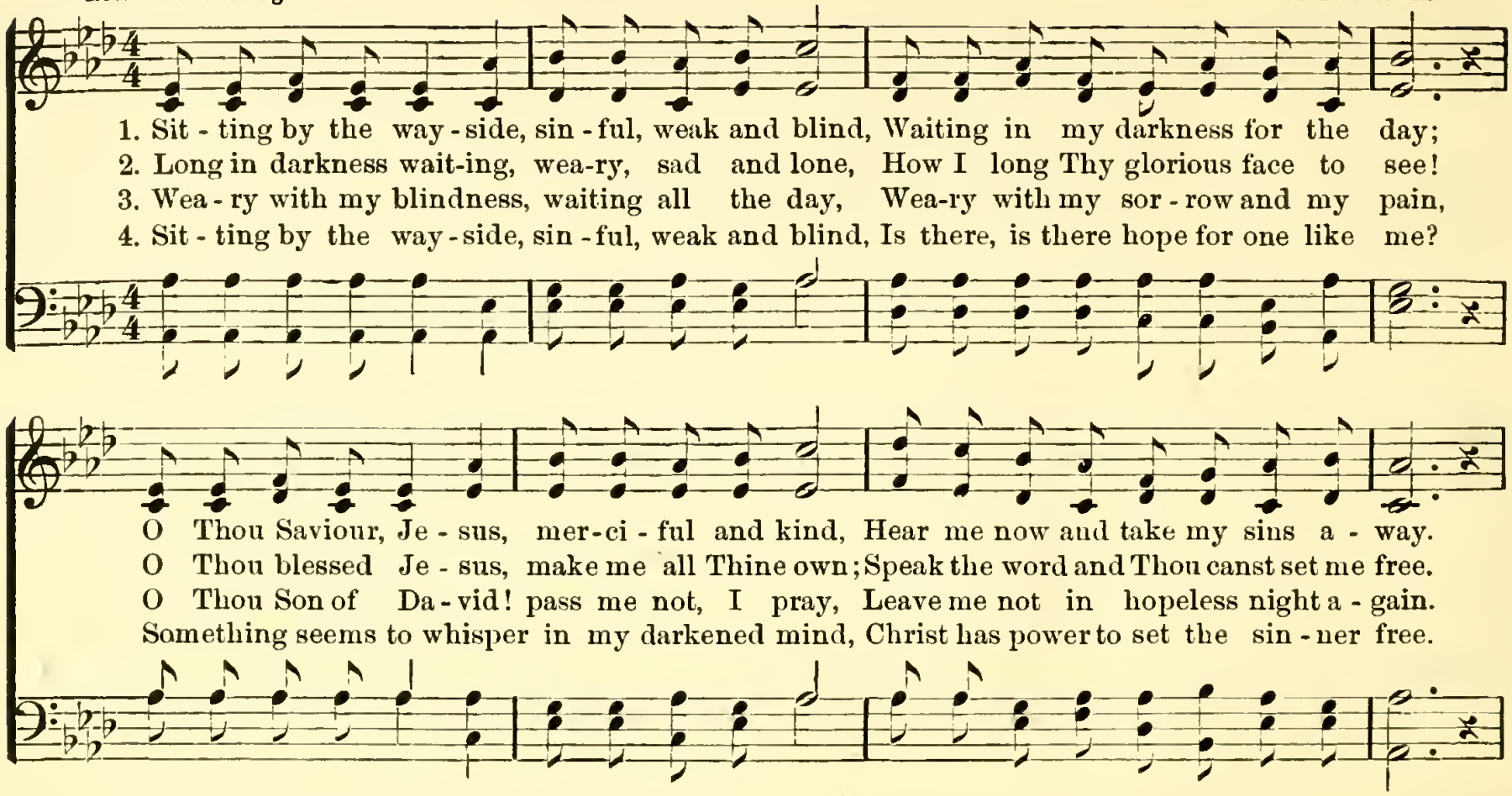
Andrew Young.* Hindoo Air.



* Died in Edinburgh, Nov. 30, 1889.

Sitting by the Way-side.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin.



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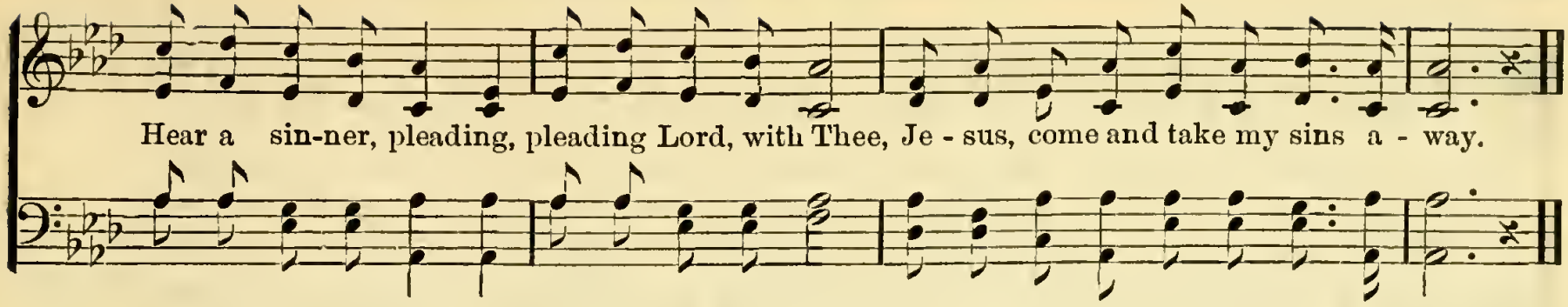
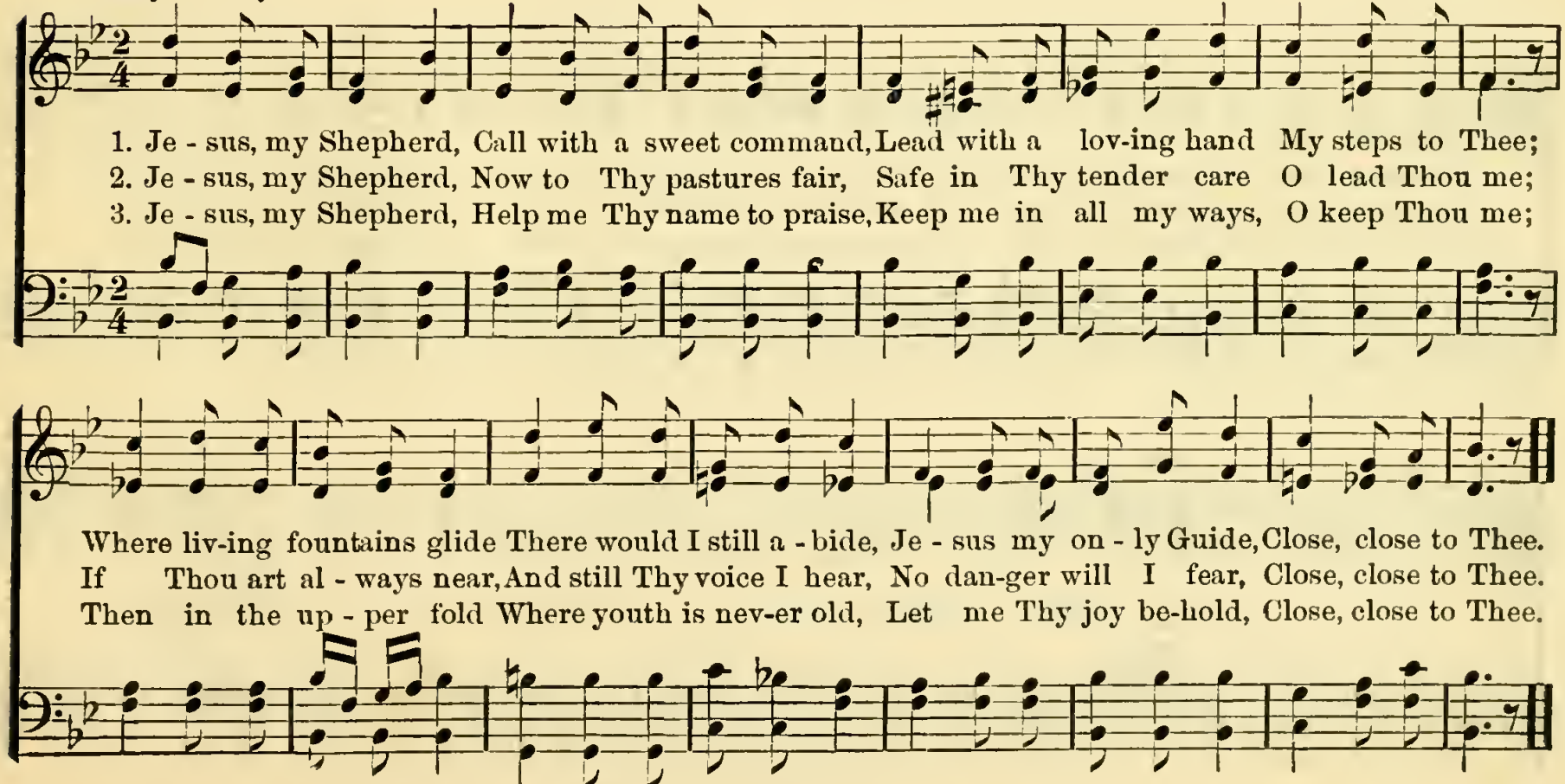


Jesus, my Shepherd.

Fanny J. Crosby. Henri Cramer.



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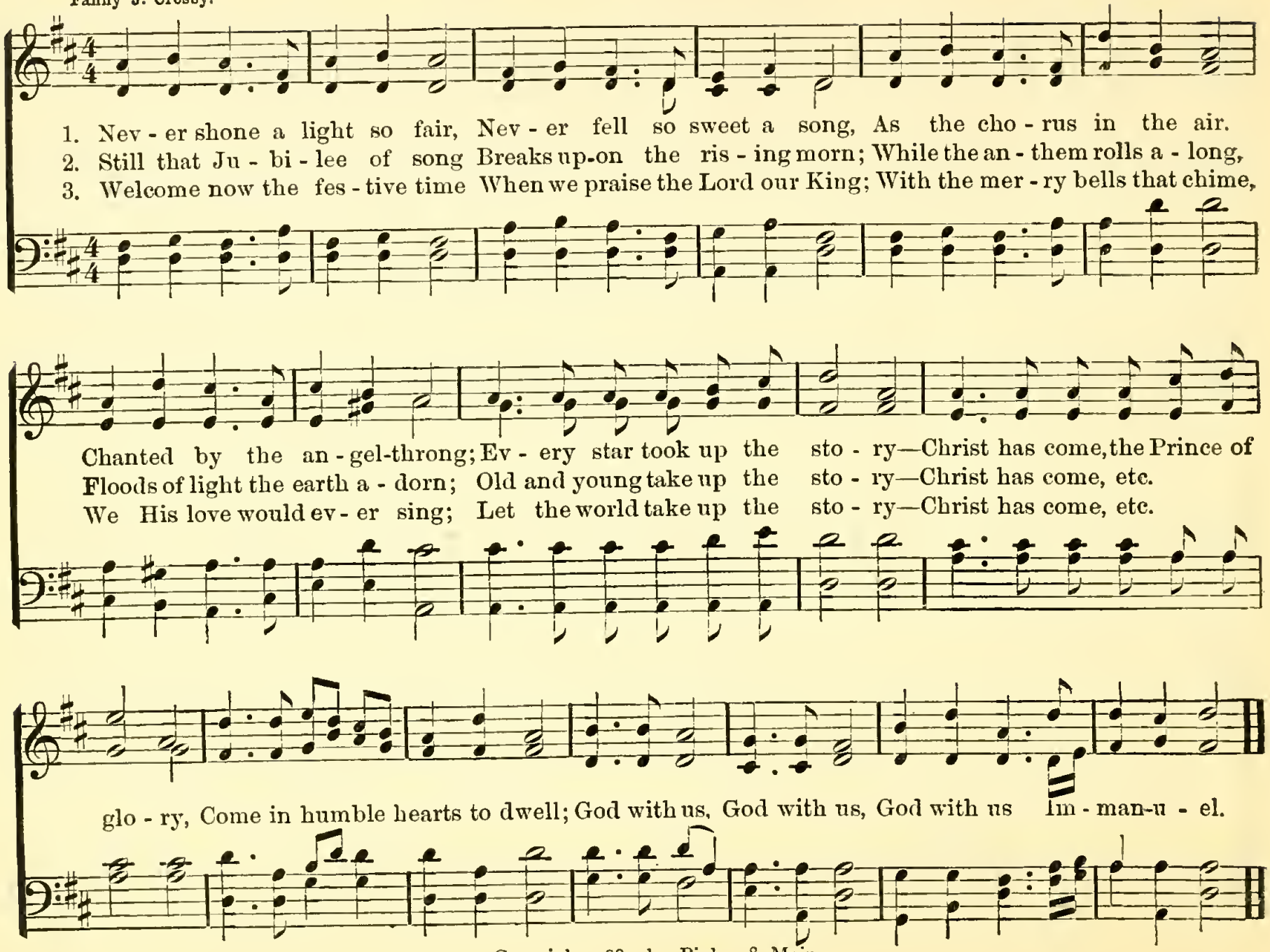
Never Shone a Light so Fair.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.



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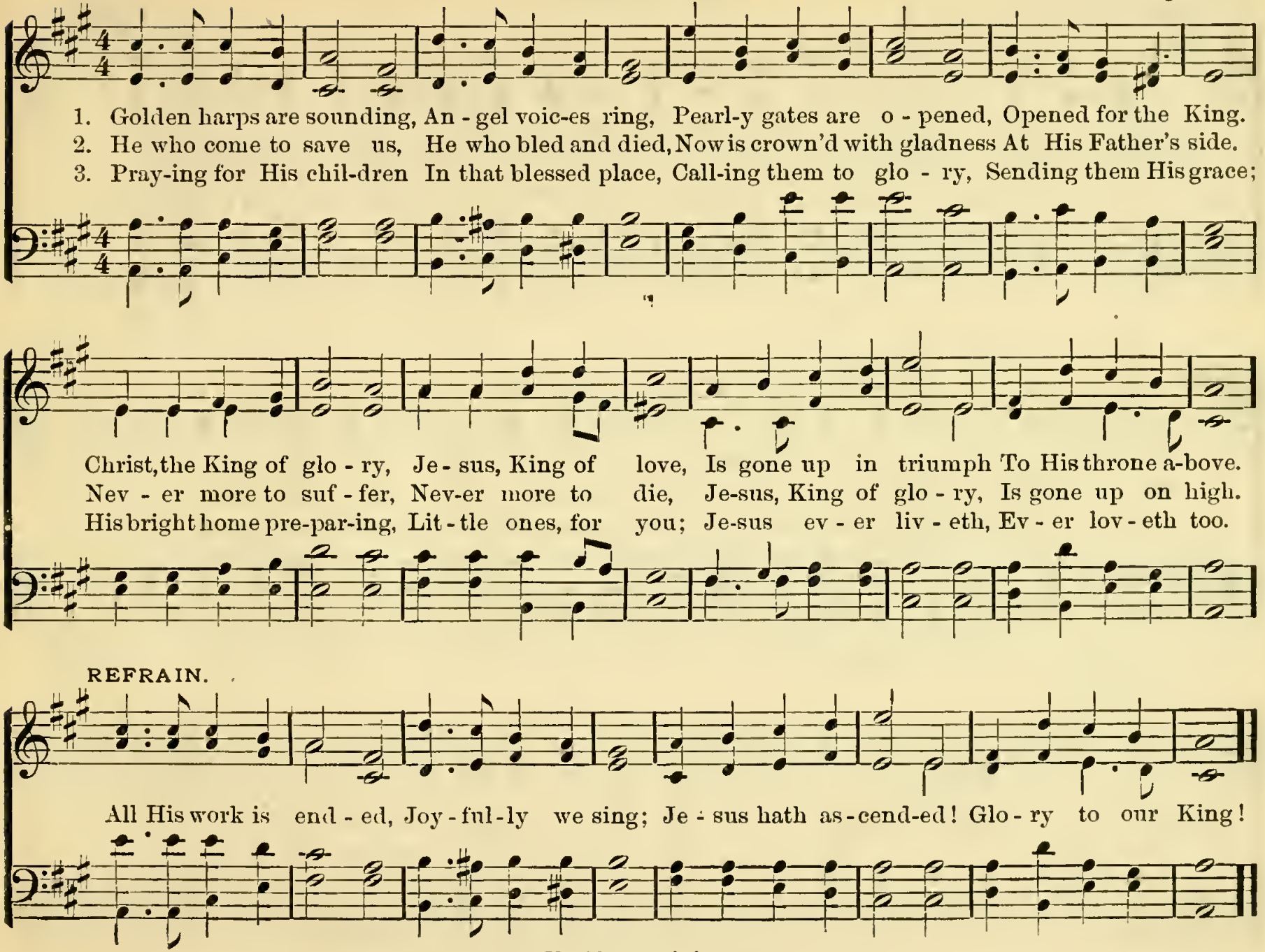
Golden Harps are Sounding.

F. R. H. Frances R. Havergal.



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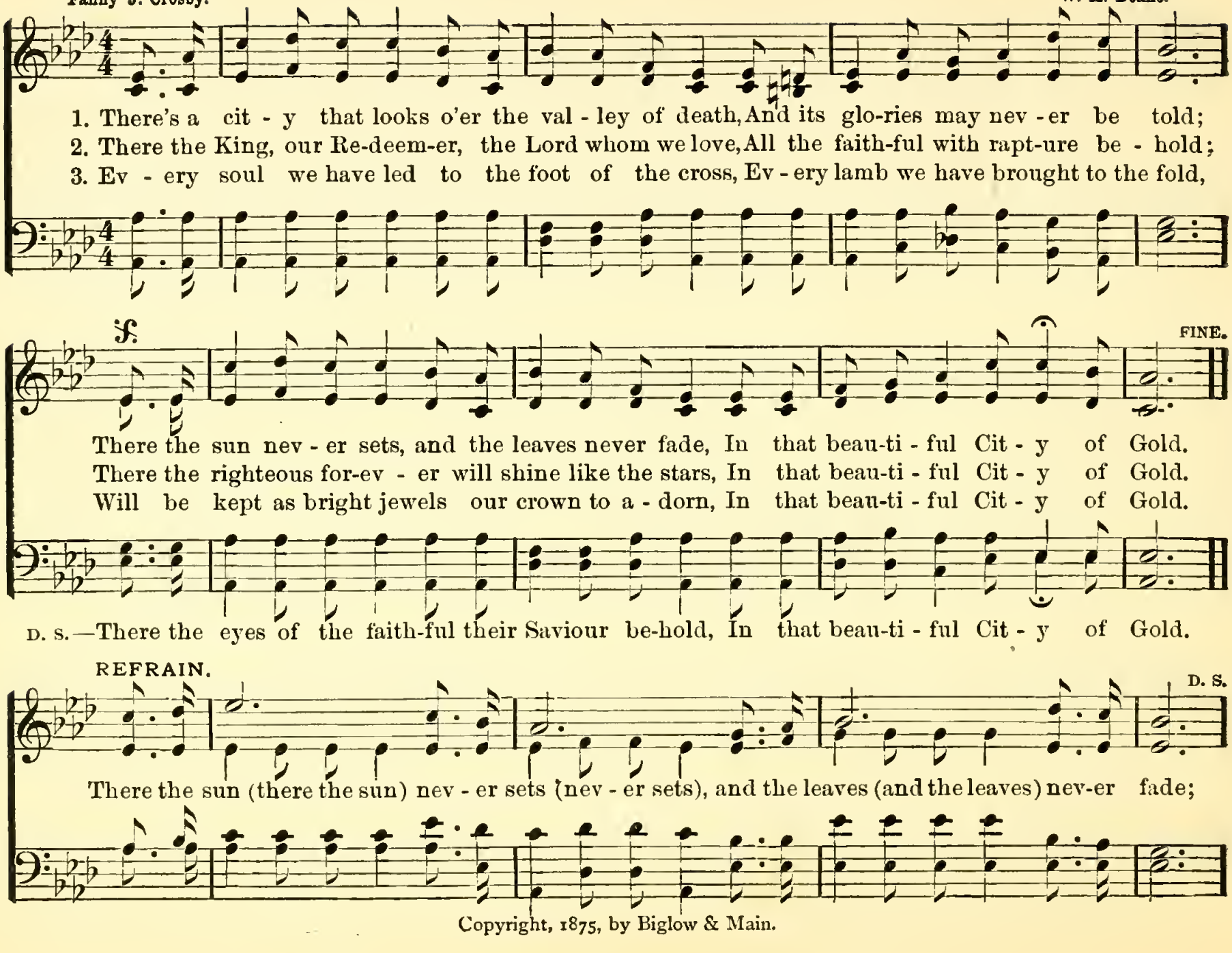
City of Gold.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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Abiding.

Eleanor Craddock. Ira D. Sankey.

1. A - bid - ing, gra - cious Lord, in Thee, A - bid - ing where Thou lead - est me; While trust-ing
2. A - bid - ing on the might - y Rock, Nor time can move, nor tem - pest shock; A - bid - ing
3. A - bid - ing in Thy love Di - vine That seals my heart, and keeps me Thine; A - bid - ing,

CHORUS.

faith looks up and sings Be-neath Thine all-pro-tect - ing wings.
in the se - cret place Be - side the riv - er of Thy grace.
'till Thou bid'st me come To where Thou art in heav'n my home.

A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, se - cure from all a - larms, A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing in the ev - er - last - ing arms.

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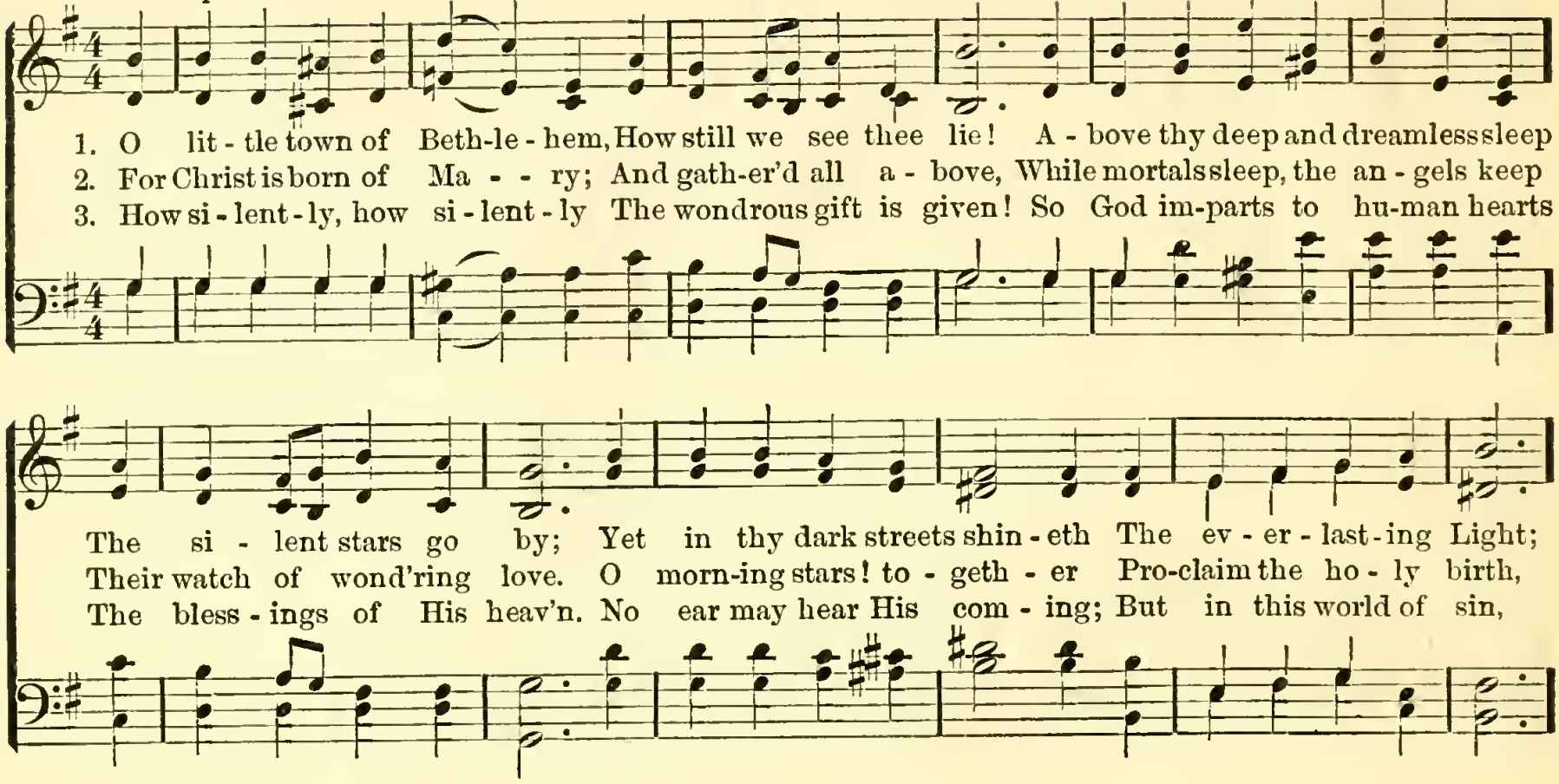
Bethlehem.

Rev. Phillips Brooks. Lewis H. Redner.



4.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,—
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,—
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

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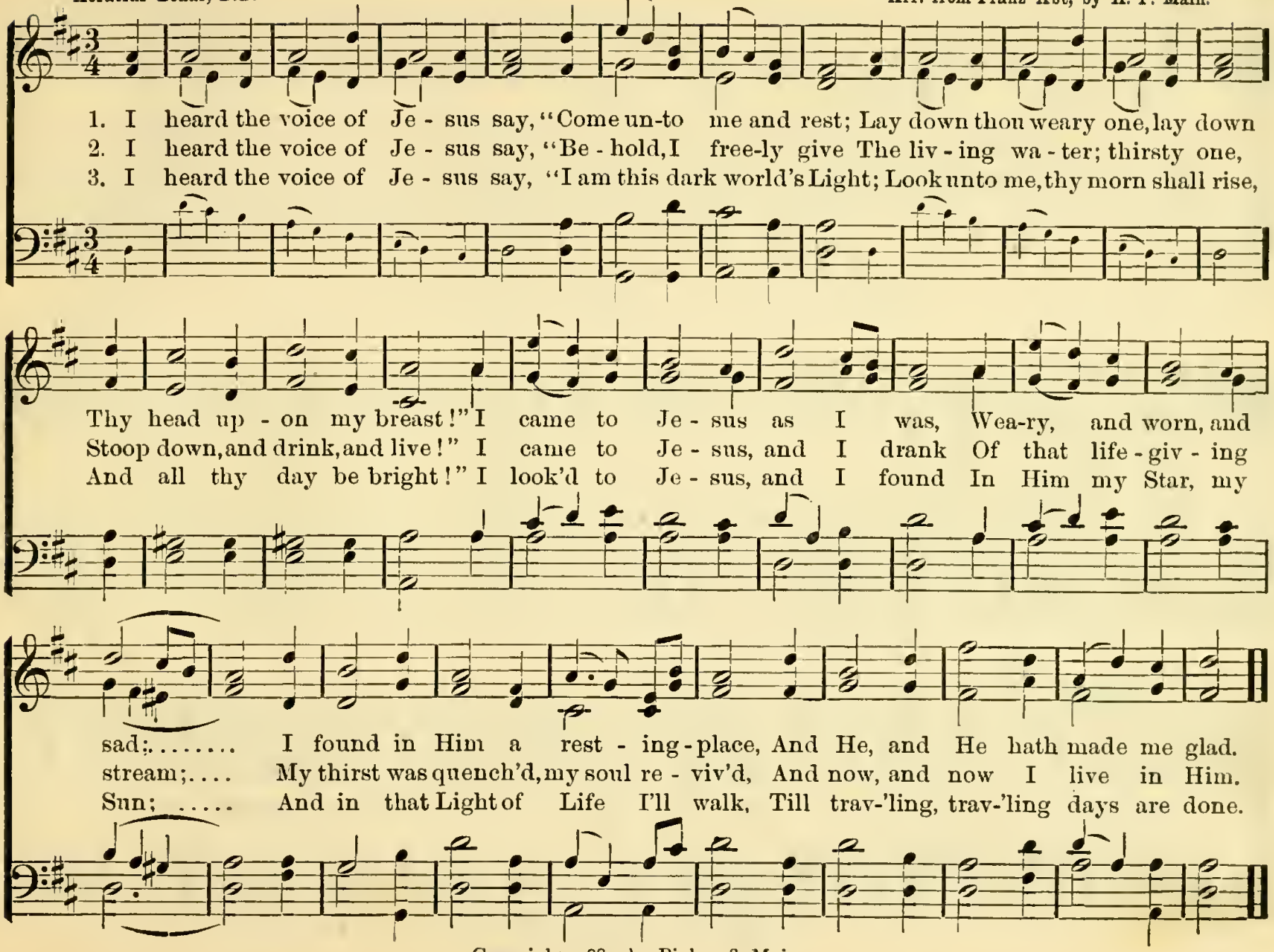
I Heard the Voice of Jesus say. 167

Horatius Bonar, D.D. Arr. from Franz Abt, by H. P. Main.



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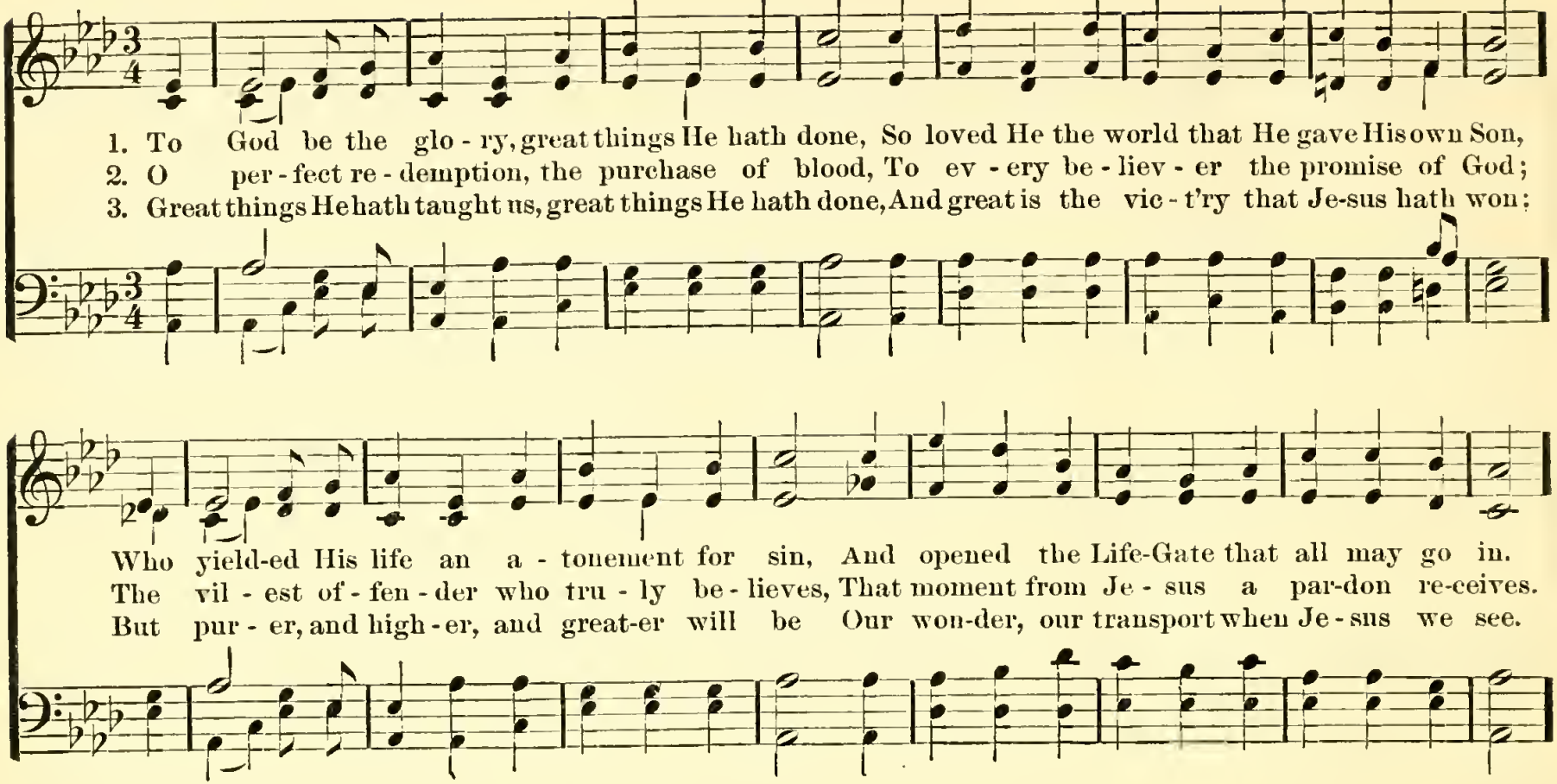
To God be the Glory.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



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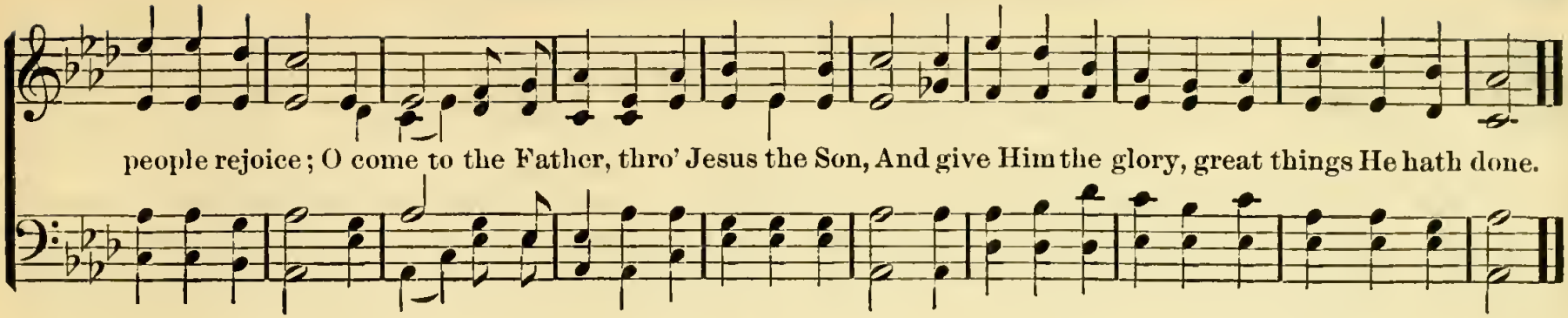
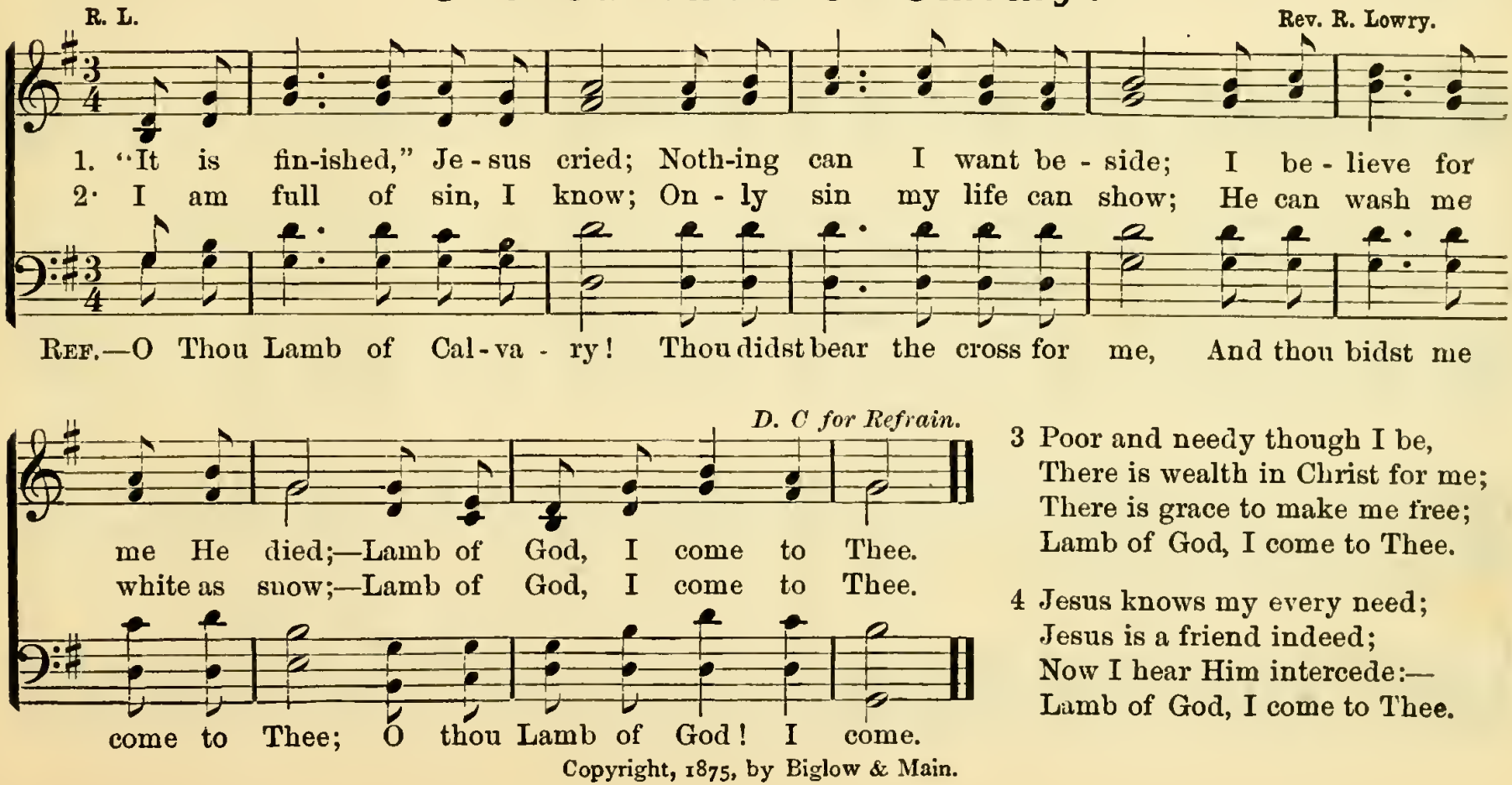


O Thou Lamb of Calvary!



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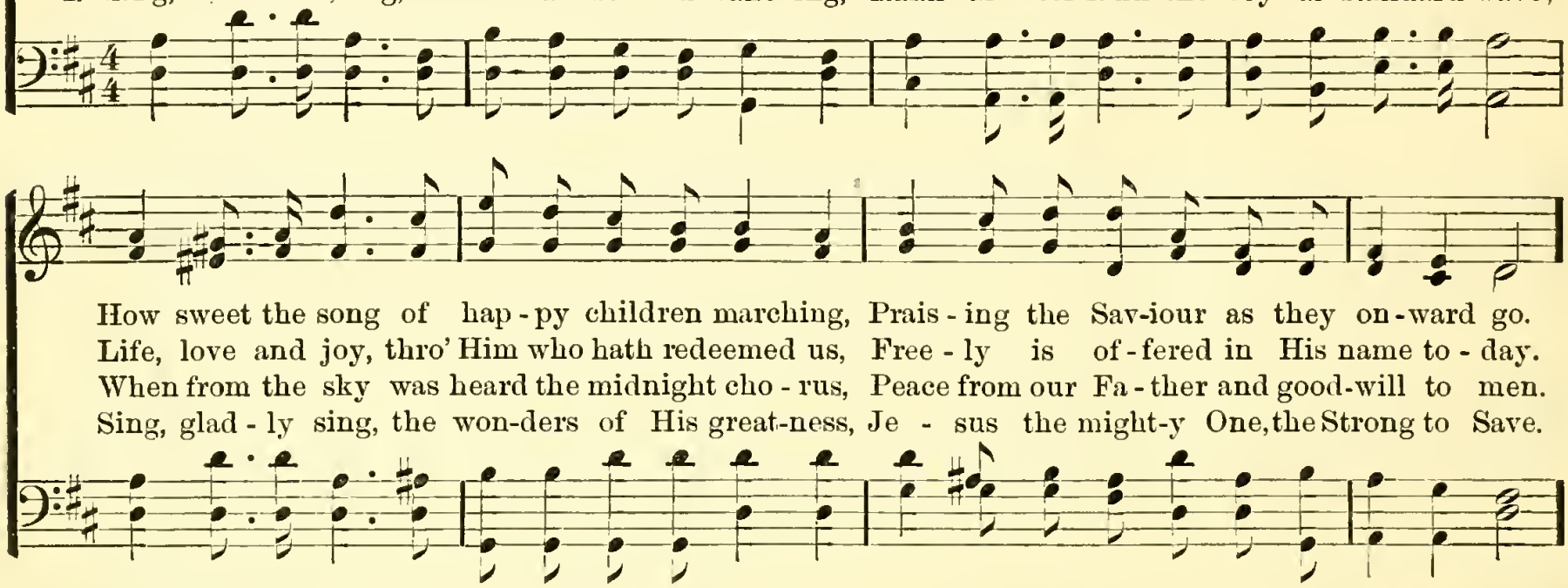
3 Poor and needy though I be,
There is wealth in Christ for me;
There is grace to make me free;
Lamb of God, I come to Thee.

4 Jesus knows my every need;
Jesus is a friend indeed;
Now I hear Him intercede:—
Lamb of God, I come to Thee.

Hark! Hark! the Song.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Hark! hark! the song from youthful voic-es break-ing, Fresh from the heart its tuneful numbers flow;
2. Hark! hark! the song, the grand old sto - ry tell - ing, Oh, how it swells and ech-oes far a - way;
3. Sing, chil-dren, sing; the song you now are wak - ing, Long, long a - go on Judah's plain be - gan;
4. Sing, chil-dren, sing, 'till for-ward still ad - vanc - ing, Rank af - ter rank the roy - al standard wave;



How sweet the song of hap - py children marching, Prais - ing the Sav-iour as they on - ward go.
Life, love and joy, thro' Him who hath redeemed us, Free - ly is of - fered in His name to - day.
When from the sky was heard the midnight cho - rus, Peace from our Fa - ther and good-will to men.
Sing, glad - ly sing, the won-ders of His great-ness, Je - sus the might-y One, the Strong to Save.

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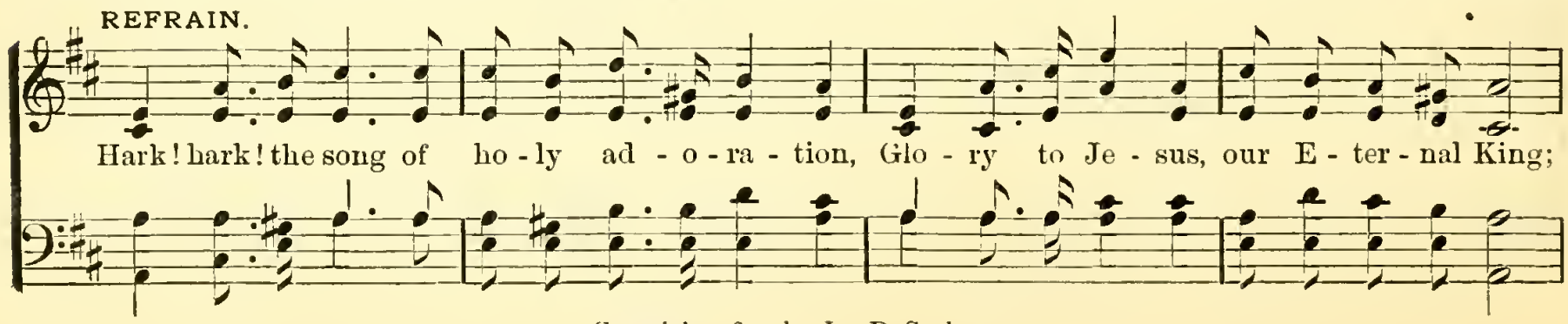

Hark! hark! the song of ho - ly ad - o - ra - tion, Glo - ry to Je - sus, our E - ter - nal King;

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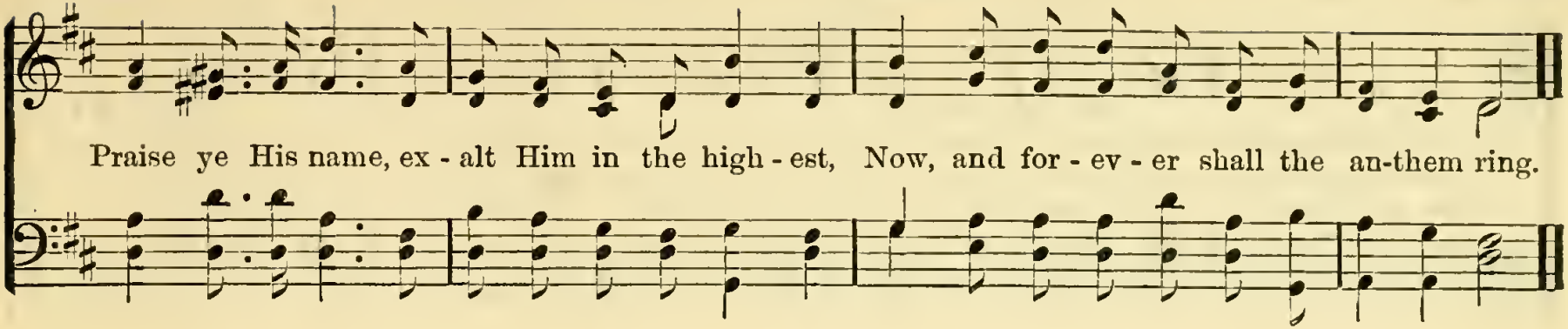
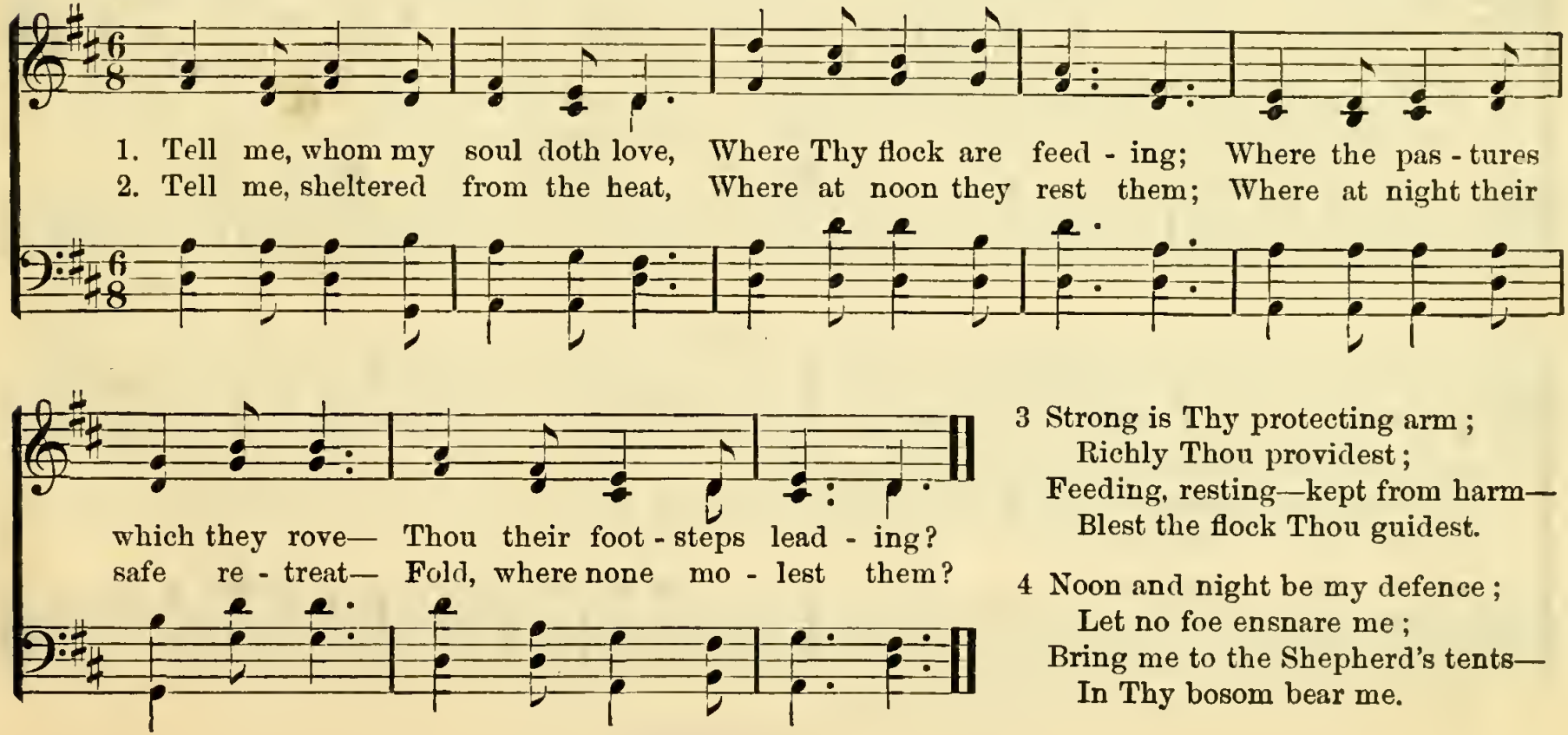
Hark! Hark! the Song.—Concluded.



Where Feedeth Thy Flock?

Samuel Wolcott, D. D. Wm. F. Sherwin.



3 Strong is Thy protecting arm;
Richly Thou providest;
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
Blest the flock Thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my defence;
Let no foe ensnare me;
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—
In Thy bosom bear me.

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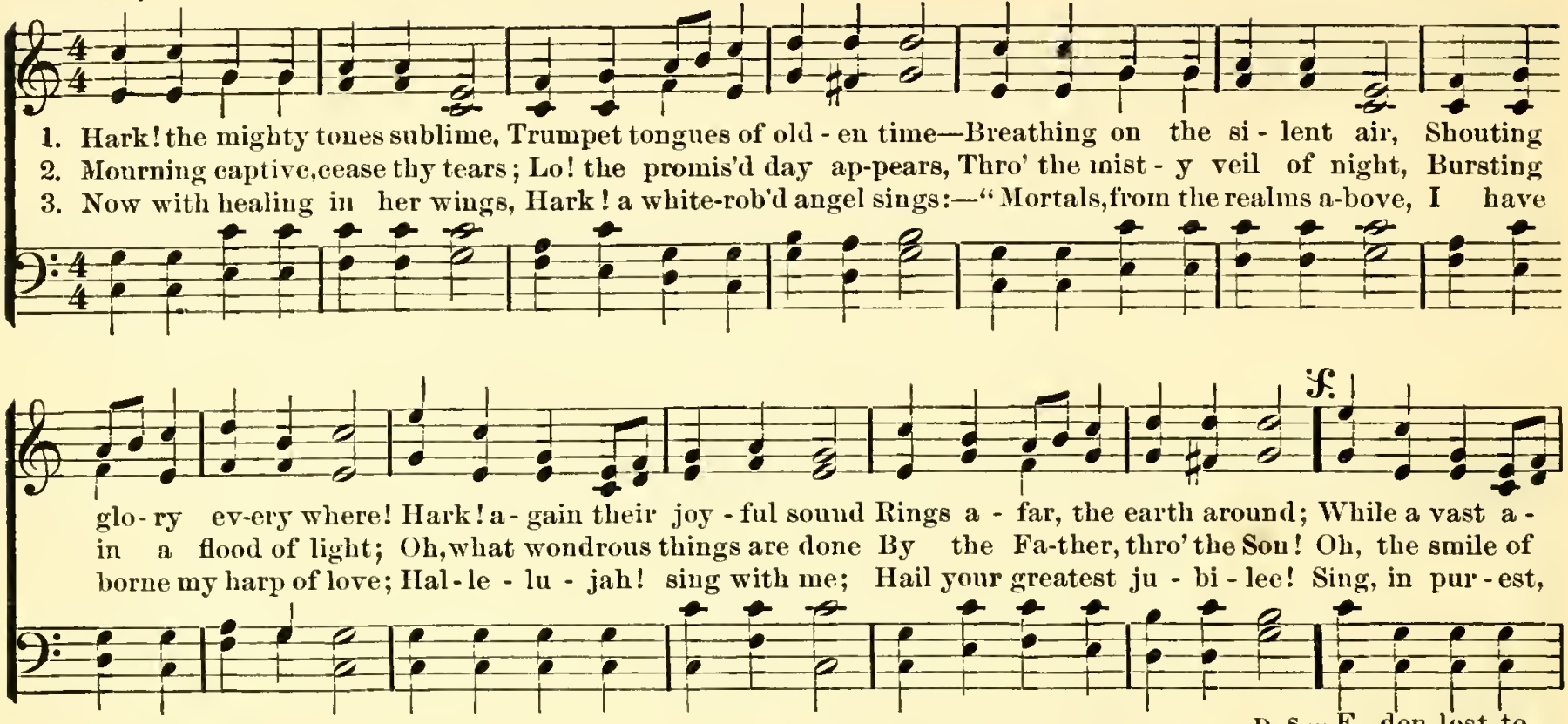
The Angel's Proclamation.

Fanny J. Crosby. Theo. E. Perkins.



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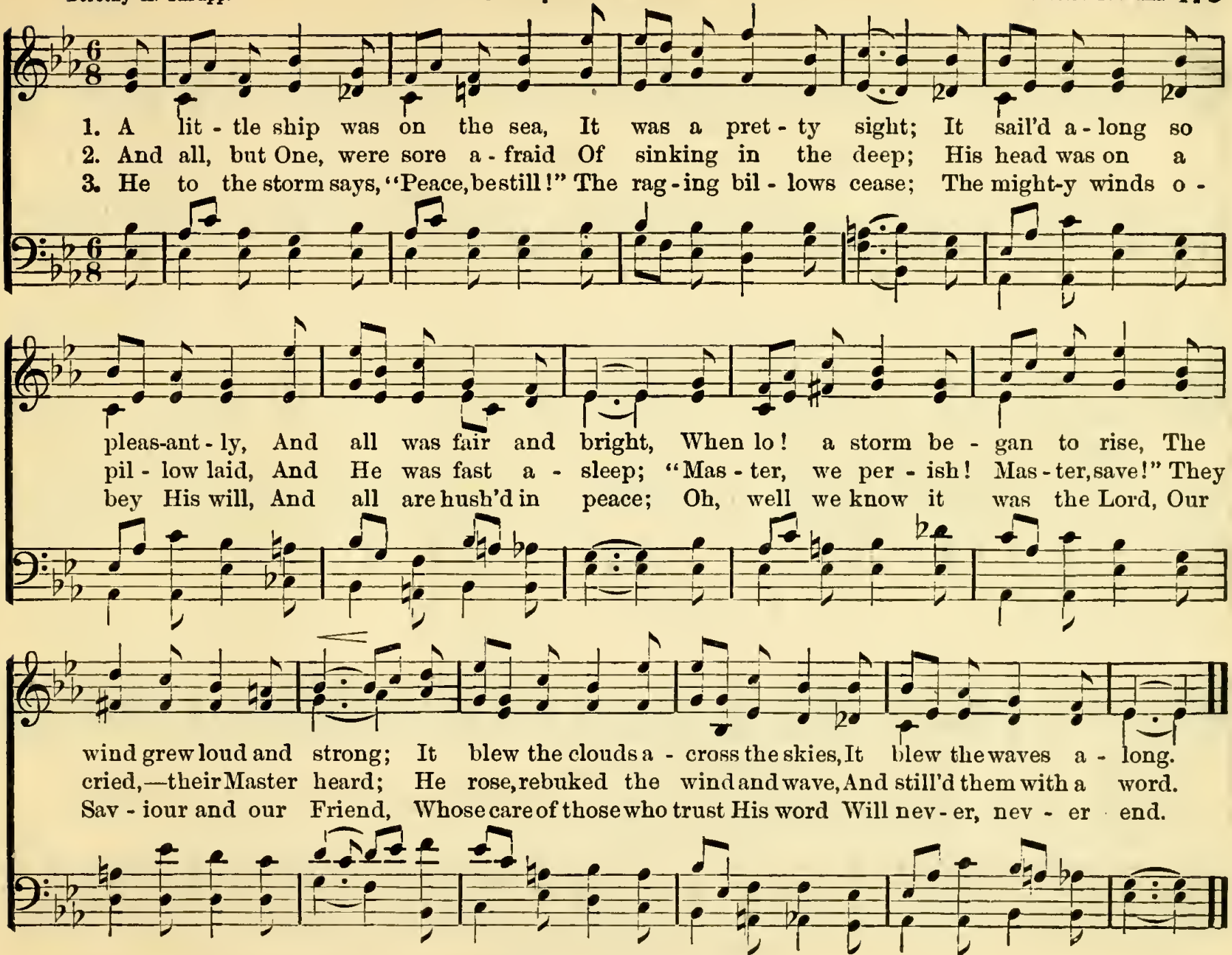
A Little Ship was on the Sea.



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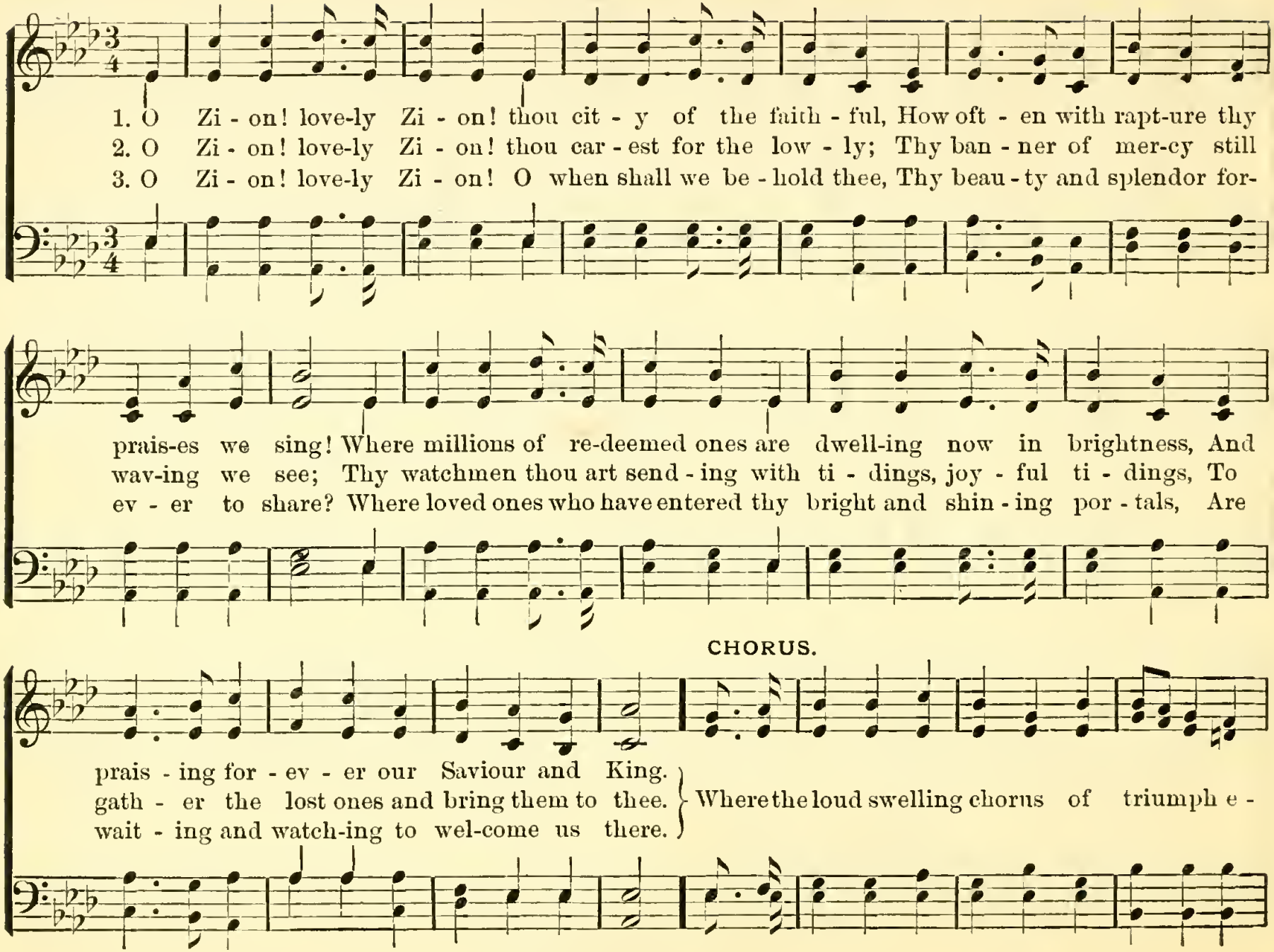
O Zion! Lovely Zion!

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.



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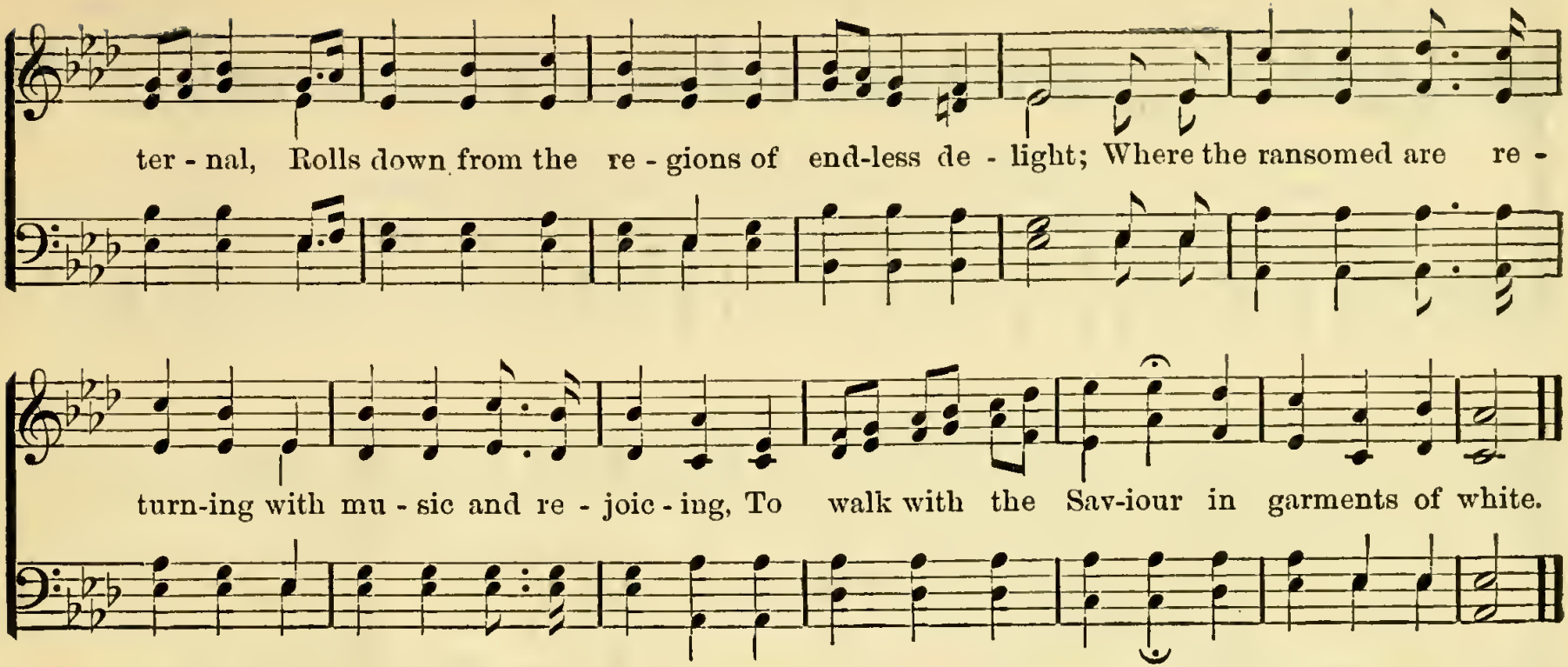
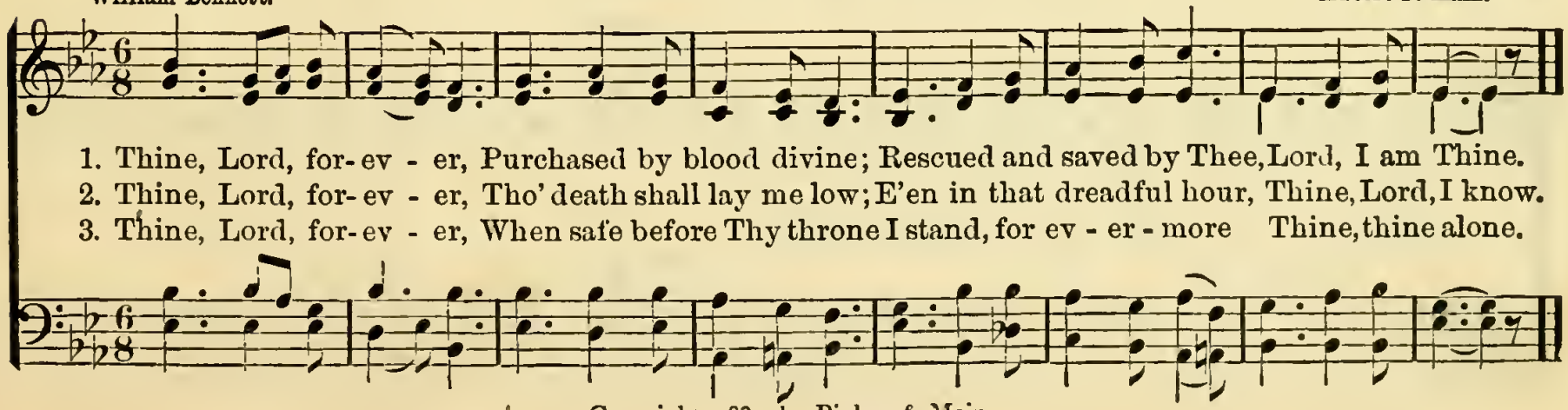


Thine Forever.

William Bennett. Hubert P. Main.



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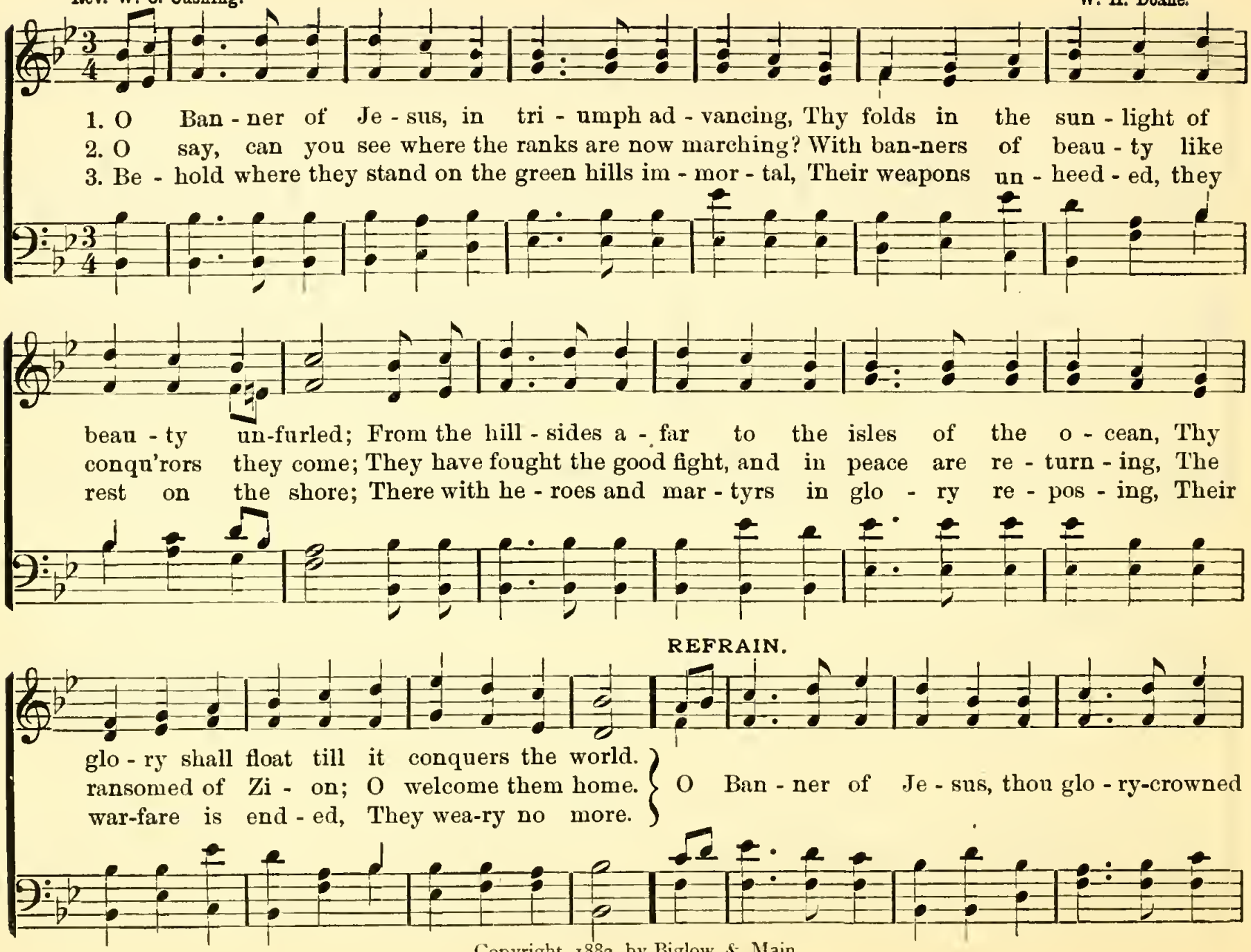
March on, O Banner of Jesus.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. W. H. Doane.



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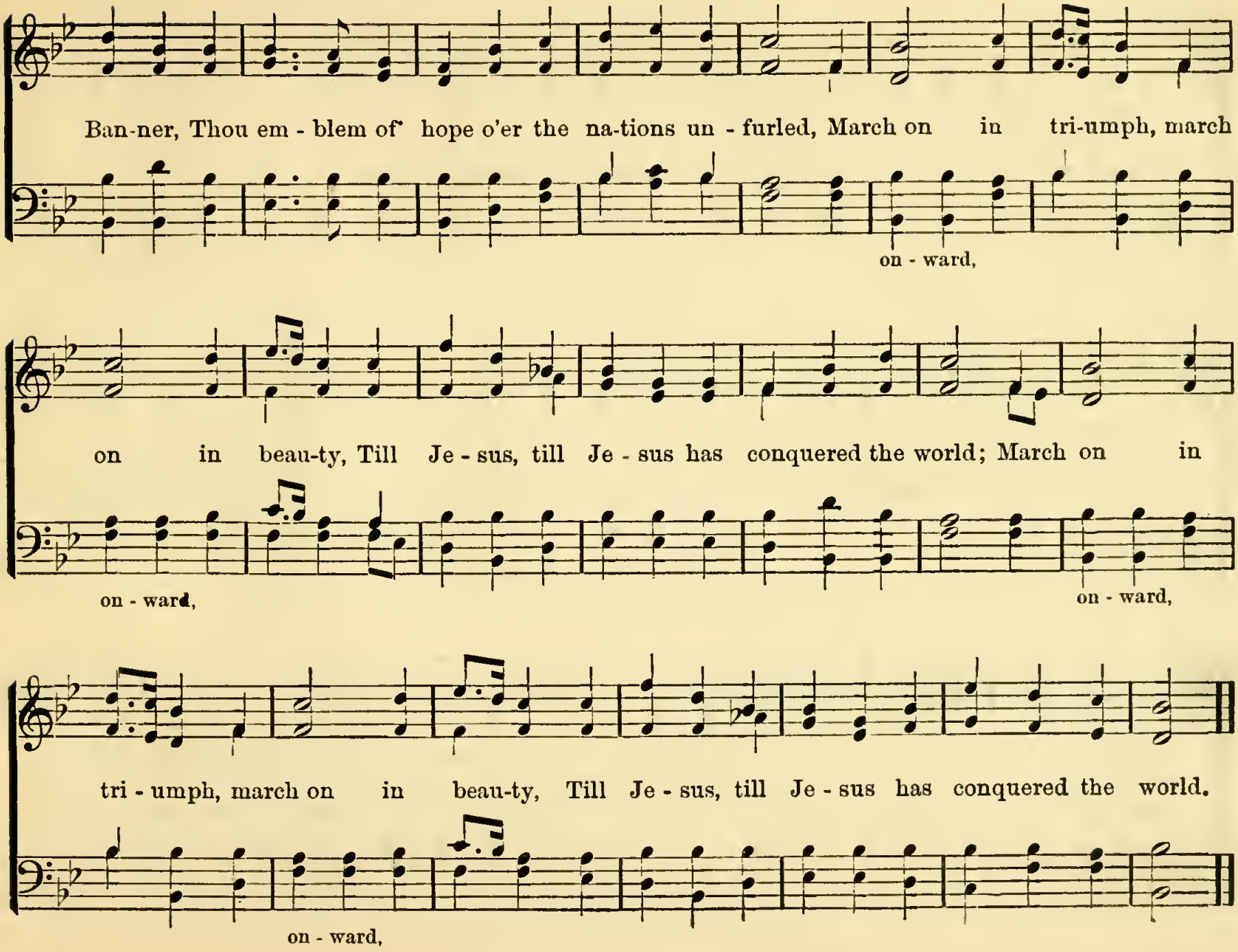
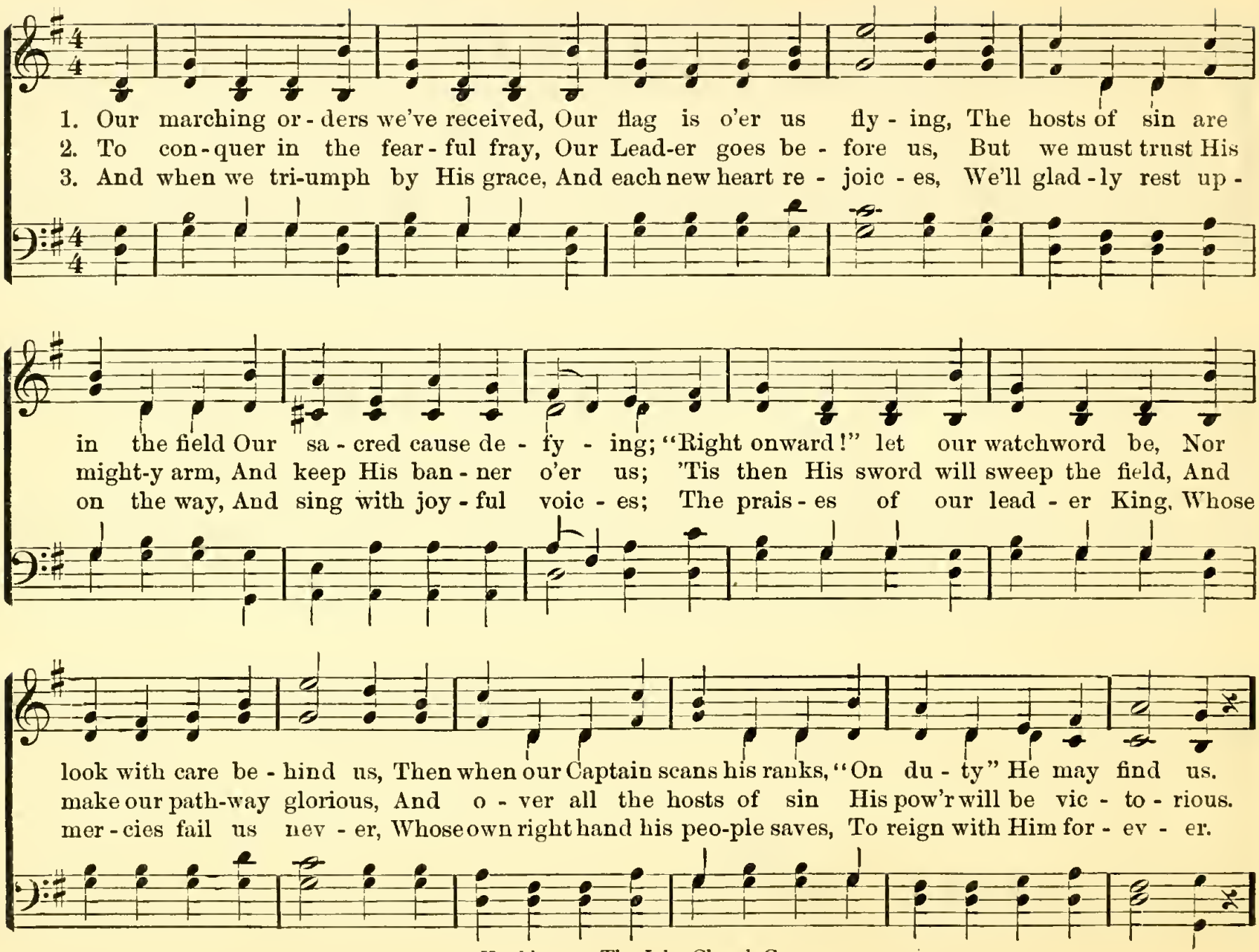

Ban-ner, Thou em - blem of hope o'er the na-tions un - furled, March on in tri-umph, march
on - ward,
on in beau-ty, Till Je - sus, till Je - sus has conquered the world; March on in
on - ward,
on - ward,
tri - umph, march on in beau-ty, Till Je - sus, till Je - sus has conquered the world.
on - ward,

Our Marching Orders.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.



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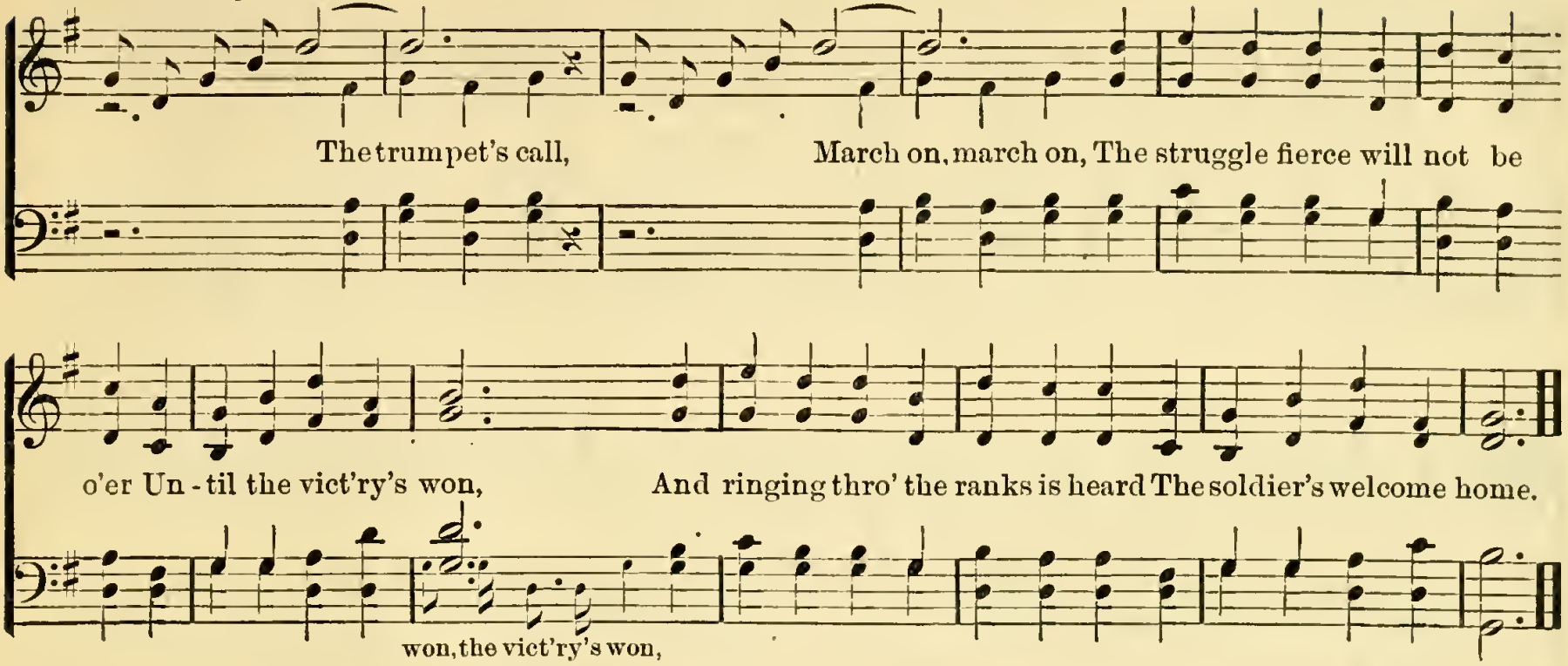
Our Marching Orders.—Concluded.

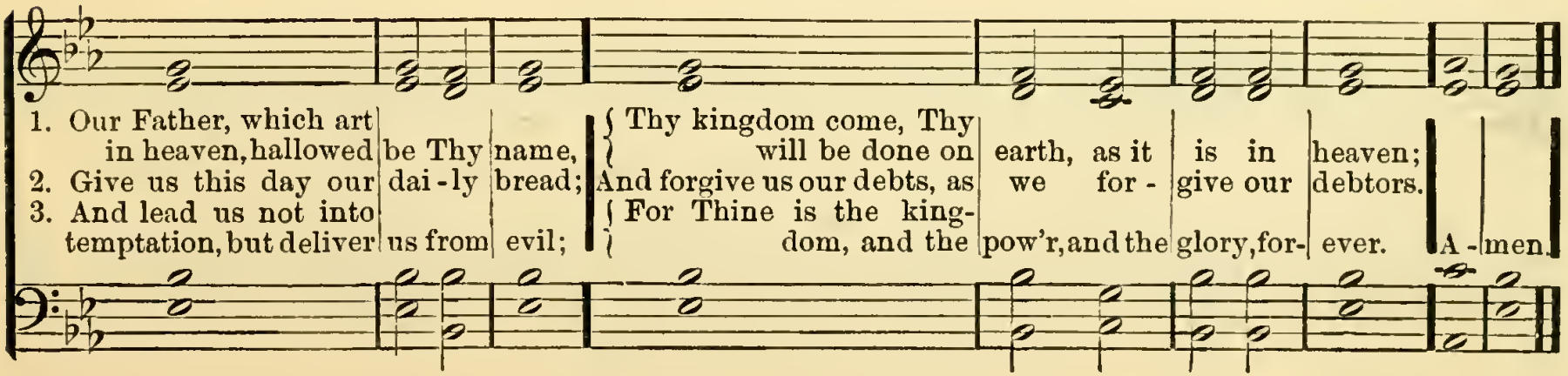
CHORUS.

Hear the trumpet's call,.... Onward one and all.....



The Lord's Prayer.

Thomas Tallis.



180 O Blessed Saviour, Friend Divine.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O bless - ed Sav - iour, Friend di - vine, How can I ev - er leave Thee? No love so
2. Oh, help me Lord, that love to know: How can I ev - er leave Thee? Wher-e'er Thou
3. I would not try to walk a - lone: How can I ev - er leave Thee? Oh, con - se -

CHORUS.

pure, so great as Thine!—How can I ev - er leave Thee?
go - est I will go: How can I ev - er leave Thee?
crate me all Thine own: How can I ev - er leave Thee?

} Won-der-ful love!—so full, so free:

How can I ev - er leave Thee? My Je - sus, Thou hast died for me: How can I ev - er leave Thee?

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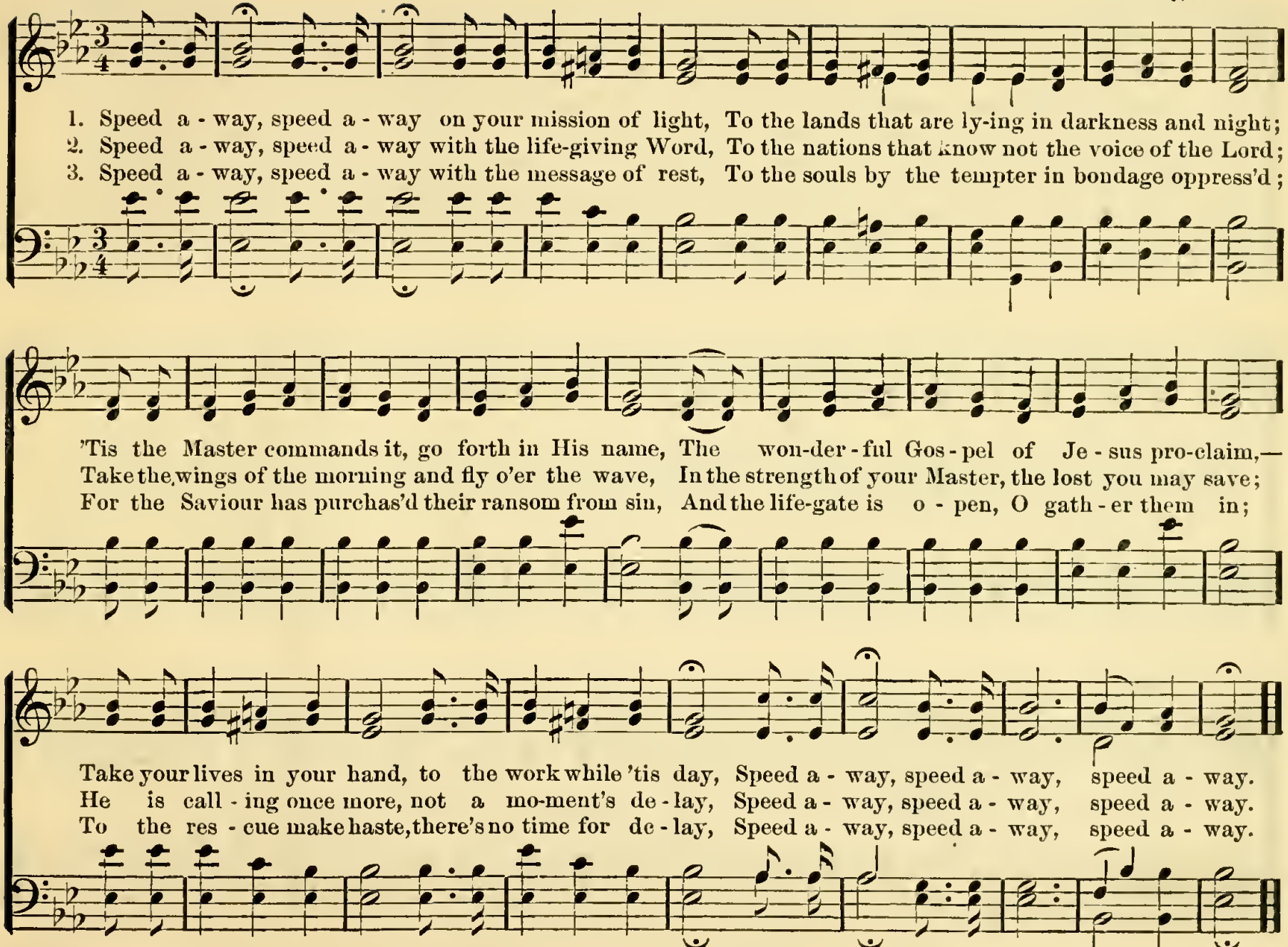
Speed Away.

Fanny J. Crosby.

I. B. Woodbury, arr.



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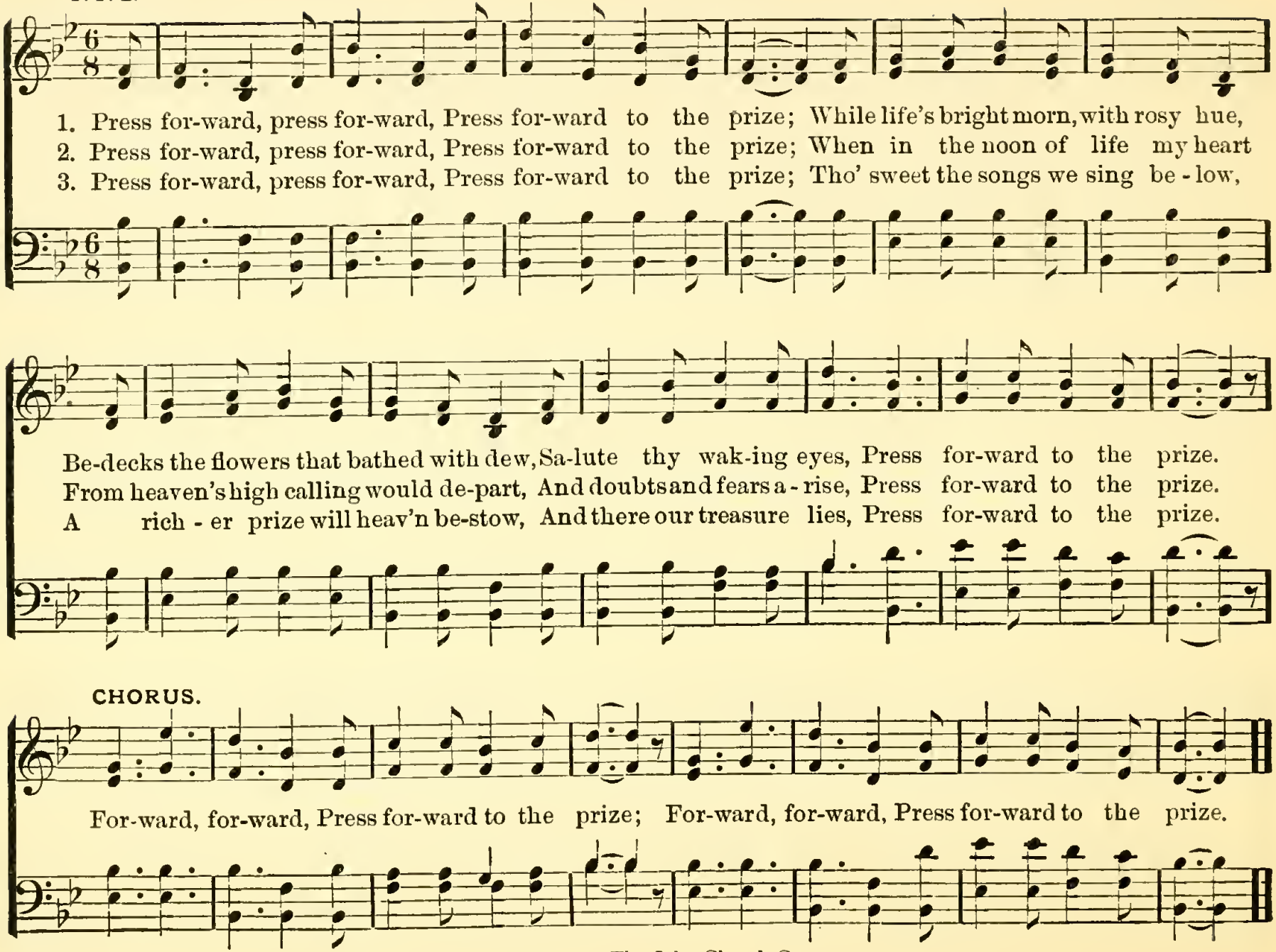
Press Forward.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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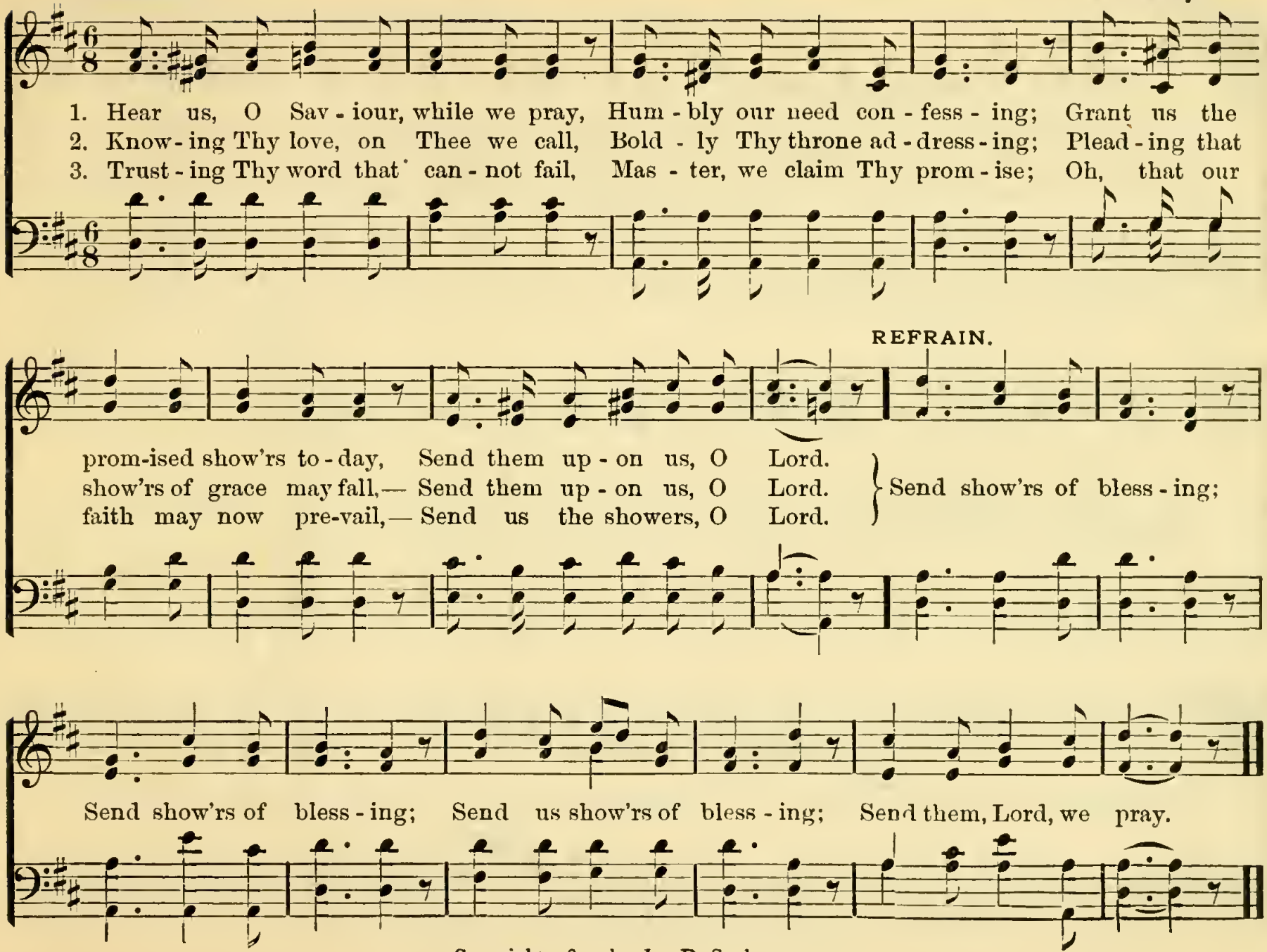
Send Us Showers of Blessing.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.



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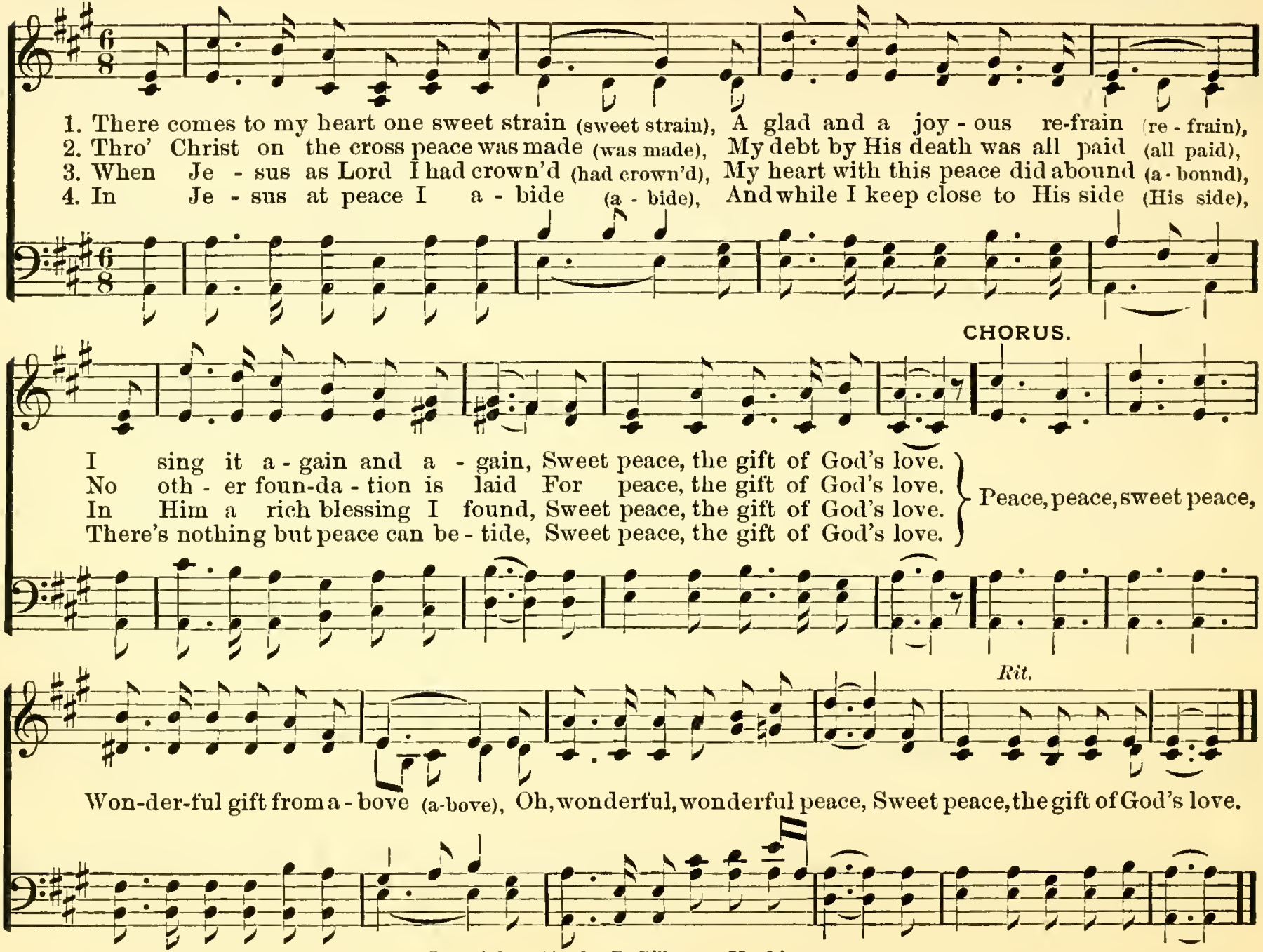
184 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. B. Peter Bilhorn.



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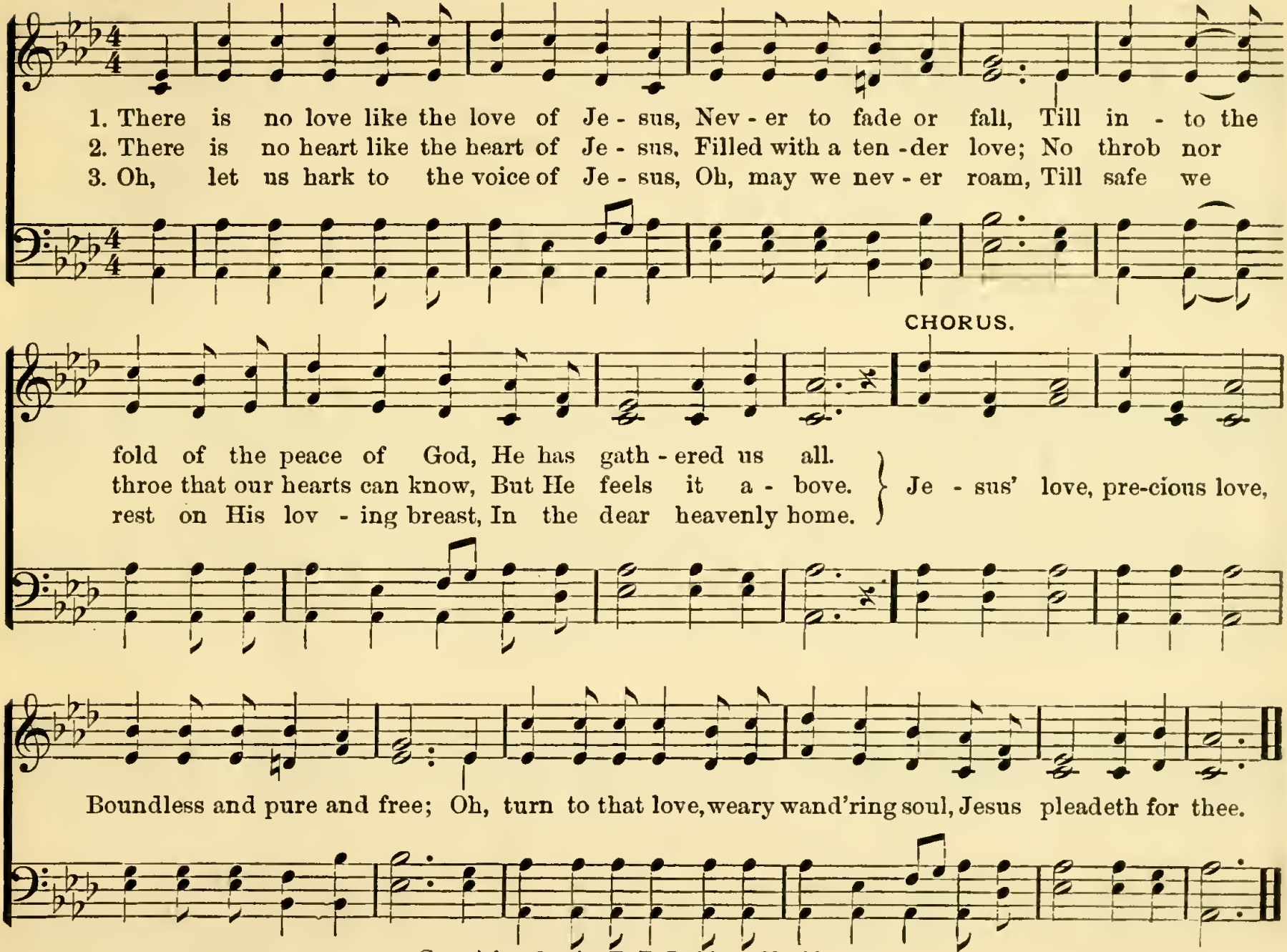
There is no Love like the Love of Jesus.

W. E. Littlewood. T. E. Perkins.



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Sound the Battle Cry!

W. F. S. — Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;
2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause we know Must pre - vail;
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all By Thy grace;

Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.
Shield and ban - ner bright Gleam-ing in the light; Bat - tling for the right We ne'er can fail.
When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won, May we wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.

CHORUS.

Rouse then, soldiers! ral - ly round the banner! Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long;

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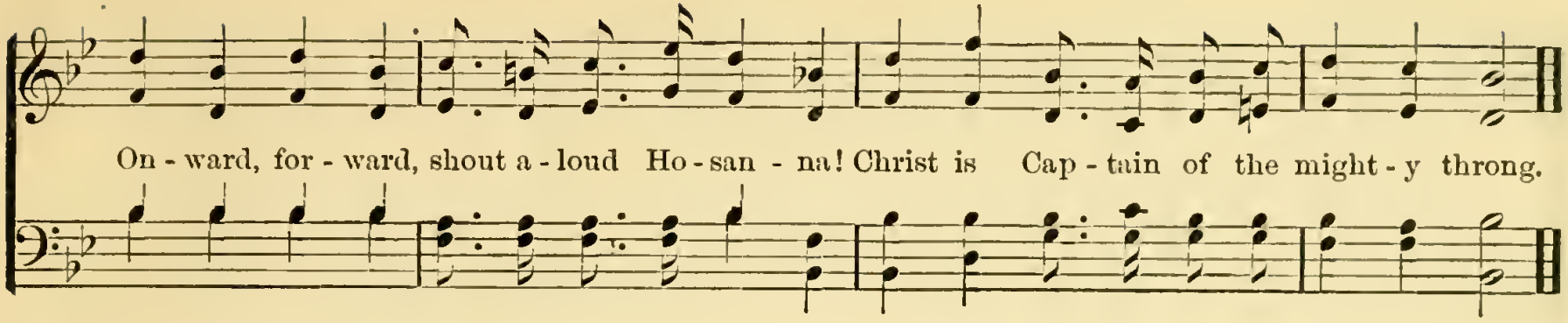
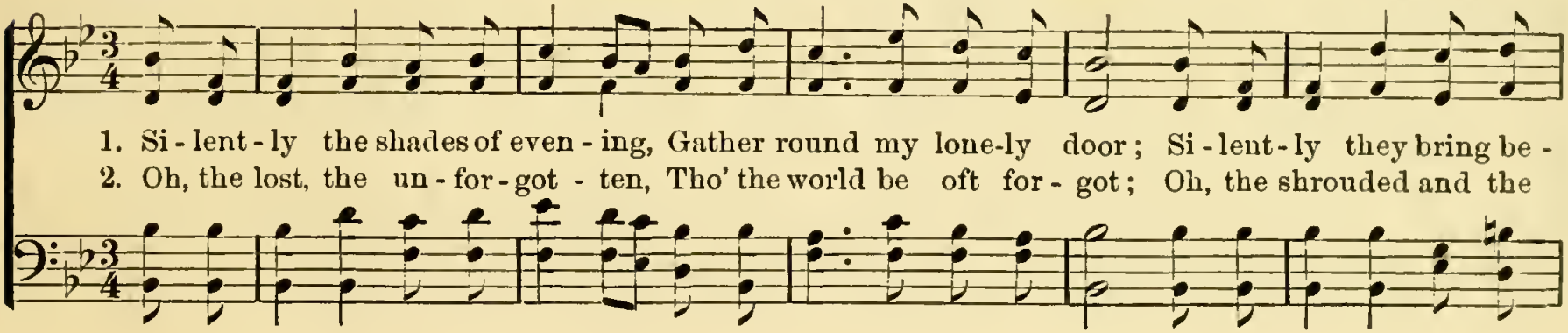
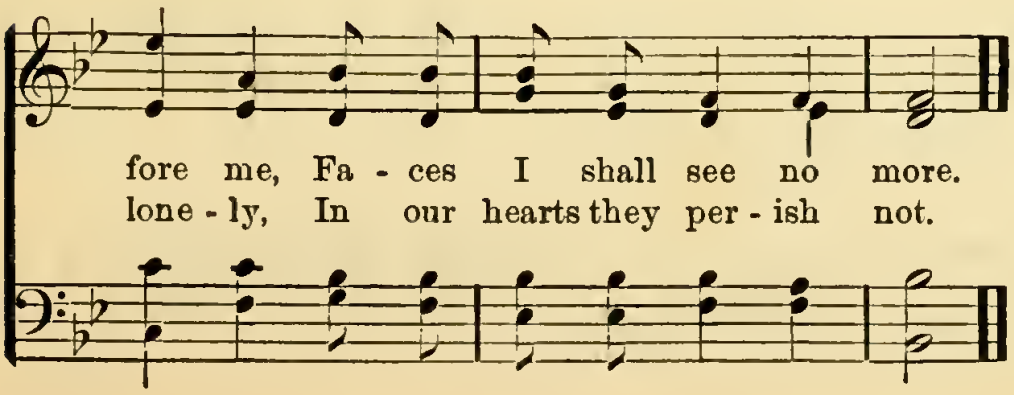


Evening Shadows.

Christopher C. Cox. Rev. D. E. Jones.



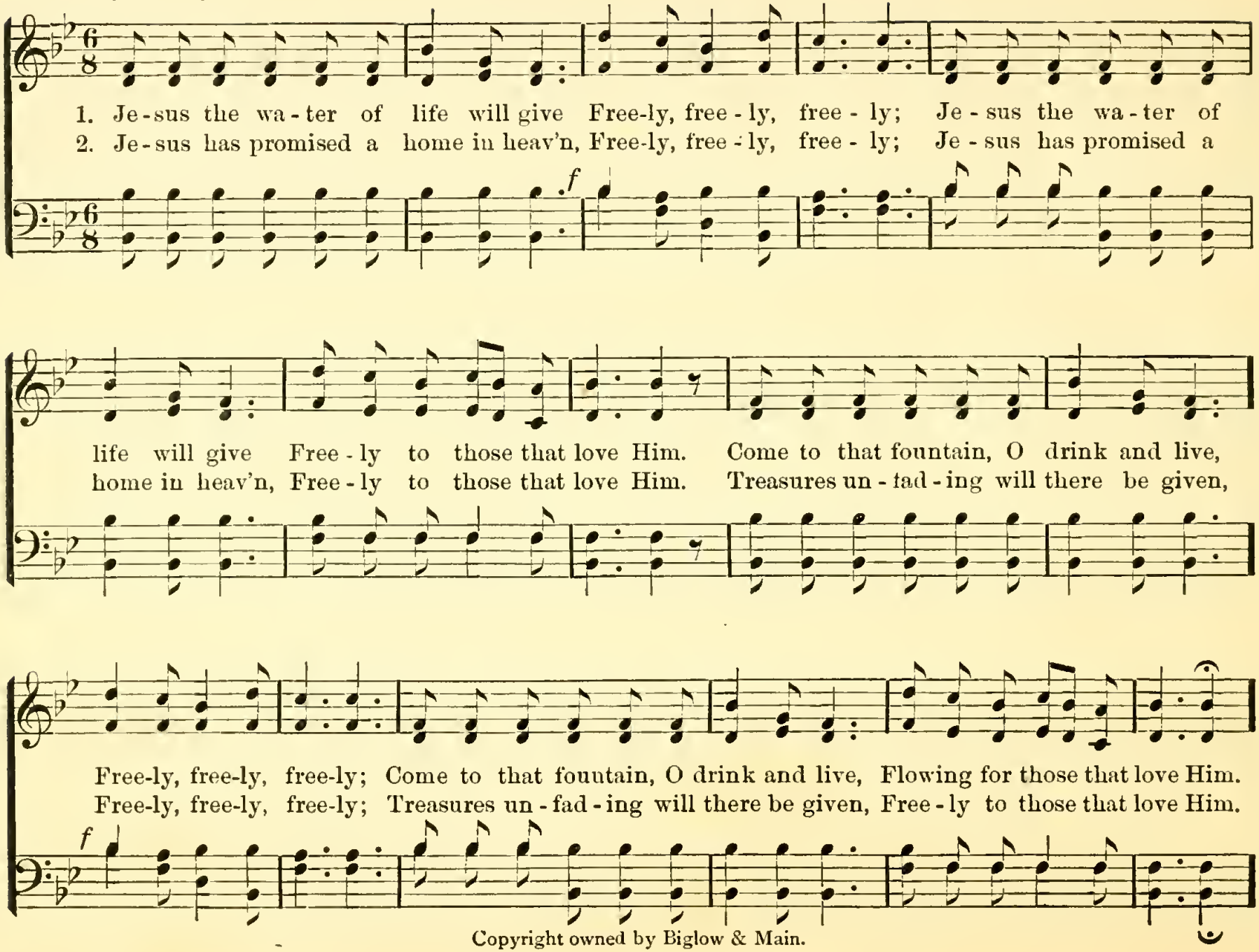


3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,—
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven,
Which we hope to gain at last.

The Water of Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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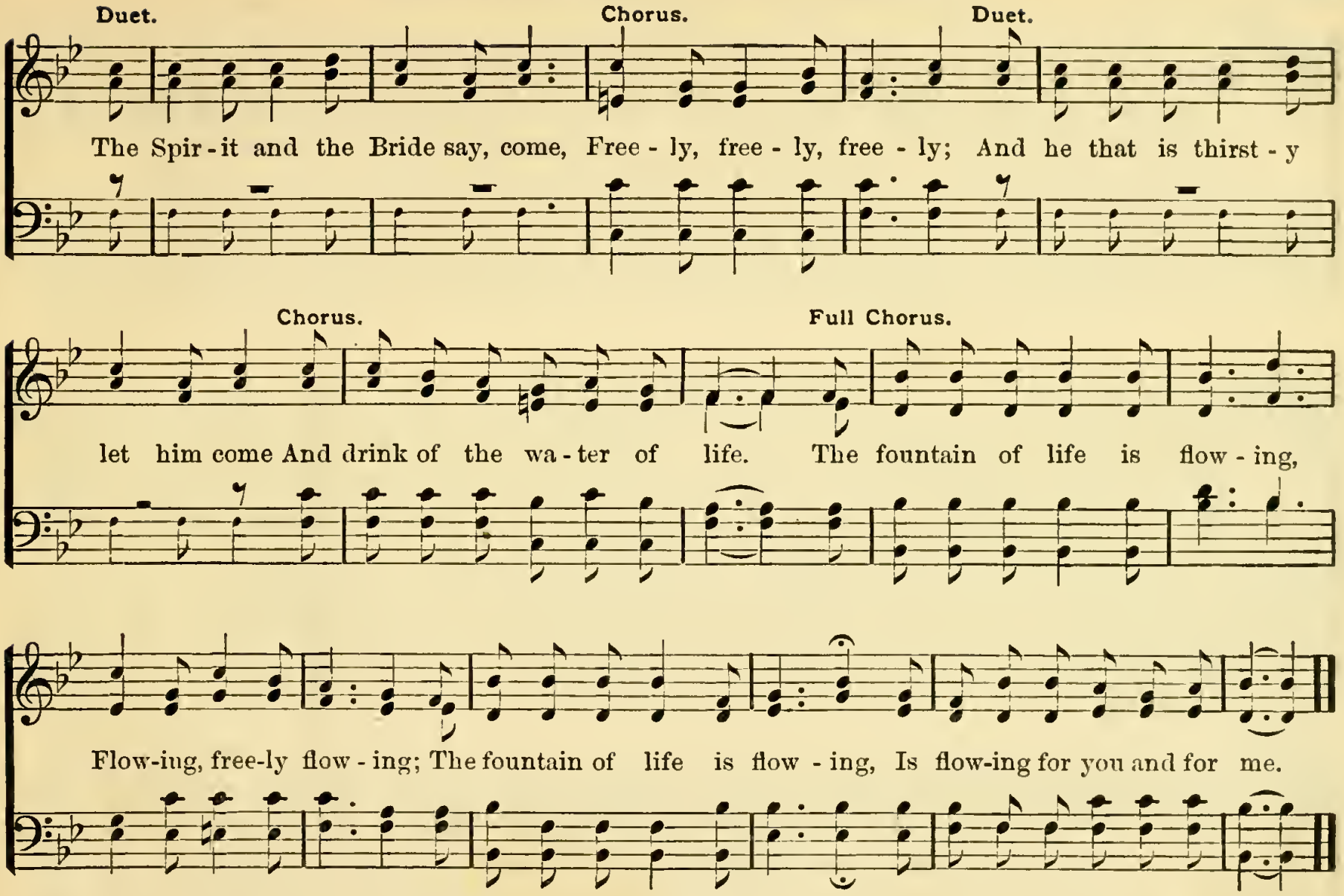
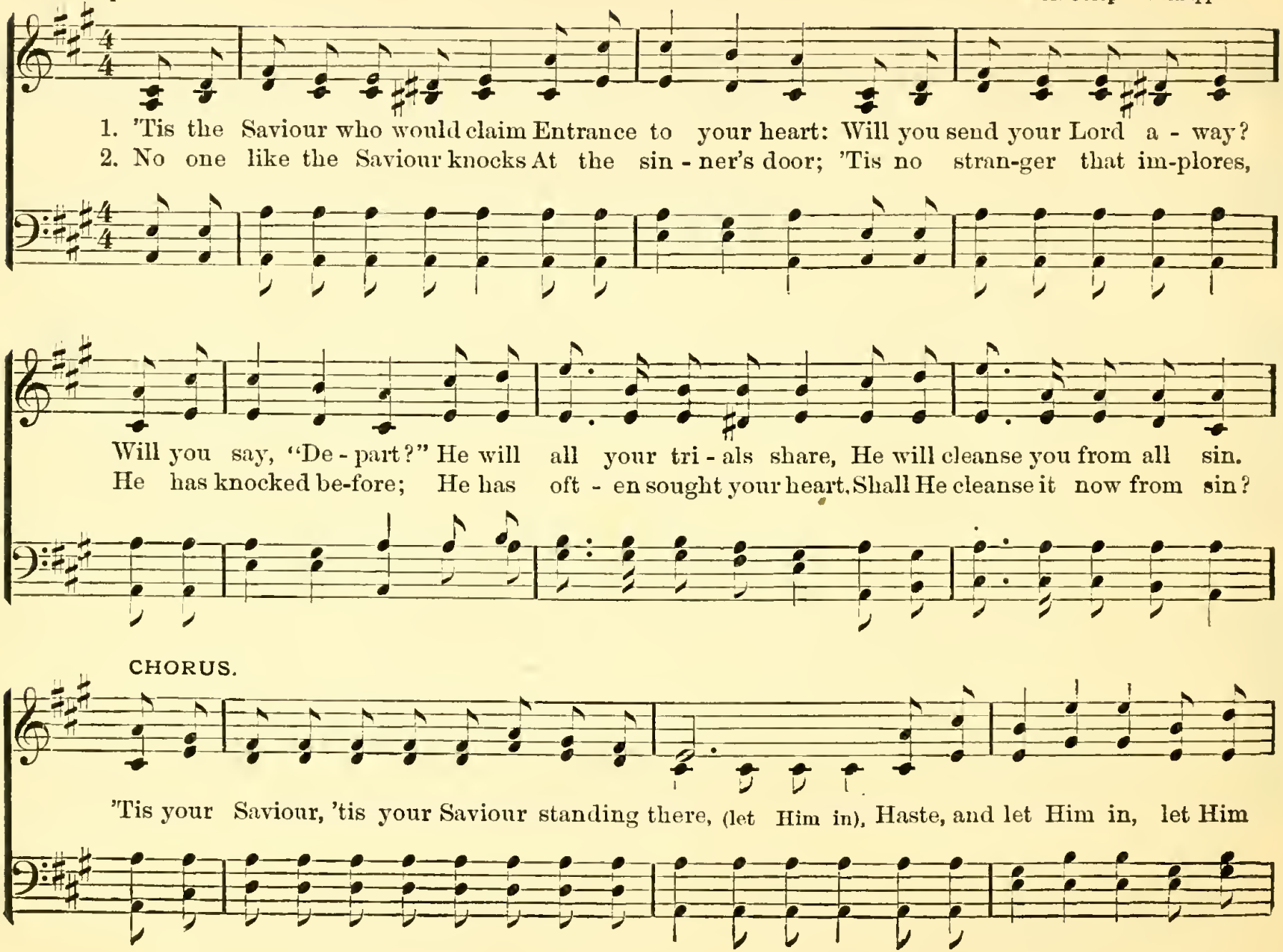


3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love Him.

Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love Him.

Let the Saviour in.

Josephine Pollard. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.



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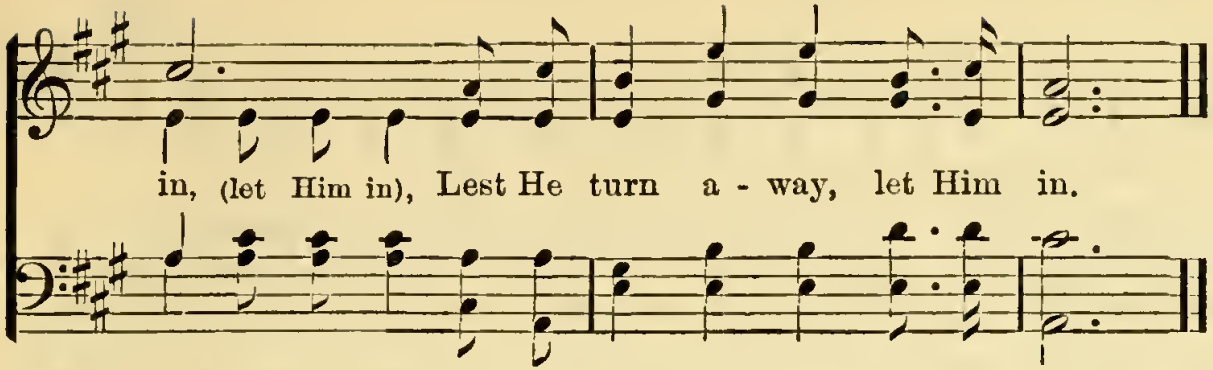
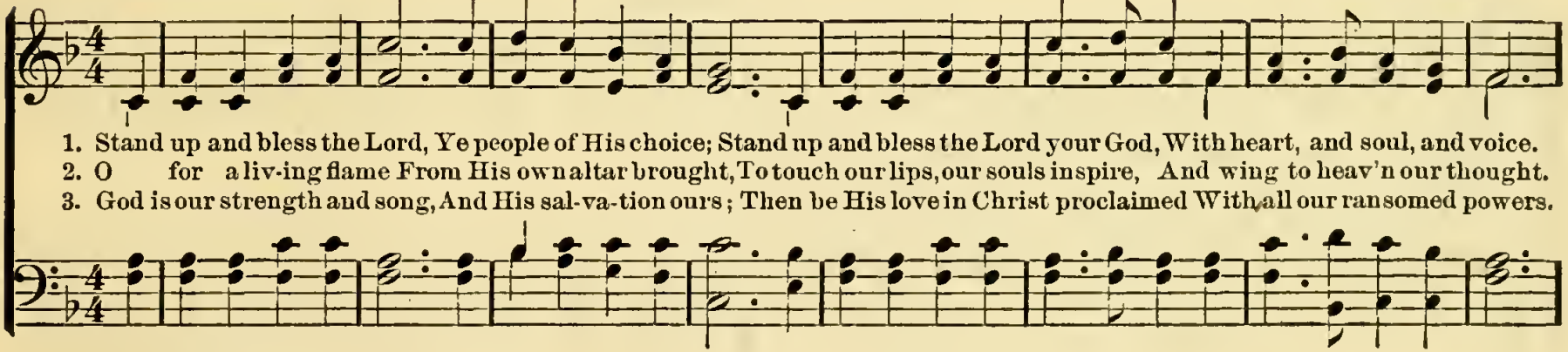


3.
O how can you bid Him wait
Till another day,
When already Jesus weeps
At the long delay?
'Twas for you that Jesus died,
And 'tis you He longs to win;
Cho.—'Tis your Saviour, etc.

Bless the Lord.

James Montgomery. Rev. S. Alman.



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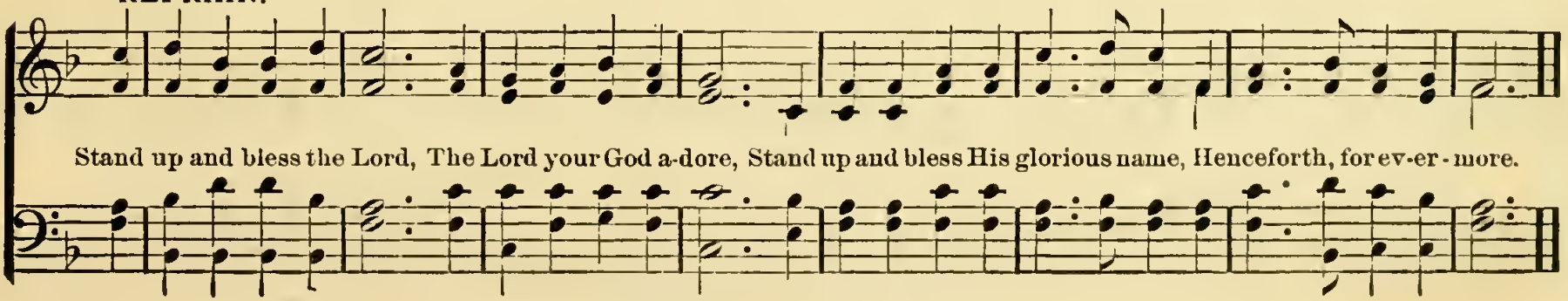

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A Song for Water Bright.

Geo. Cooper. Ira D. Sankey.

1. A song, a song for wa - ter bright, In love and beau-ty flow - ing! It sings its way in
2. There's balm in ev - ery sparkling drop, In ev - ery wave there's pleas-ure; In diamond spray it
3. It nerves the hand to deeds of might! It wakes the heart to glad - ness! It breathes a psalm of
4. From ev - ery vale and glade and hill It speaks of na-ture's kind - ness! O, may we heed the

CHORUS.

joy and might, The gift of heav'n be - stow - ing.
leaps a - way, A love - ly boon and treas - ure;
pure de-light, And charms us all from sad - ness!
les - son still, Nor shun it in our blind - ness!

A song, a song for wa - ter fair; As pure and free as mountain air: A song, a song for wa - ter fair; As pure and free as mountain air.

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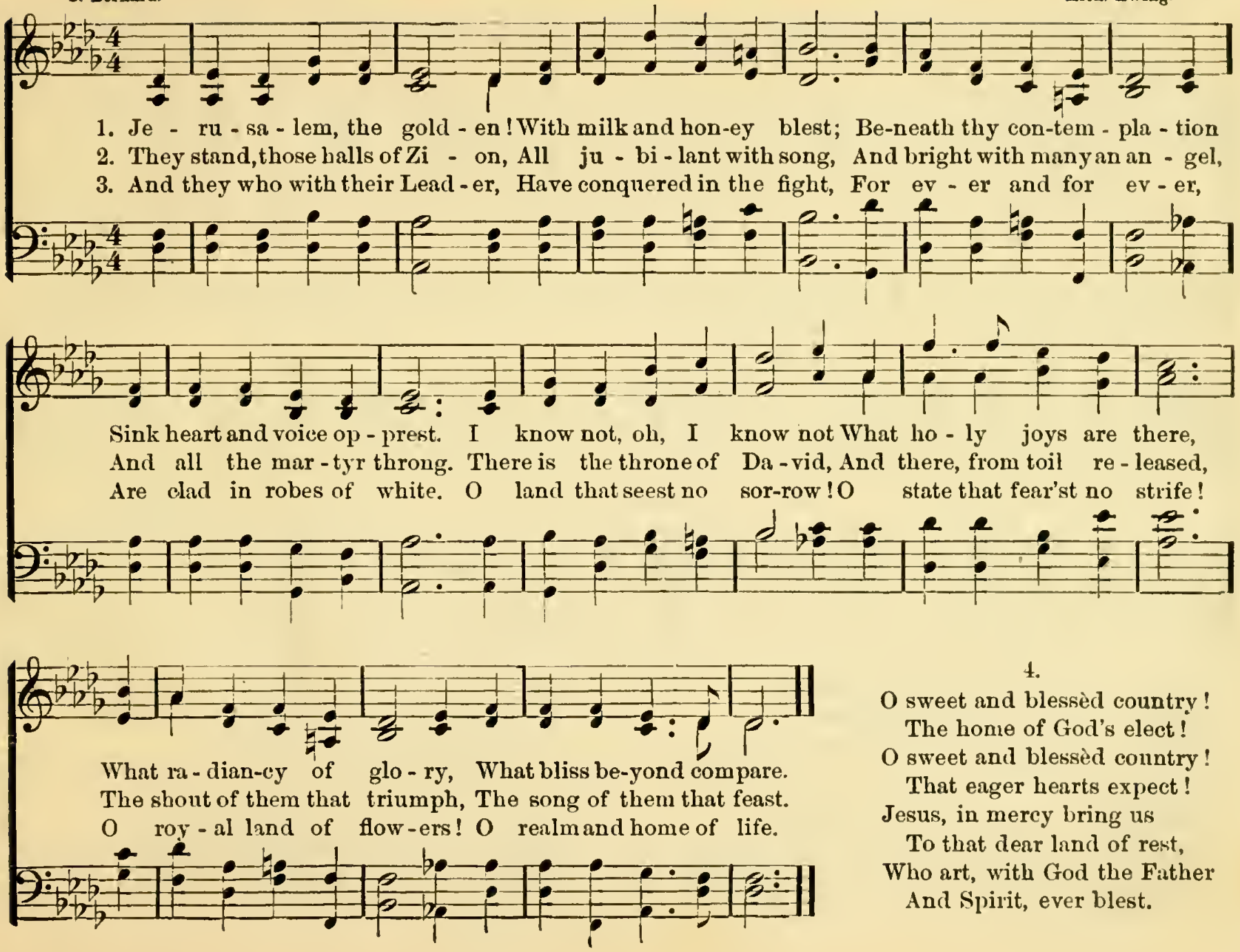
Jerusalem, the Golden!

S. Bernard. Alex. Ewing.



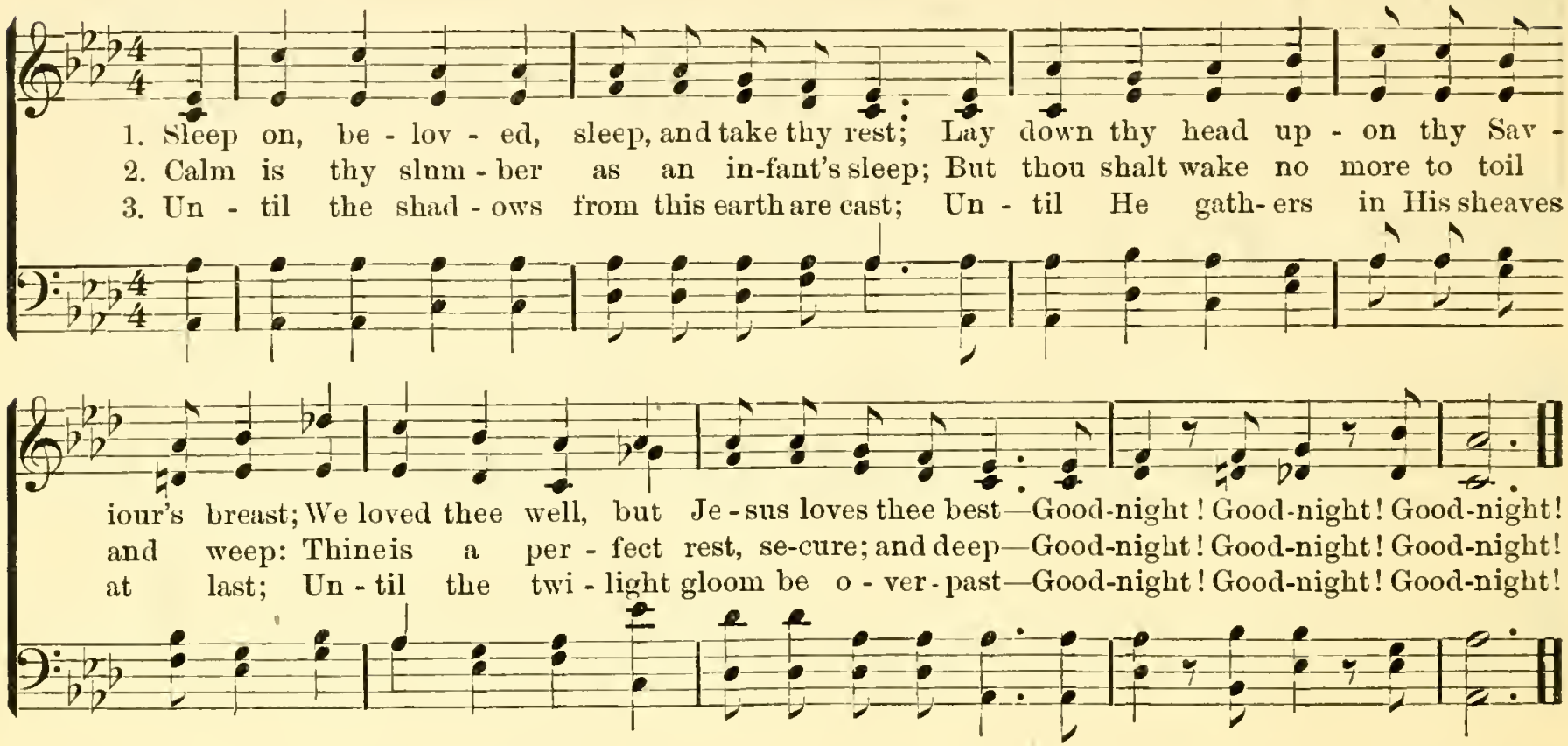
4.

O sweet and blessèd country!
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country!
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good-night," so sure were they of their awakening on the "Resurrection Morning."

Mrs. Huish. Ira D. Sankey.



4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

6 Only "good-night," belovèd—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

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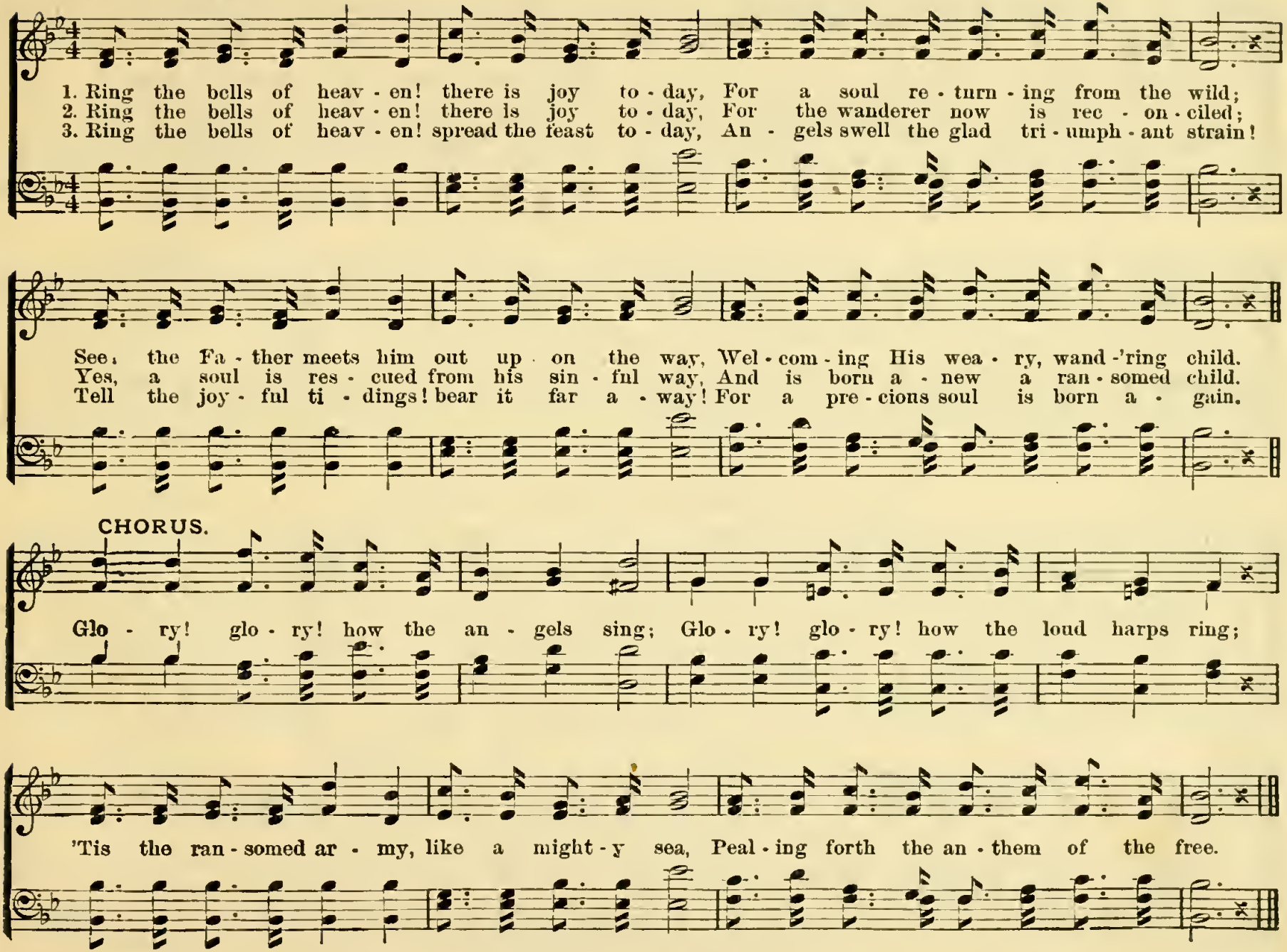
Ring the Bells of Heaven. 195

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.



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196 P. P. B.

Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

P. P. Bliss.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on Je - sus His Son, will be - lieve.
2. Tho' the path-way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure-ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me thro'.
3. Lit - tle chil-dren I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their songs of sal - va - tion they sing.
4. There are prophets and kings in that throng I be - hold, And they sing as they march thro' the streets of pure gold.

Hal-le-lu-jah! 'tis done! I be-lieve on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

1st. *2d.*

Used by per. The John Church

P P. Bliss.

Tell me More about Jesus.

James McGranahan.

1. 'Tis known on earth, in heav - en, too, 'Tis sweet to me be - cause 'tis true; The "old, old
2. Earth's fair - est flow'rs will droop and die, Dark clouds o'er - spread yon a - zure sky; Life's dear - est
3. When o - ver-whelmed with un - be - lief, When bur - dened with a blind-ing grief, Come kind - ly

CHORUS.

story is ev - er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
joys flit fleet - est by; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
then to my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.

"Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

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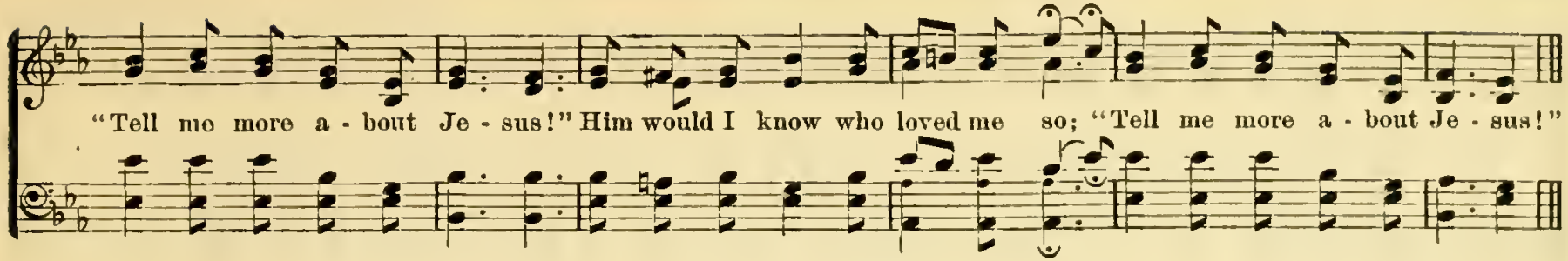
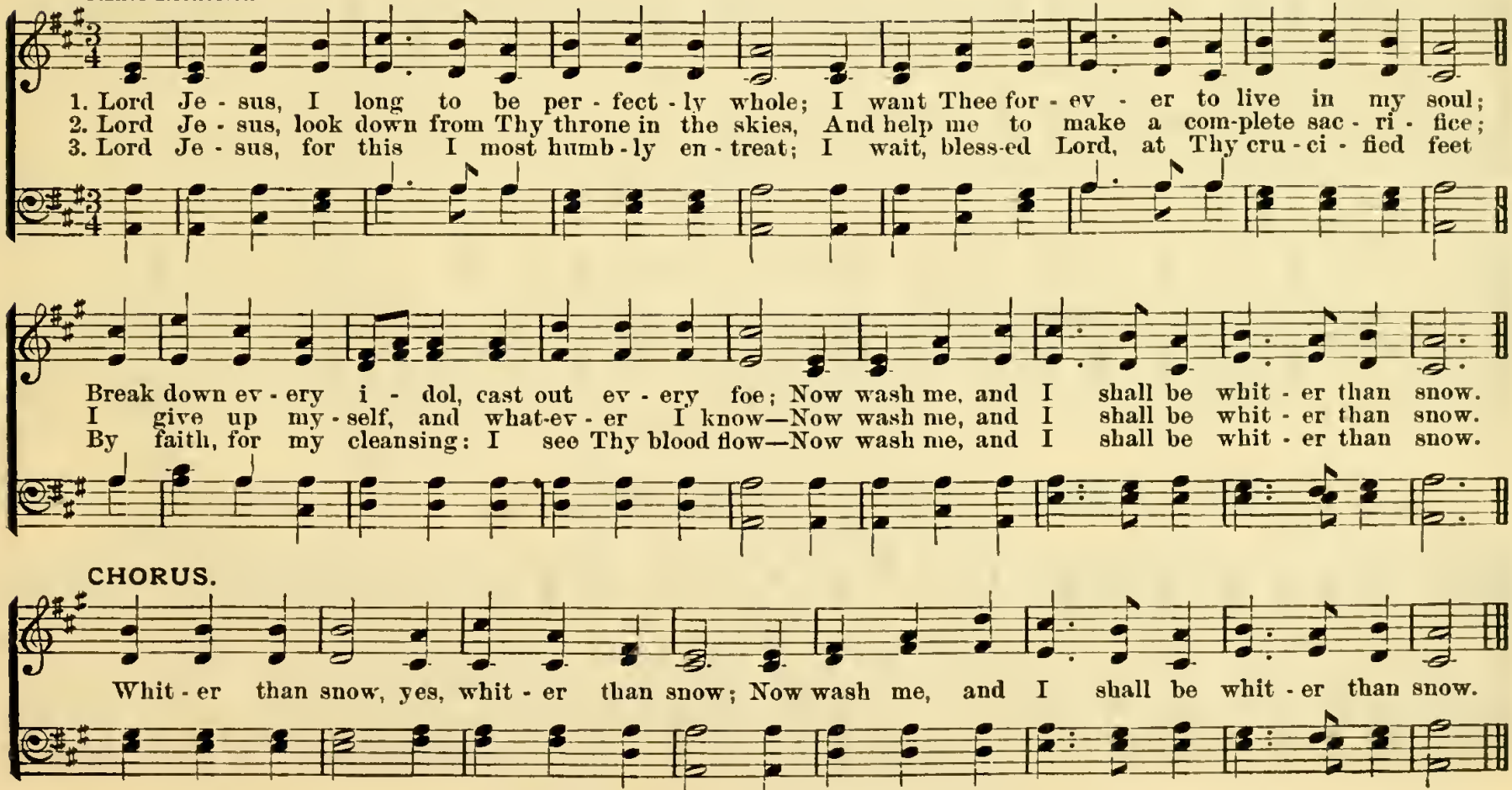


Whiter than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.



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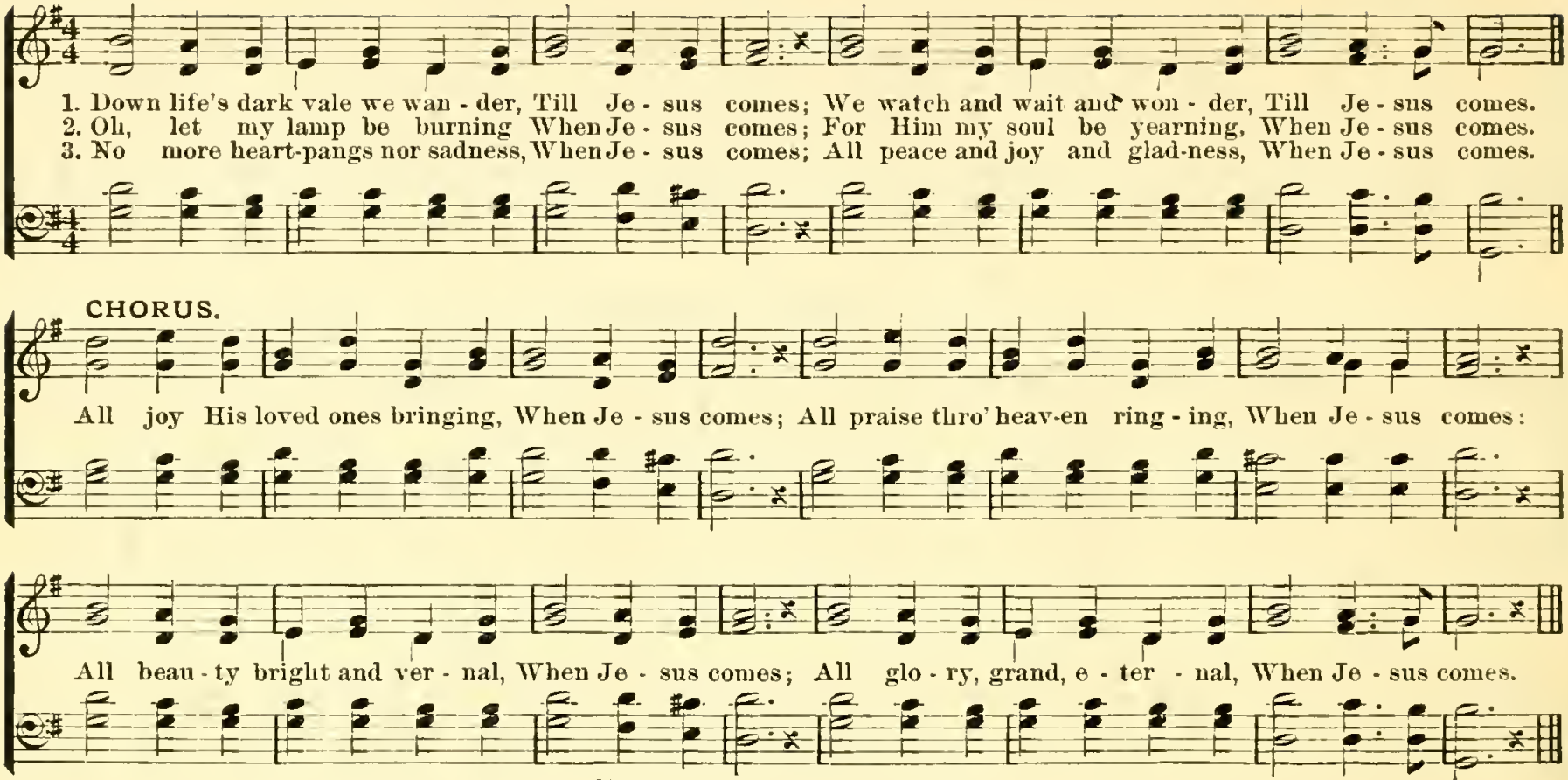
When Jesus Comes.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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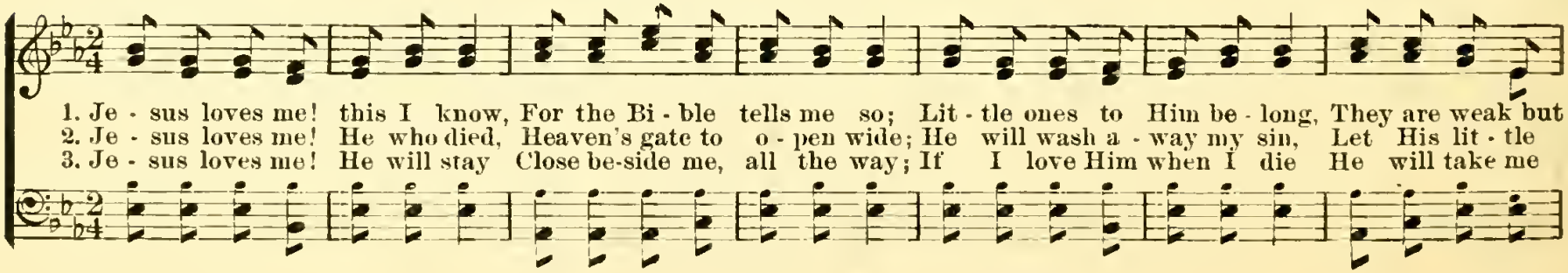
Jesus Loves Me!

Anna B. Warner. Wm. B. Bradbury.



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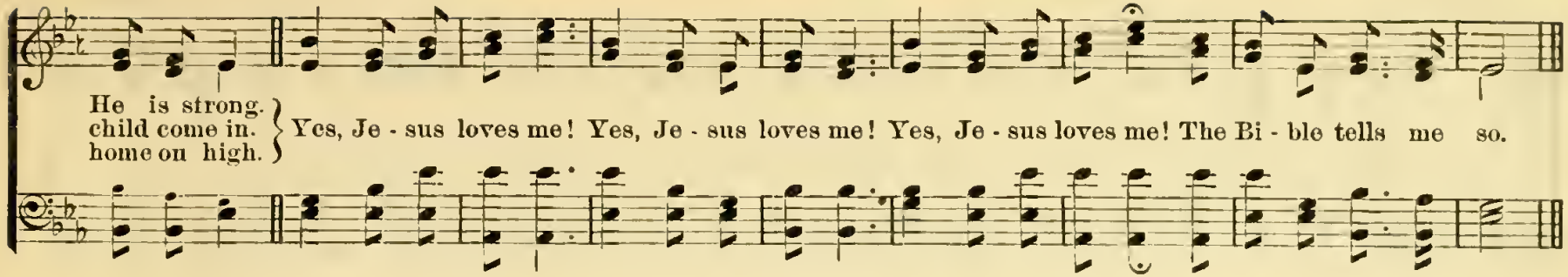
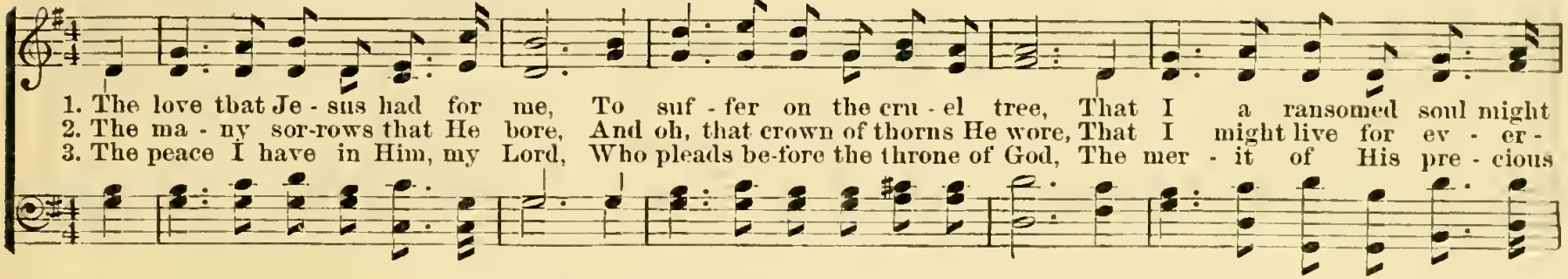
CHORUS.

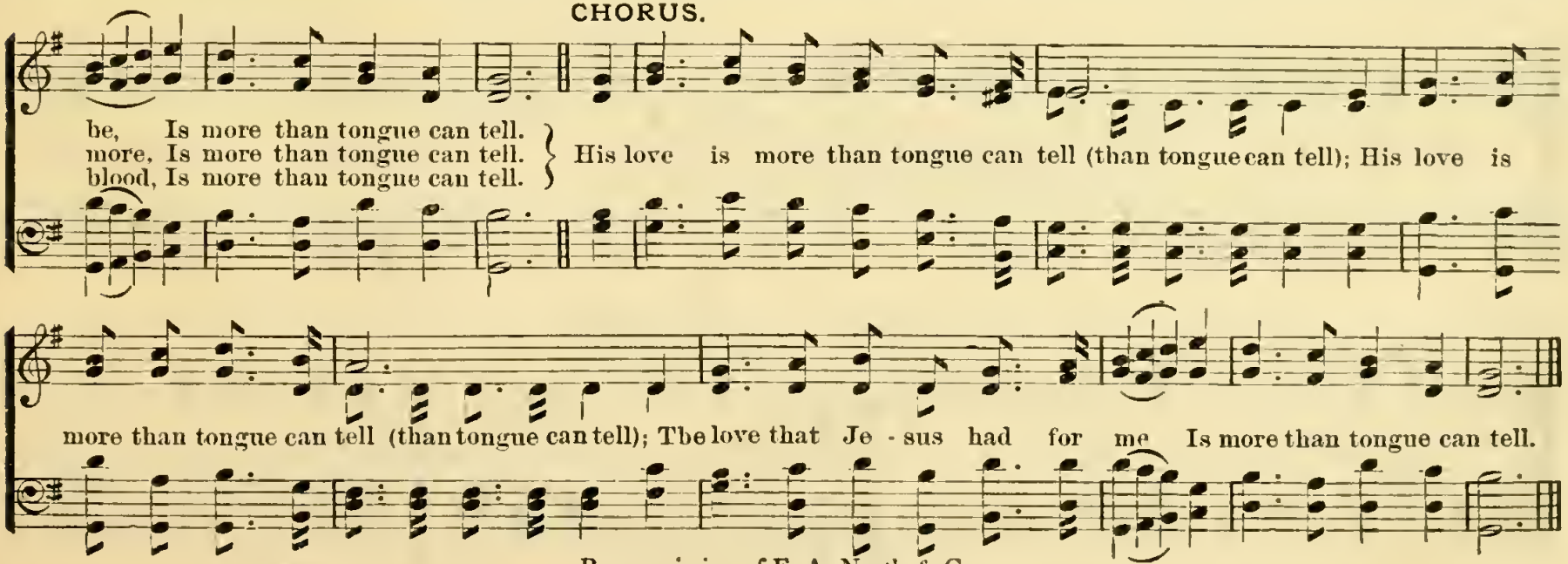


More than Tongue can Tell.

J. E. H., arr. J. E. Hall.



CHORUS.



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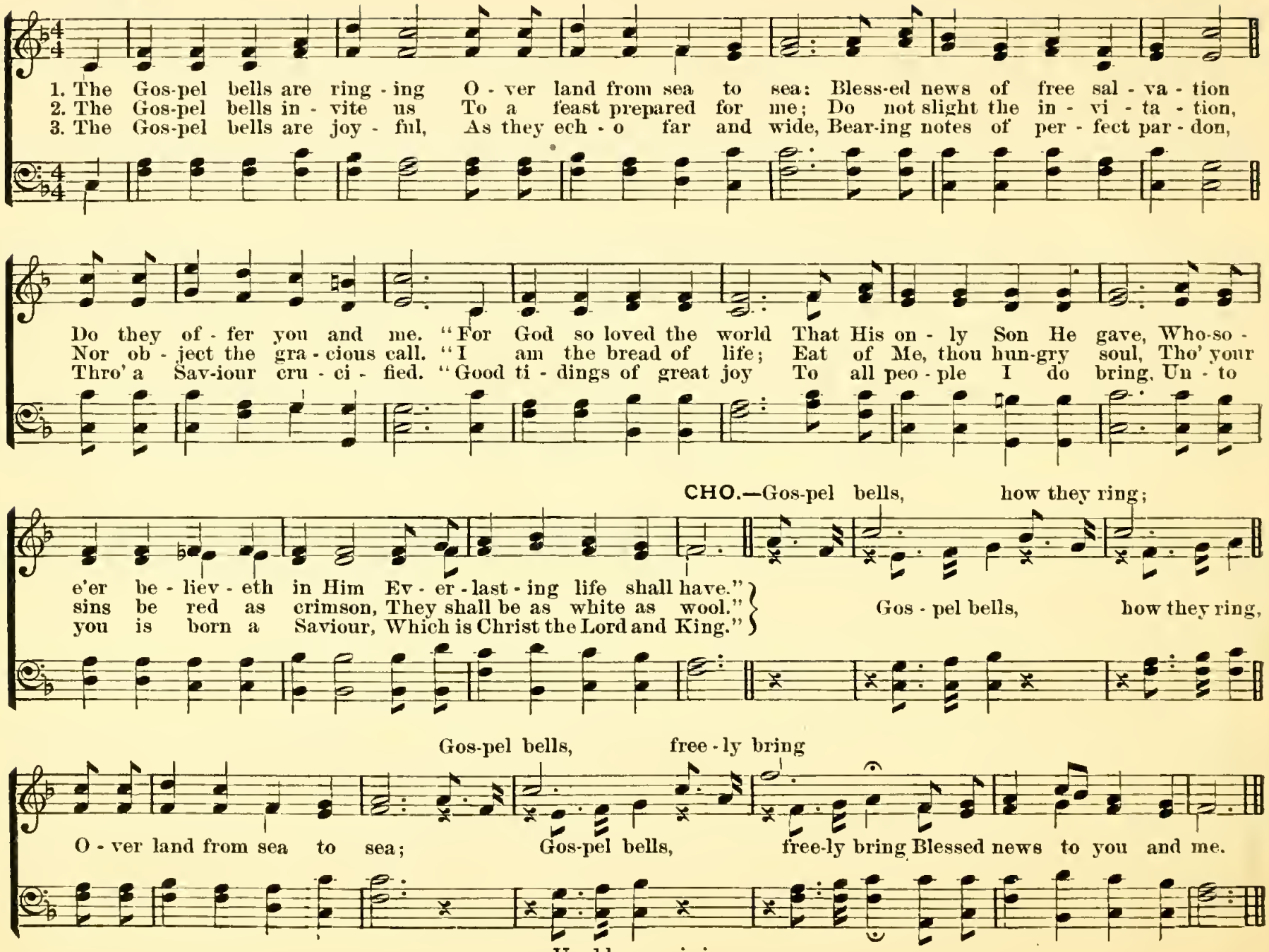
200 The Gospel Bells.

S. W. M. S. Wesley Martin.



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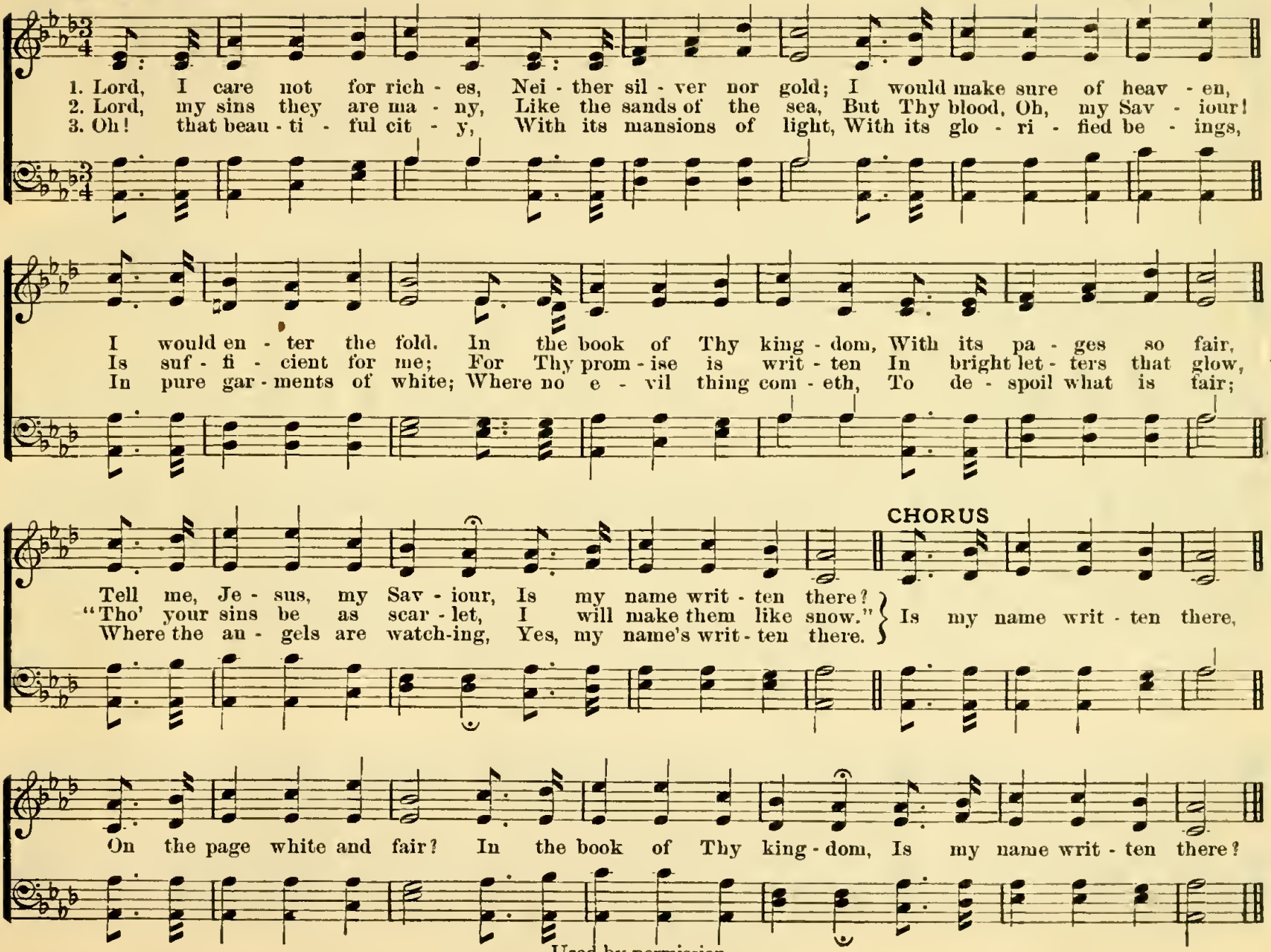
Is My Name Written There? 201

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis.



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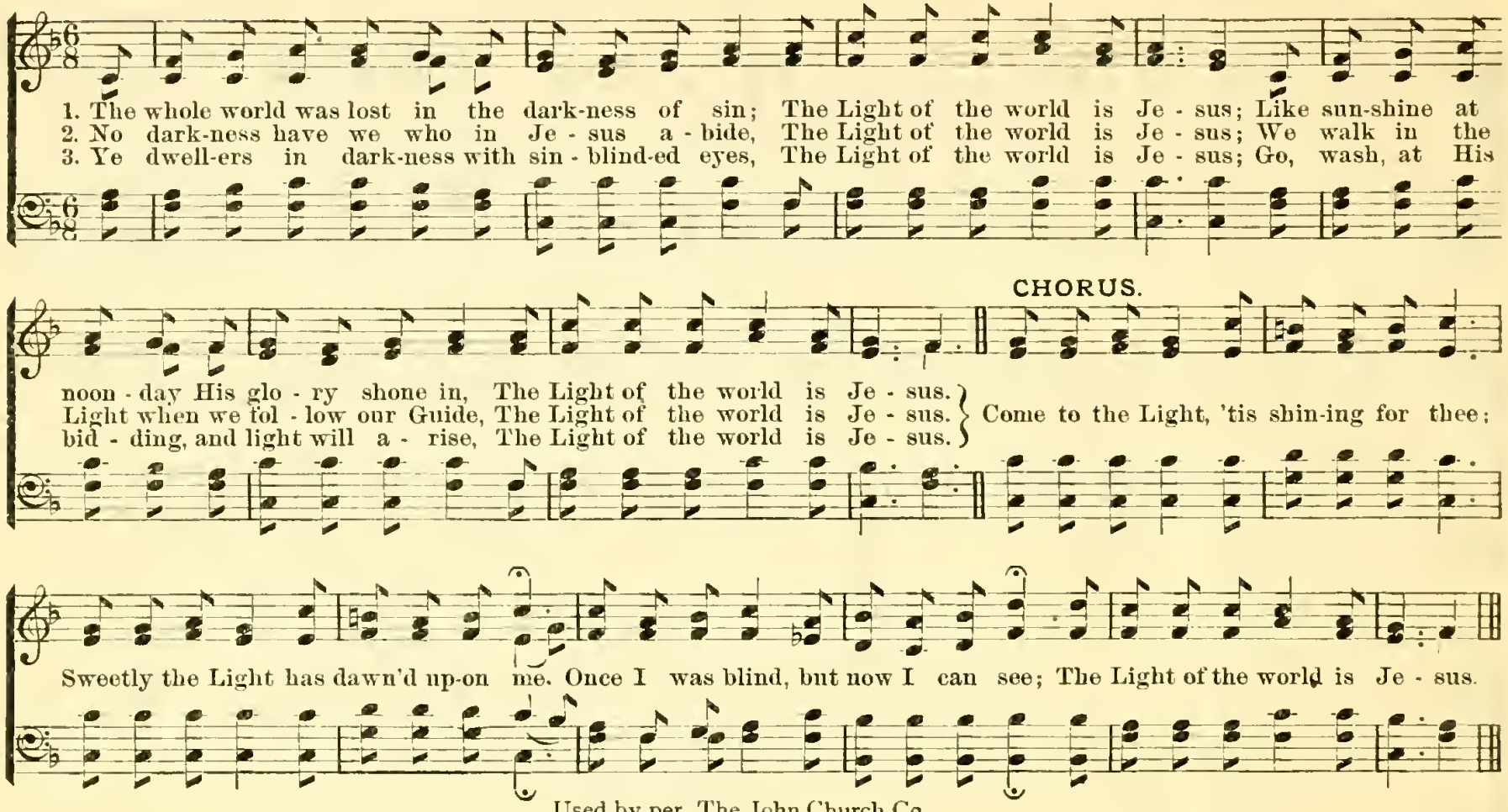
202 P. P. B. The Light of the World is Jesus. P. P. Bliss.



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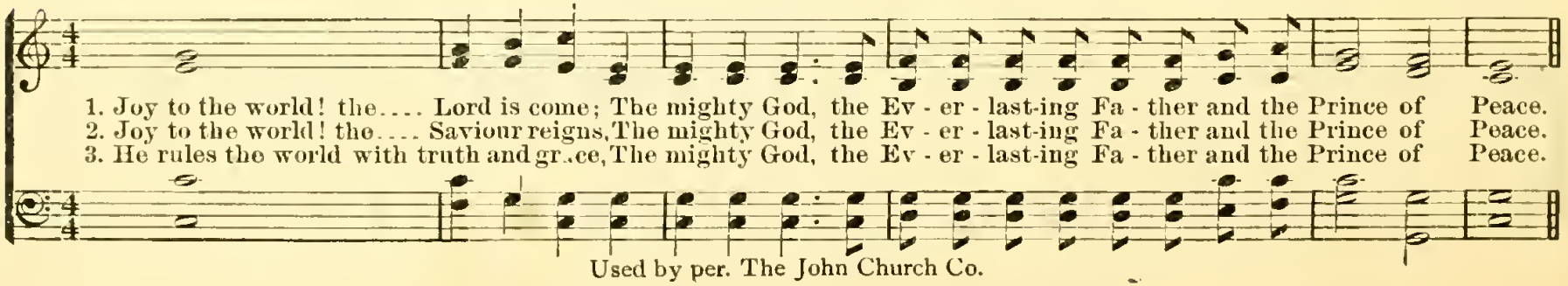
I. Watts, arr. **Joy to the World.** Geo. F. Root.



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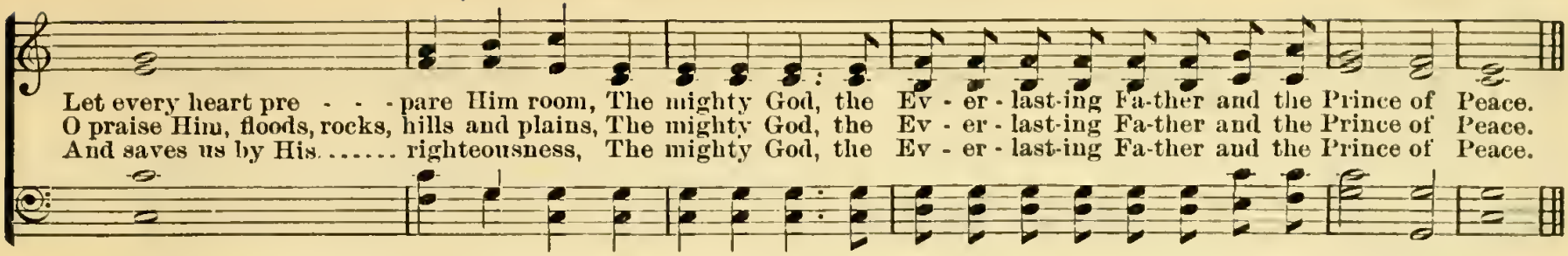
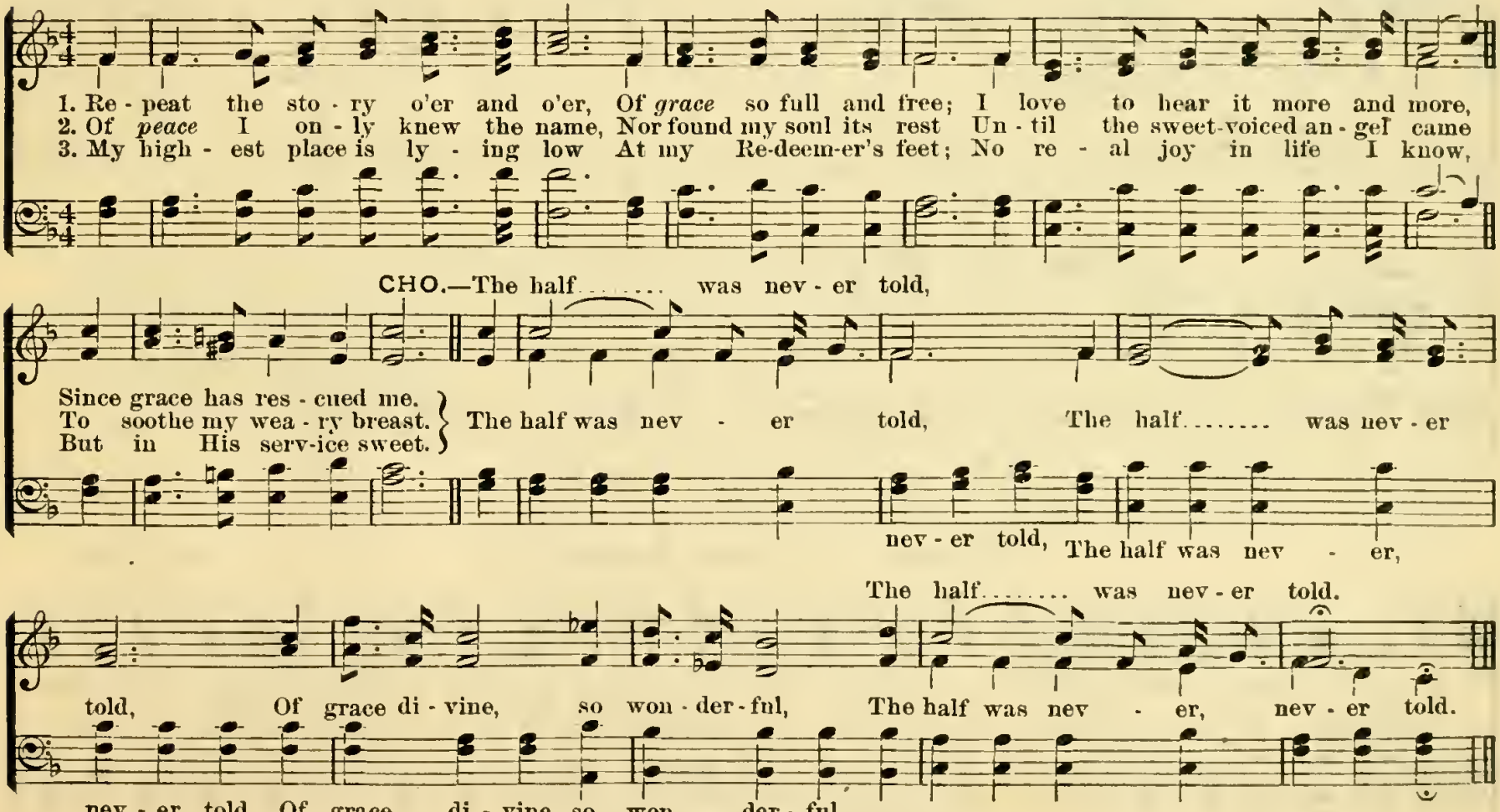


The Half was Never Told.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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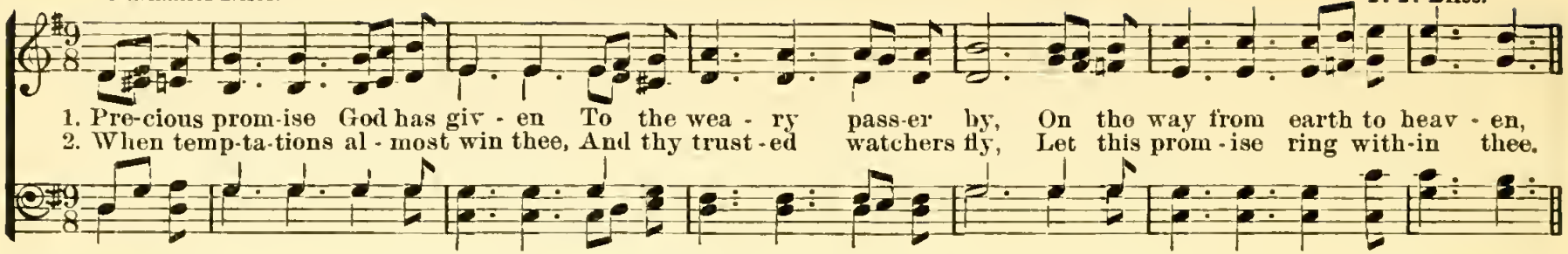
Precious Promise.

Nathaniel Niles. P. P. Bliss.



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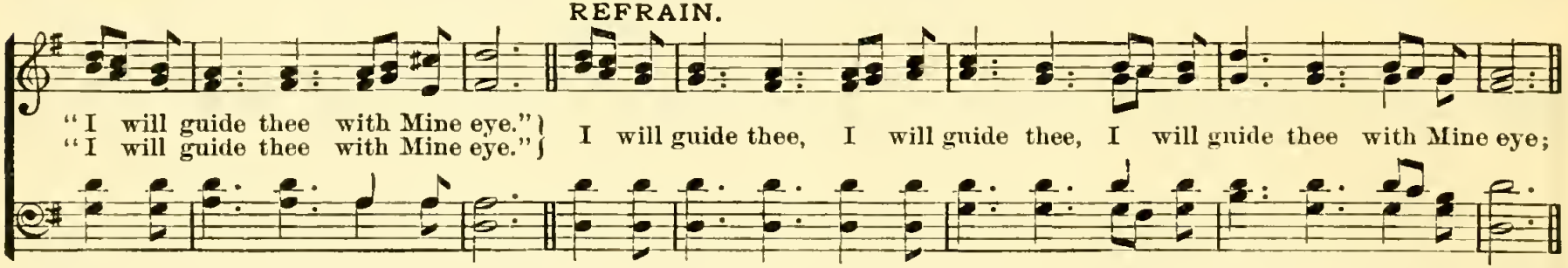

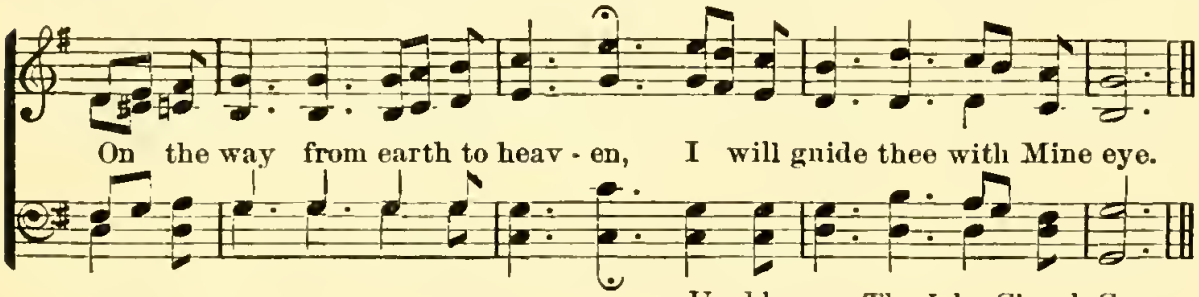

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

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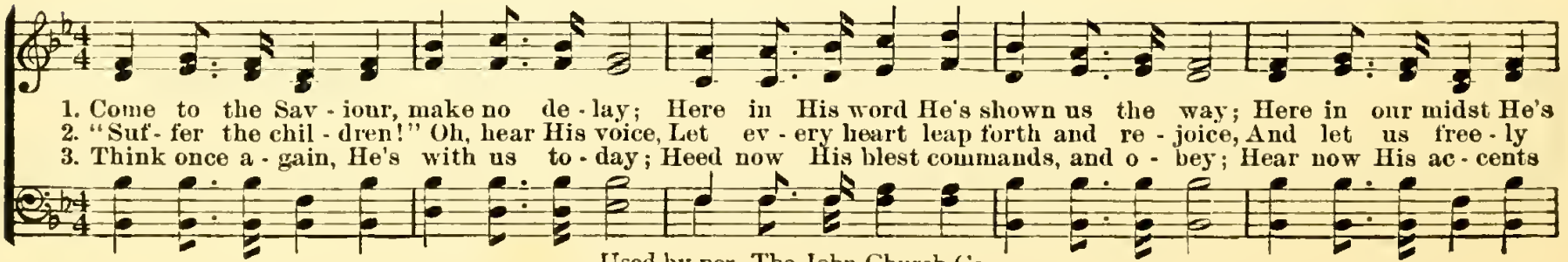
Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.



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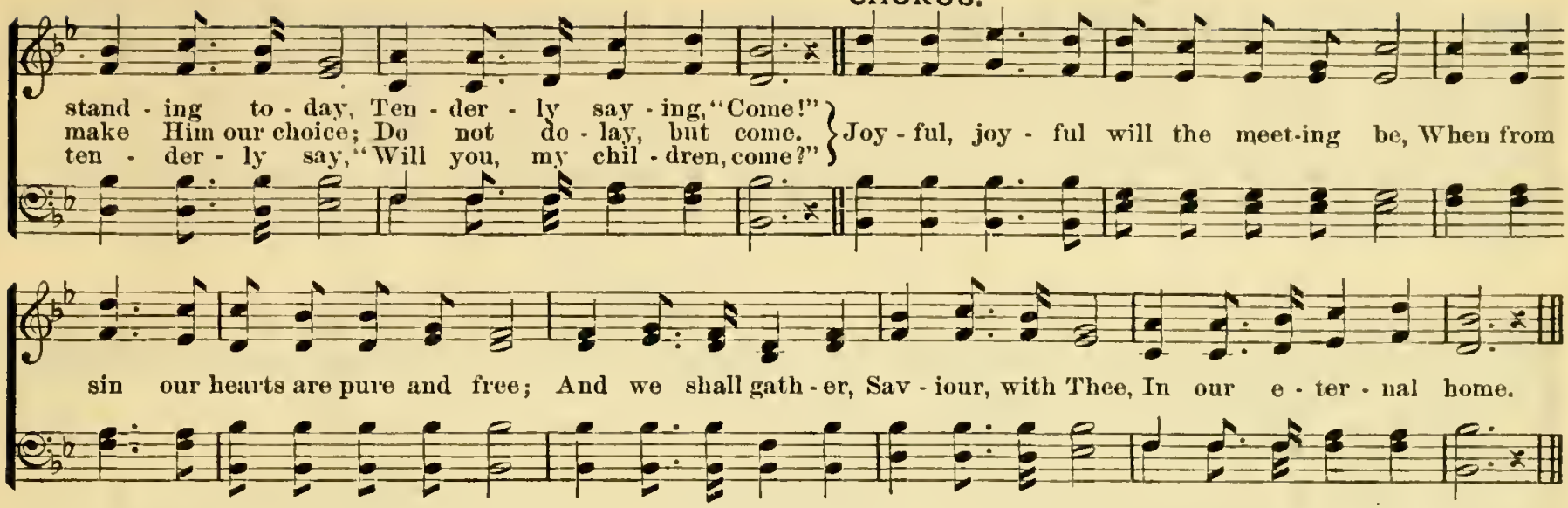
Come to the Saviour.—Concluded.

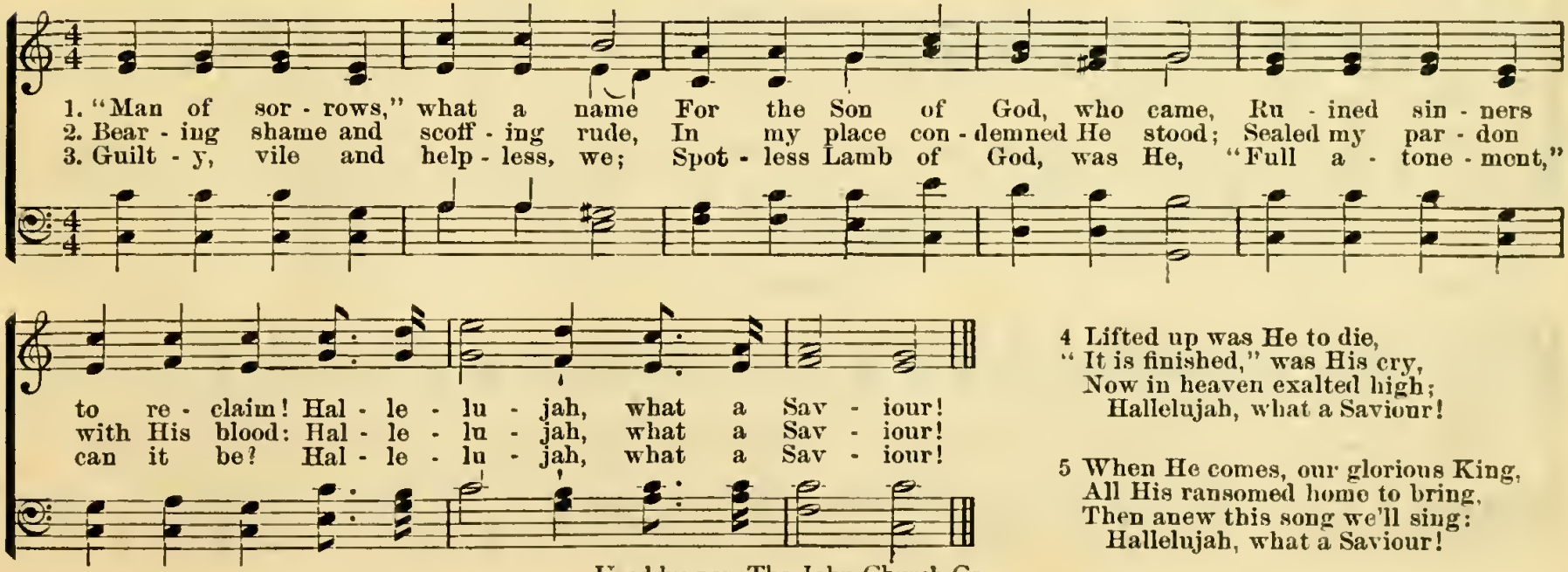
CHORUS.



P. P. B.

Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

P. P. Bliss.



4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Used by per. The John Church Co.

I am Coming.

Helen R. Young. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Glad - ly hear - ing, no more fear - ing, Lord, I would Thy call o - bey; Thee be - liev - ing, Christ re -
2. Thou, the Ho - ly, meek and low - ly, Je - sus, un - to Thee I come; Keep me ev - er, let me
3. Here a - bid - ing, in Thee hid - ing, Seeks my wea - ry soul to rest, Till the dawn - ing of the

CHORUS.

ceiv - ing, I would come to Thee to - day.
nev - er From Thy bless - ed keep - ing roam.
morn - ing, When I wake a - mong the blest.

I am com - ing, I am com - ing; Com - ing,

Sav - iour, to be blessed; I am com - ing, I am com - ing; Com-ing, Lord, to Thee for rest.

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Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

1. When He cometh, when He cometh To make up His jewels, All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His kingdom: All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
3. Lit - tle children, lit - tle children, Who love their Redeemer, Are the jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.

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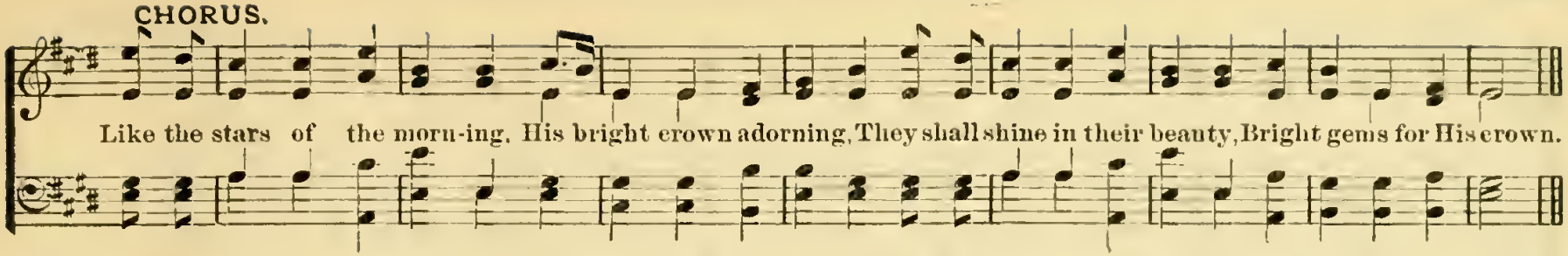
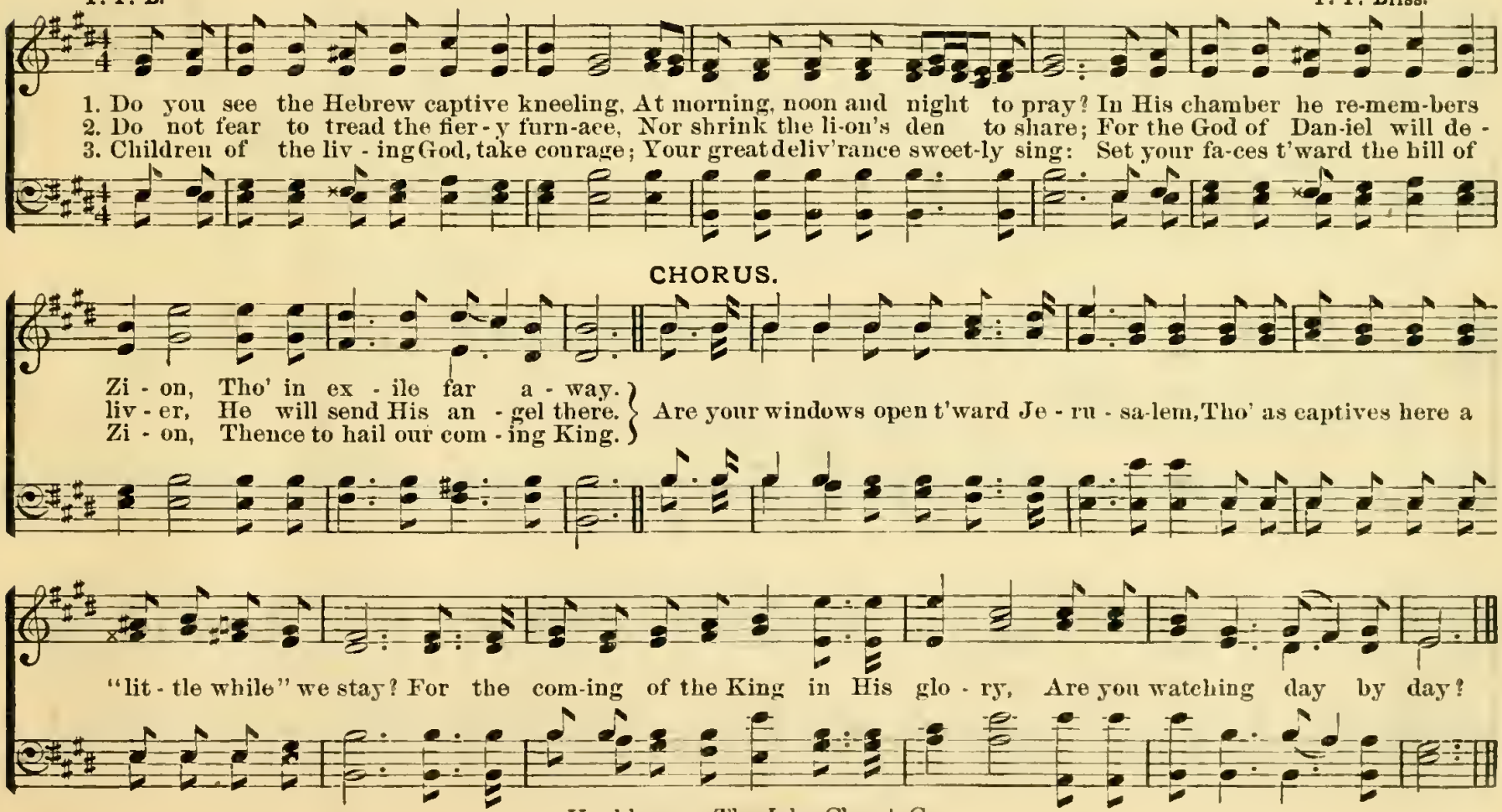
CHORUS.



Windows Open toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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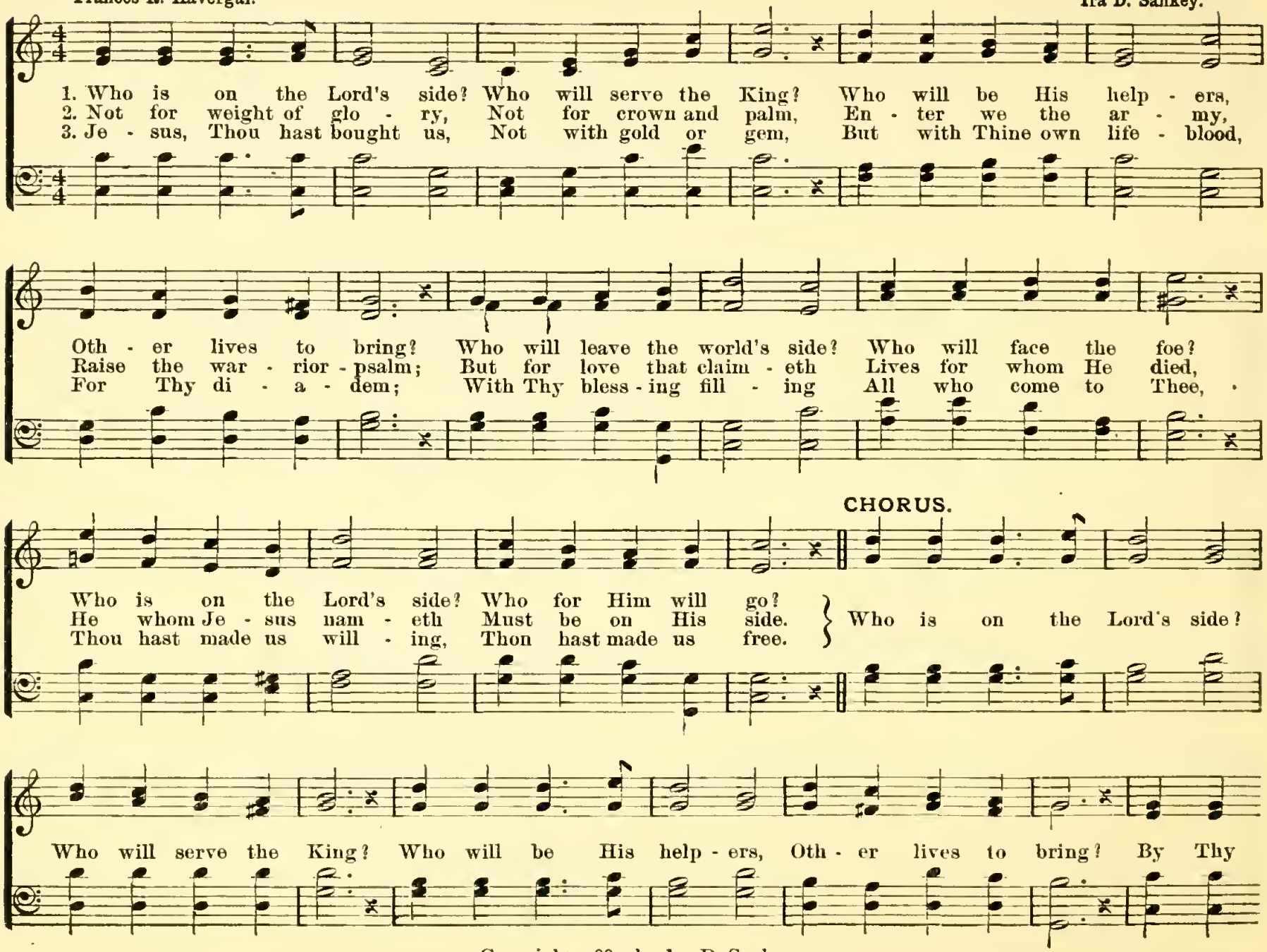
208 Who is on the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.



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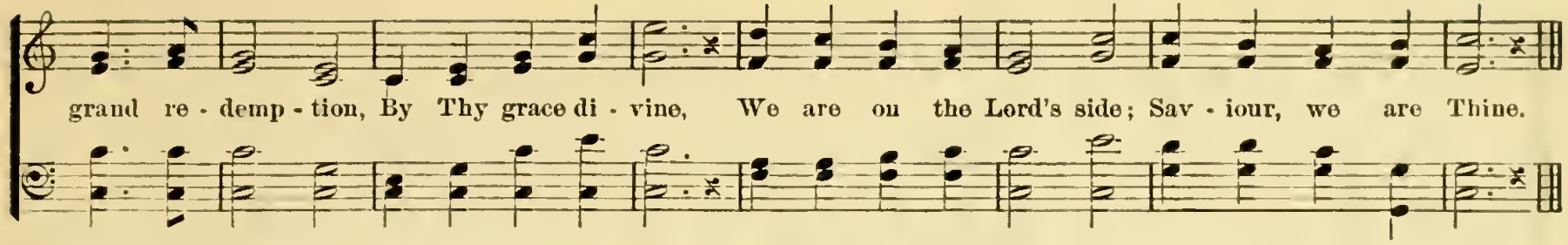
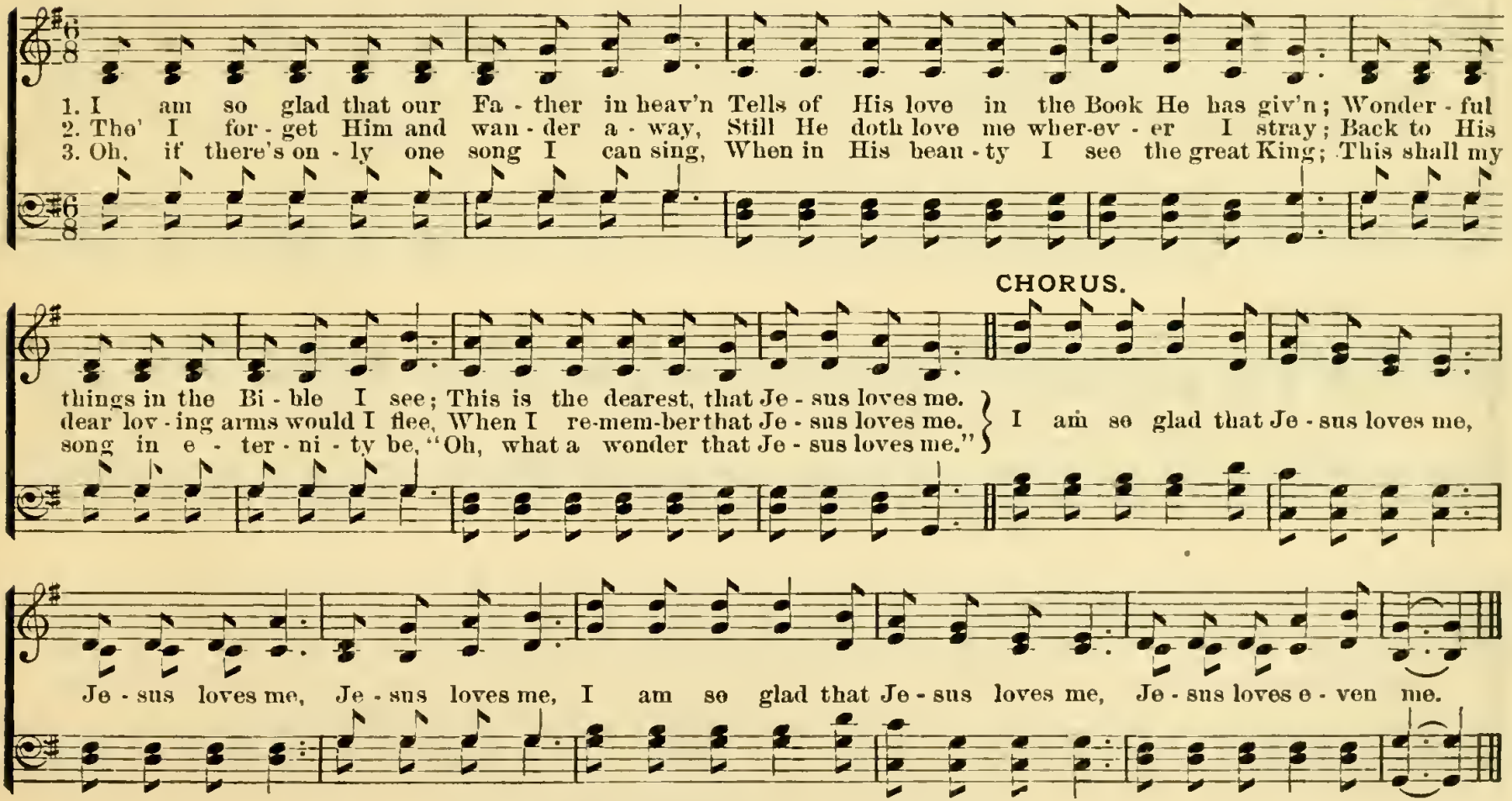


Jesus Loves even Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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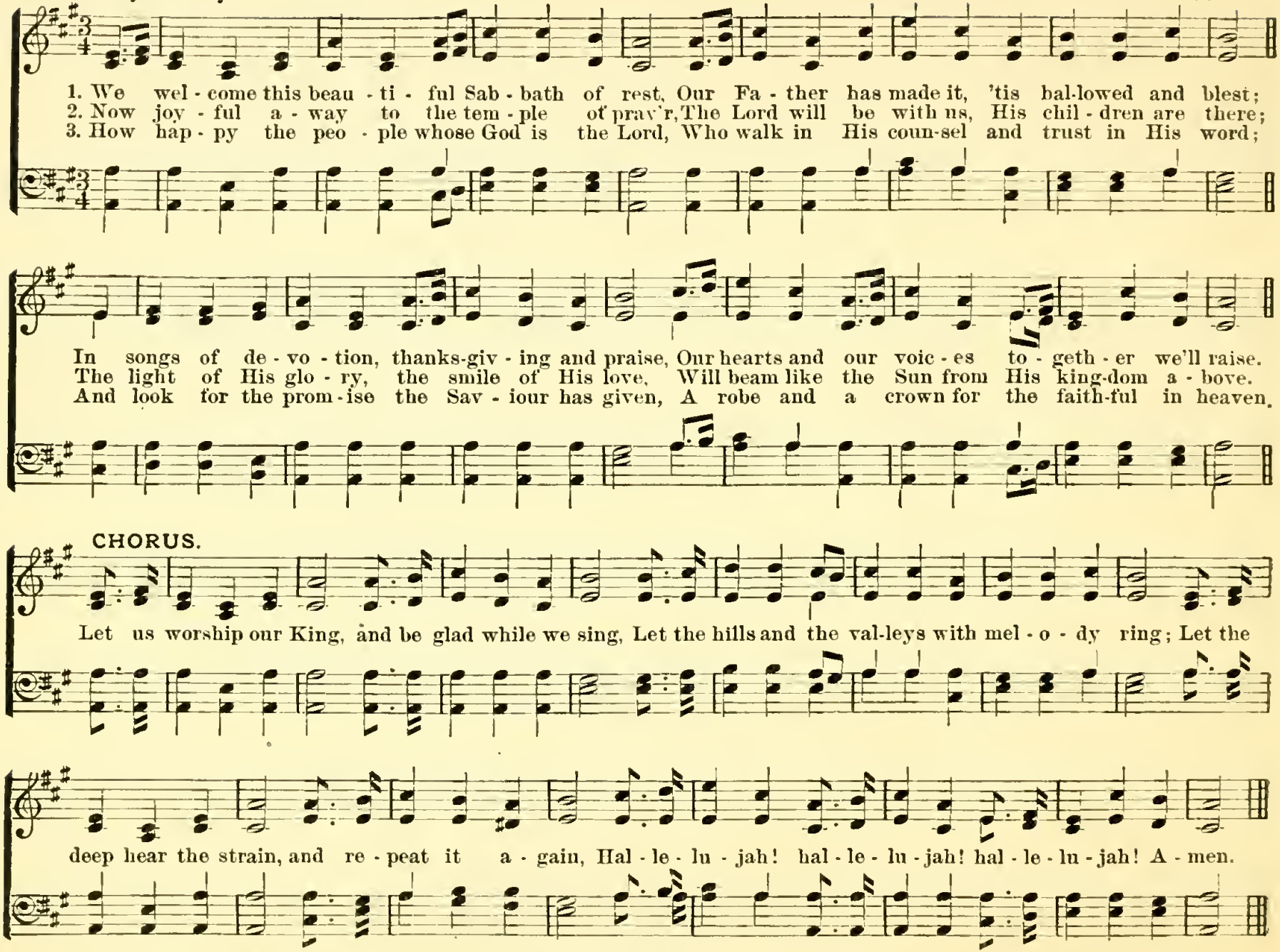
Sabbath Welcome.

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.



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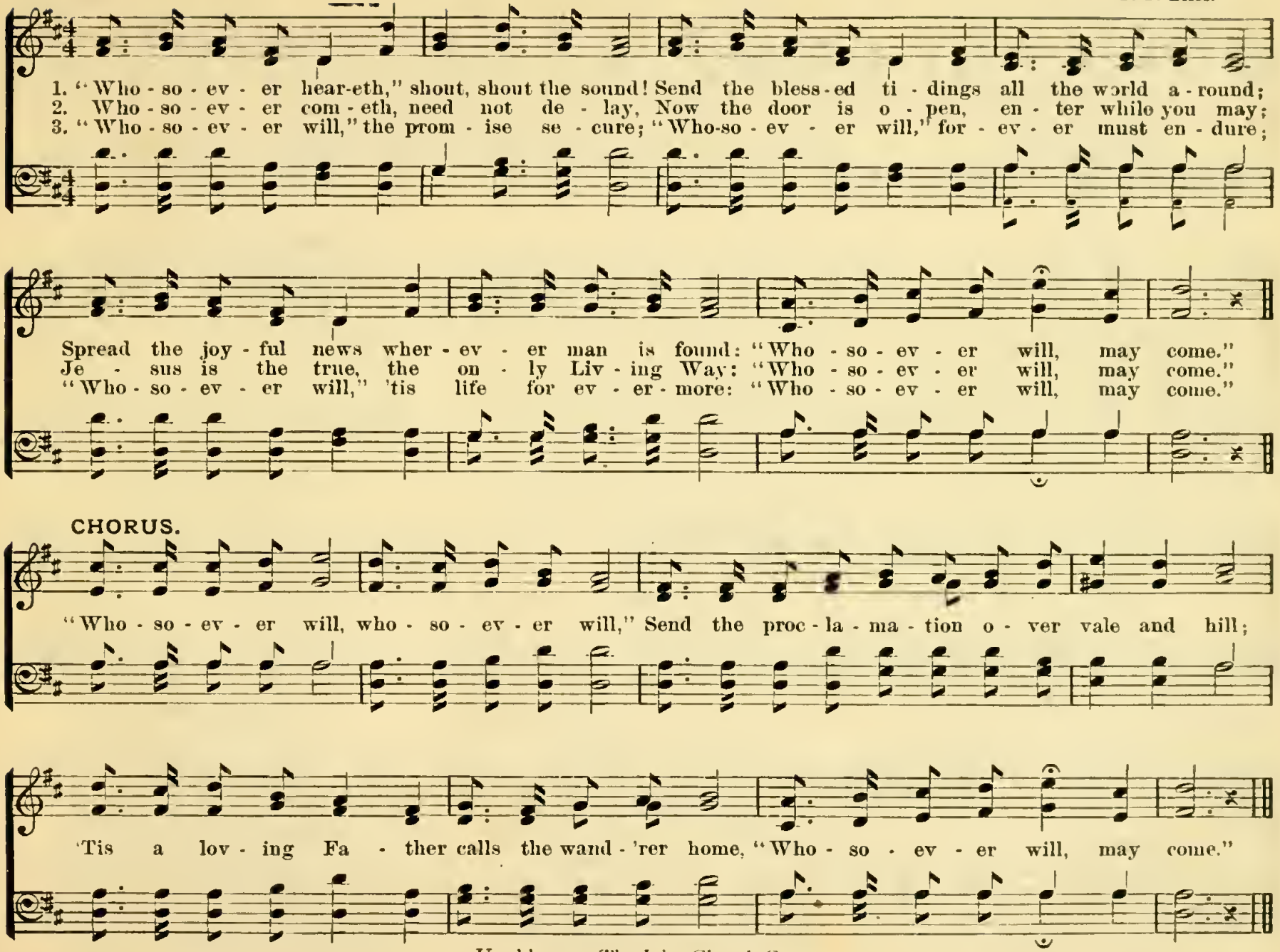
"Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



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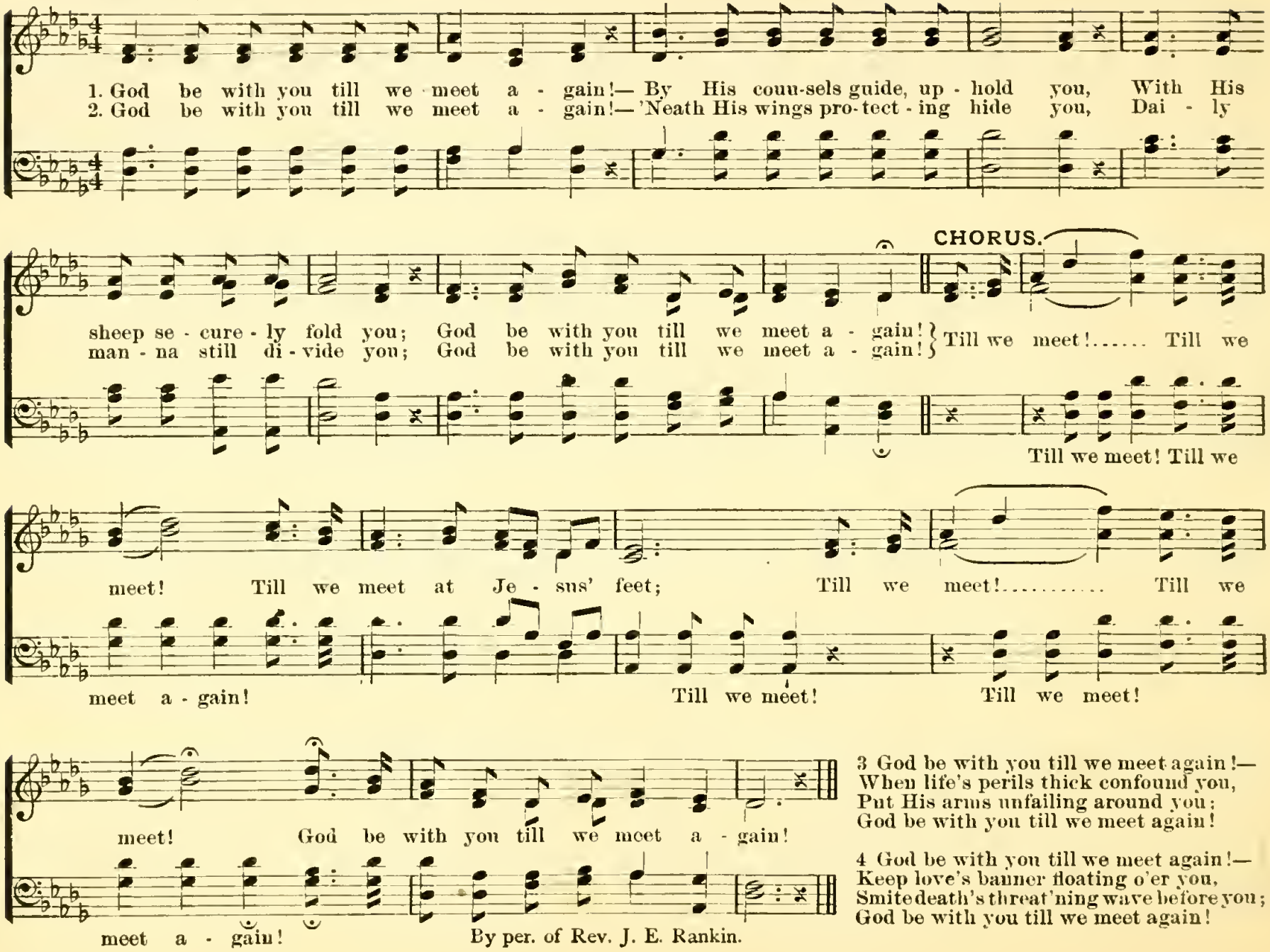
God be with You!

J. E. Rankin, D.D. W. G. Tomer.



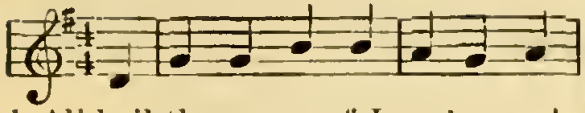
By per. of Rev. J. E. Rankin.

3 God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing around you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!

214 CORONATION.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 201)



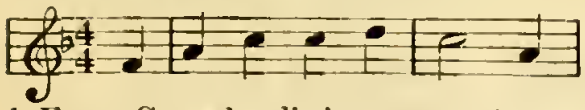
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
‖: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

Rev. E. Perronet.

215 MISSIONARY HYMN.



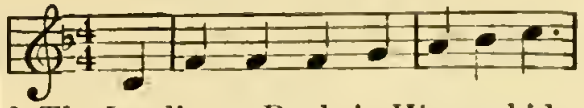
1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver,
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Rev. Reginald Heber.

216 THE LORD'S OUR ROCK.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 55.)



1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure, whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land;
Oh! Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

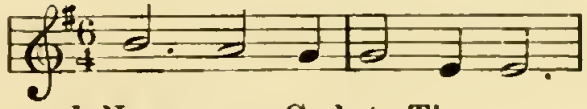
2 A shade by day, defence by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

217 BETHANY.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 223.)



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

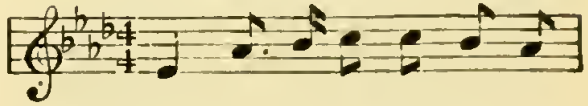
2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖. Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

218 FOLLOW ON!

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 148.)



1 Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet waters flow;
Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on,
Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

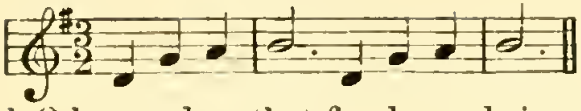
REFRAIN.

Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!
Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow on!

2 Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow;
With His hand to lead me I will never, never fear,
Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

219 HAPPY DAY.



1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

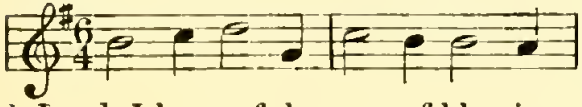
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

Rev. P. Doddridge.

220 EVEN ME.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 87.)



1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

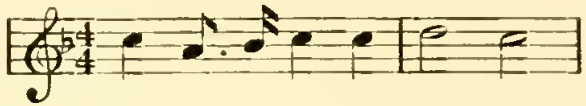
2 Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
While Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

221 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 224.)



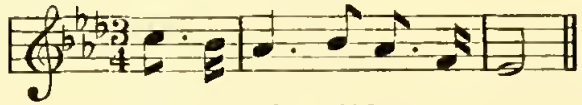
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Annie L. Walker.

222 EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 48.)



1 Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee:
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REFRAIN.

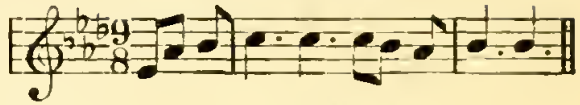
Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

223 MY REDEEMER.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 229.)



1 I will sing of my Redeemer
And His wond'rous love to me:
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me;
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free,
And made me free.

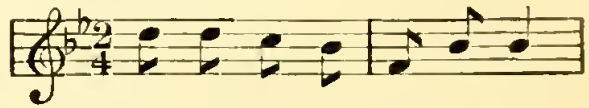
2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death and hell.

P. P. Bliss.

224 DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 153.)



1 Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!

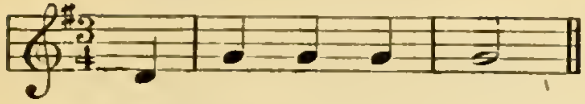
CHO.—Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's band.

P. P. Bliss.

225 **WE PRAISE THEE.**

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 24.)



1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love:
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Rev. W. P. Mackay.

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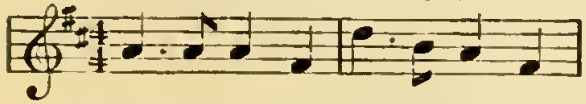
226 **OH, HOW HE LOVES!**

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 36.)



1 One there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves! [Him,
Think, oh, think how much we owe
Oh, how He loves! [us,
With His precious blood He bought
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

Marianne Nunn.

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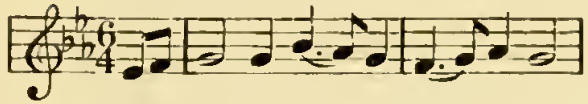
227 **WOODWORTH.**

Tune—G. H. C., No. 54.)



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

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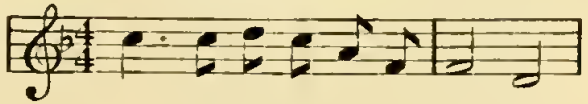
228 **WHAT A FRIEND.**

Tune—G. H. C., No. 29.)



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Joseph Scriven.

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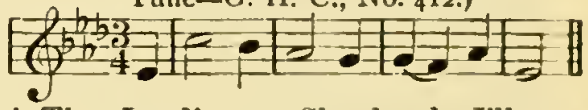
229 **BELMONT.**

Tune—G. H. C., No. 412.)



1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the path of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Rous' Version.

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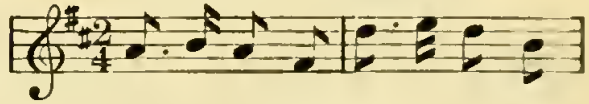
230 **HOLD THE FORT.**

Tune—G. H. C., No. 14.)



1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHORUS.

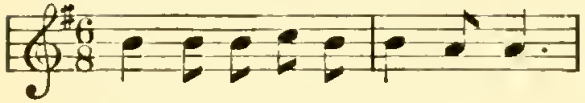
"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

P. P. Bliss.

231 WONDERFUL WORDS.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 163.)



1 Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life.
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;
‖: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :‖

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life,
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life.
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.
‖: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :‖

P. P. Bliss.

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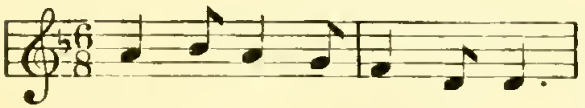
232 NEAR THE CROSS.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 182.)



1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

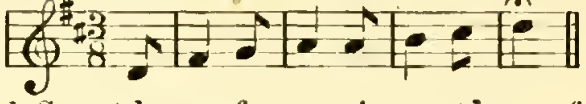
Cho.—In the Cross, in the Cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby.

233 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 77.)



1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care.
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Rev. W. W. Walford.

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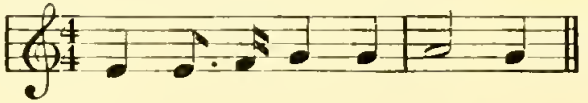
234 THE OLD, OLD STORY.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 37.)



1 Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

REFRAIN.

Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the same Old Story.
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Kate Hankey.

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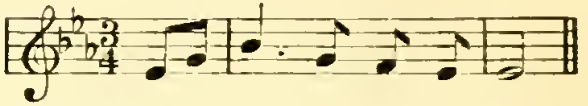
235 I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 179.)



1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee.
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord!
Coming, now, to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

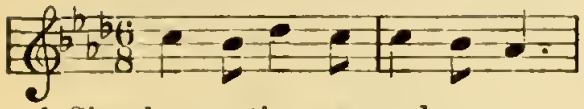
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

236 TRUSTING JESUS.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 165.)



1 Simply trusting every day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Cho.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

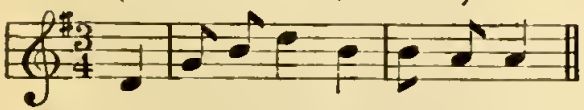
2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Rev. Edgar Page Stites.

237 THE SOLID ROCK.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 162.)



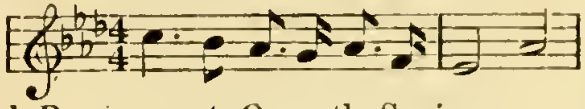
1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote.

238 PASS ME NOT.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 169.)



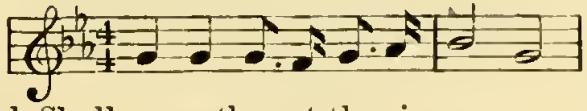
1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

Cho.—Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Fanny J. Crosby.

239 THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod—
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing from the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

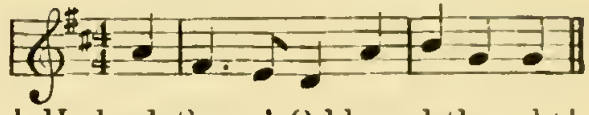
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Rev. R. Lowry.

240 HE LEADETH ME.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 51.)



1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

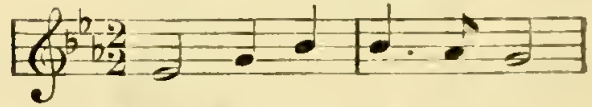
He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

Rev. J. H. Gilmore.

241 MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 229.)



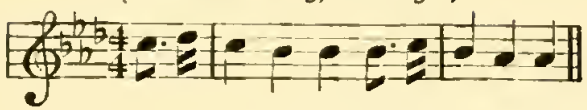
1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart.
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

242 **DRAW ME NEARER.**

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 156.)



1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

REFRAIN.

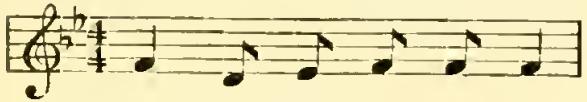
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw we nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

243 **RESCUE THE PERISHING.**

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 176.)



1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

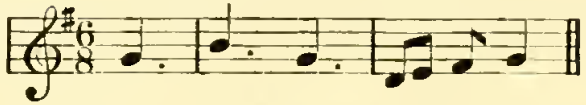
2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that Christ can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Fanny J. Crosby.

244 **MARCHING TO ZION.**

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 250.)



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.

CHORUS.

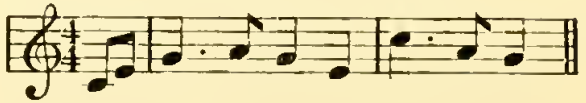
We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

Rev. I. Watts.

245 **THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.**

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 225.)



1 There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

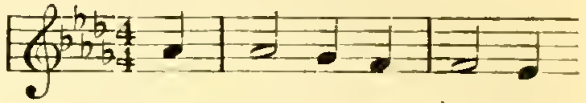
REF.—‖: Lose all their guilty stains, :‖
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

W. Cowper.

246 **IT IS WELL.**

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 157.)



1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrow, like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

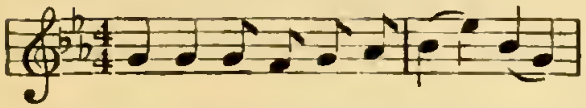
‖: It is well with my soul, :‖
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

H. G. Spafford.

247 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.



1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; Thine we are.:‖

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way:
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.:‖

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

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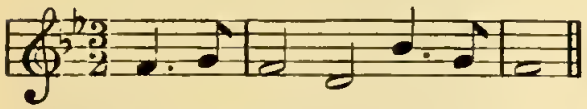
248 TOPLADY.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 200.)



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Rev. A. M. Toplady.

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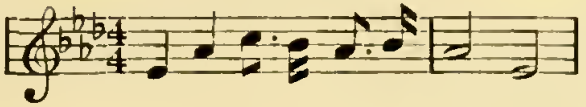
249 THE PRECIOUS NAME.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 72.)



1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

2 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

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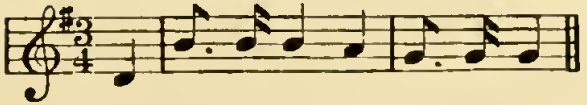
250 BEULAH LAND.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 192.)



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine:
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on Thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea.
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore!

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

Rev. E. P. Stites.

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251 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 193.)

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

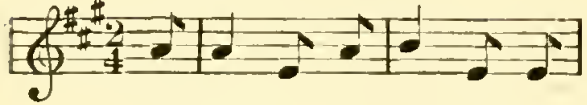
CHO.—‖: Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves.:‖

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

252 PORTUGUESE HYMN.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 217.)



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! [word!
Is laid for your faith in His excellent
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—
‖: To you, who for refuge to Jesus hath fled? :‖

2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed, [thee aid;
For I am thy God, I will still give
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
‖: Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand. :‖

George Keith.

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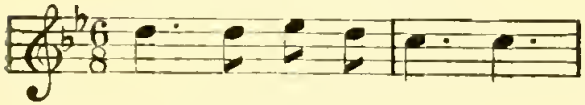
253 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 166.)



1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

H. R. Palmer.

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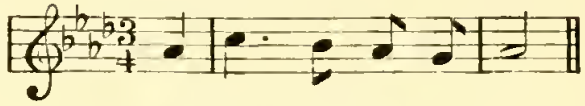
254 I NEED THEE.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 181.)



1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord:
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

Annie S. Hawks.

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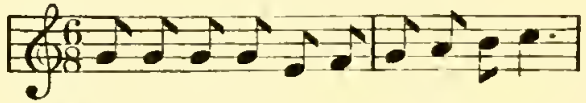
255 JESUS IS CALLING.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 42.)



1 Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
Farther and farther away?

REFRAIN.

Calling to-day, calling to-day,
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh! come to Him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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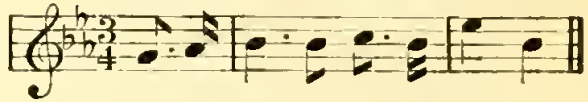
256 I WILL SING.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 141.)



1 I will sing the wondrous story,
Of the Christ who died for me,
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

3 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
But He freed me from them all.

F. H. Rawley.

---

257 DOXOLOGY.

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken.

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